

The LEADING EXPONENT of NEW THOUGHT

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Editor:

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—EMERSON.



VOL. XVI

JULY, 1905

No. 6

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE NEW THOUGHT MOVEMENT.

BY R. HEBER NEWTON, D.D.

What is the significance of the movement which is represented by "Mind?"

Is it merely that here is the very latest "new thing," which others than the ancient Athenians have loved to seek; an up-to-date fad, stirring the callow enthusiasm of some of the "forty millions, mostly fools," whom Carlyle savagely pictured as making up Americans.

Doubtless there is enough of folly in the talk of many of this new "way" to warrant the fun that is poked at it; while there is among some of its adherents not a little of what is worse far than nonsense, in the thoughts and practises which endanger the sanity and the spirituality of the movement. But this is also true of every institution and organization on the face of the earth, the Christian church itself not excepted. I cannot pretend to hope that the special church which I have served for forty years is free from this reproach—the church which I continue to loyally love none the less because, recognizing the truth which is being brought afresh to the world in this movement and knowing its benign benefits to the bodies and souls of men, I gladly fellowship with it.

As was said of the larger truth which came to earth in the

divine man nearly two thousand years ago, it is being said again, with the ancient scorn—"Have any of the Pharisees believed in it?" And once more must it be confessed that "Not many mighty have been called;" although those who in their simplicity of soul are content to become as little children are in this way entering into the Kingdom of Heaven.

The significance of the New Thought Movement is not any too clearly indicated in its name.

For better, for worse, the movement represented in MIND has come to be known as "The New Thought." There is no official record of this baptism. Where or by whom the name was first fastened upon the movement no one can tell. Like Topsy, it has "growed."

It is a misnomer. "That which is novel in theology is false in theology." The saying holds equally true of philosophy. All that is vital in this movement is ensured against falsity by its antiquity. Its truths have a remarkable historic lineage—though by some unsuspected and by others disowned. The art of the mental healing of physical ills, the philosophy on which this art rests, out of which it grows, the ethical powers generated by it and the spiritual life into which it issues, all were ancient when Alexander the Great found the wise men of India under their Bo trees, and wondered at their wisdom and their power.

Our day has witnessed a recovery of the art, a renaissance of the philosophy, a renewal of the ethical forces and a regeneration of the spiritual life known in other days, in other lands. These are coming to us as a new discovery, forming for us a "New Thought."

I.

The "New Thought" stands, in the beginning, for a new healing. It is a new therapeutic. Its concern is to cure. It is a salvation from sickness.

About this fact there ought, by this time, to be no dispute. Hundreds of men and women are engaged to-day in this work of healing. Tens of thousands of sick folk are under their care. Multitudes believe themselves to have been cured, under this treatment, of many of the maladies which afflict mankind.

This cannot be all illusion.

It is said, and it is said truly, that nature heals, and that we give the credit to some human healer. Doubtless, but this can quite as well be said, in hosts of instances, of the regular practitioner. By many a wise practitioner this is frankly confessed. But does it, in the case of the new healer any more than in the case of old healer, cover all the facts?

It is said, and said truly, that disease is often simulated, and that the cure is thus as unreal as the sickness. The fact of the simulation of sickness by hysteria is unquestionable. It often puzzles the wisest practitioner in regular standing to discriminate between the simulation and the fact. It may well puzzle the new healer thus to discriminate. So, many a claim which he makes may be unsubstantial. But is not this equally true concerning the regular practitioner? And does the admission cover all the facts in the case on the one side any more than on the other?

It is said, and it is said truly, that most of the claims made by exponents of the new healing have not been made by men trained in scientific diagnosis, and that they have not been subjected to scientific verification. We must discount, therefore, largely for the mistakes of the unscientific mind. He who has read much of the testimony handed in for the New Healing must be painfully struck with the truth of this criticism. Hosts of these cases are described so vaguely, and with such entire lack of the scientific temper as to prejudice the whole subject. But, again, does this confession cover the whole case? Are there no claims made that betoken a careful scrutiny, a modest temper and a scientific spirit? He has not read much in the literature of the subject, or examined far for himself, who has not become impressed with the fact that these claims are not to be ruled out of court by any such summary procedure.

In fact, any one who has studied this movement carefully must have convinced himself that there is a substantial reality in the claim which it makes to cure disease. "We speak that which we do know, and we testify that which we have seen." I write this article because of such personal knowledge.

All that is substantial in the claim of the New Healing is ad-

mitted by wise men among the regular practitioners. The reality of mental influence in the healing of certain forms of sickness is confessed by high authorities among scientific physicians. "Suggestion" is a well-recognized factor in the modern pharmacopoeia. *Materia medica* counts among its elements ideas as well as drugs. The physician prescribes for the imagination as well as for the stomach. He puts more into the pellets than the druggist finds in his prescriptions. When the present Russo-Japanese war was about to begin, Admiral Togo was sick in bed. "I shall be well when I am upon the ship," he said. Increasingly, mental medicine is coming to the front, even among orthodox practitioners. In a late number of the *Massachusetts Medical Journal*, the first two articles consist of papers read before meetings of members of the profession, by physicians in good standing, upon the subject of mental healing. In one of our leading New York medical schools there is a chair of "suggestive therapeutics." Wise practitioners have always instinctively known the potency of the personality of the physician, the healing influences of hope and faith aroused through him, the tonic of courage, administered insensibly by him. The modern practitioner is fast coming to recognize this influence as a scientific factor. The medicinal virtue of awakened mental interest, the stimulation wrought by pleasure—this constitutes the favorite prescription of a "change of scene."

The "New Thought" movement has already won the day, in so far as it champions the healing power of mind. It has verified its claims to be considered a new therapeutic.

Doubtless there are limits to this healing power, as to the efficacy of all medical ministrations. There is no known drug which does not have its limitation. There is no recognized therapeutical agent which can cure every disease. In the enthusiasm of a new discovery, or what we suppose to be a new discovery, it is natural that exaggerated claims should be made. The "New Thought" has not shown itself exempt from this infirmity of human nature. What are the limits of this new therapeutic it is futile now to inquire. The time has not yet come when the wisest man can draw these limitations. They will be found through experience. Certain things are clearly seen,

even now. No miracle of thought will prevent death. No suggested idea has as yet set a broken arm. Mental healing does not try to perform a surgical operation or to dispense with the need of one. Other equally well-recognized limits are coming to be discerned, alike by the regular practitioner and by the New Healer. By each alike it is confessed that the main field for the new therapeutic lies in the region of the nervous system. But, since this covers the whole of the human frame, since every organ is intertwined with the fine lace-work of the nerves, since every function is discharged under the stimulation of the nervous system, it is not yet clear to the unprejudiced mind where the line is to be drawn. Time will settle this, as it has settled other disputes. Let it suffice that the "New Thought" movement can claim to have introduced into the realm of medicine a new therapeutic, benign and blessed, healing far more widely than is commonly suspected, entailing no sequela of the material drug, leaving behind no trail of poison, an agent potent if not omnipotent. Let its friends be content with the knowledge that they are forcing forward a revolution in medicine of an unparalleled significance.

It is needless, as it is fallacious, for the friends of this "New Thought" to claim that it is alone the healing power. Those who thus talk prejudice the movement. Such silly chatter is the folly of the ignoramus. The wise man among the New Healers gladly recognizes that there are other legitimate and valid and efficient factors in the cure of disease. Because he has recognized the potency of mind in medicine, he does not feel called upon to deny the potency of matter therein, since medicine deals with a human being who is at once mind and matter.

Claiming for myself the privilege which the movement freely concedes to all who sympathize with it, my own attitude is best expressed in the wise words of the ancient Jew: "When thou art sick call upon God and send for a physician." Turn to the inner healer, make use of all spiritual resources, and, at the same time, seek the aid of a scientific man.

In my own profession I have been glad to stand in an historic church, within an orthodox form of faith, while sympathizing with all earnest, rational heterodoxies; believing that each

new thought, each heterodox conception concerning the great spiritual verities is forcing onward the growth of the old faith into new forms; confident that, as each new thought verifies itself, it will be taken up into the great body of orthodox belief, the consensus of the competent, will be absorbed by it and cease to be an *ism*, thereby losing its own crudity and partialness, while it reinvigorates and revitalizes the old thought, causing it to shoot forth into new flowerings, growing thus towards the roundedness of completion. Such is my own attitude concerning the "New Thought" movement and scientific medicine.

When the truth of the "New Thought" shall have fully vindicated itself and become recognized by the profession, its work will have been done. Then the New Healer may pass away, when the old healer adds to his prescription which the druggist is to make up the prescription which the mind of the patient is to make up, setting the inner forces of the spirit at work to heal "the ills that flesh is heir to."

Then that brave band of men and women who have been known to the world as cranks may enter into the heritage of honor befalling, sooner or later, the pioneers in progress.

II.

The agent in the New Healing is thought. Before the power of thought, sickness yields. The New Healing, then, is a practical assertion of the dominion of mind over matter in man's organism. Apart from any philosophic theorizing, here is a substantial fact of the first magnitude. A demonstration is thus made of man's essential non-materiality; that he is, in substance, not matter, but mind; not a material mechanism, but a physical organism, informed and ruled by a spirit. The New Healing is thus an invincible argument against materialism. It is one of many signs of the times indicating a reflux wave from the set of the last generation towards materialism.

But the fact of the New Healing rests upon a theory, grows out of a theory. Its system of therapeutic involves a system of philosophy. This philosophy is the most ancient, the most wide-spread, the most insistent and immortal school of philosophy which the world has known. The "New Thought" is a

renaissance of spiritual philosophy, issuing in a revival of spiritual power.

In the "New Thought" movement, whatever may be the case elsewhere, there is no moon-struck metaphysic, no idealism run mad. There is here no denial of the reality of the whole external world; no resolving into nothingness of the body upon which it essays its healing art; no seeking to demonstrate the reality of its cures by first demonstrating the unreality of the sickness which it set itself to heal.

Such metaphysical moonshine is not at all necessary to the success of mental healing, as is being found out. This discovery ushers in the "New Thought" movement. Here is a saner and more truly philosophic form of the idealism which gave power to the earliest school of mental healing. It makes none of the exaggerated claims of the orthodox school of mind cure, and is guiltless of its metaphysical madness, as it is free from the intellectual characteristics which make its new bible the despair of minds trained in metaphysical thinking and wont to express their thoughts in intelligible English. The "New Thought" is idealism, but an idealism which gladly confesses the realism of the Universe, the substantiality of the cosmos, the actuality of the body, whose ills it masters in the divine dominion of the spirit. Its creed is the golden saying of our Yankee Hindu poet:

"Out of Thought's interior sphere,
These wonders rose in upper air."

The "New Thought" knows and owns its historic lineage, through Berkeley and Kant and Hegel and the greatest schoolmen of the Middle Ages, up to the Christian philosophy of Athanasius, with its sublime spiritual interpretation of the cosmos. It recognizes the parentage of the Christian philosophy of the creation in Neoplatonism and its father Plato and his ancestors among the sages of India. It traces the river of spiritual philosophy up to its historic fountain heads in The Upanishads. It is a revival and reassertion of the only philosophy which has satisfied the soul of man, in which is the affirmation of the spirituality of his nature and of the Universe itself.

Thus the "New Thought" is the laying bare of the deep foundations of faith and the settling of thought, once more, upon these proven and ultimate bases of religion itself.

[Continued in August Number.]

THE CASTE SYSTEM OF THE HINDUS.

By SARAT C. RUDRA.

In my last article on Hindu Religion, I pointed out how castes were brought about and established. I will now describe in brief the mythological history of the four great castes, originally instituted.

No. 1 is Brahmana (Spiritual).

No. 2 is Kshatriya (Military).

No. 3 is Vaisya (Agricultural).

No. 4 is Sudra (Menial).

Brahmana.—The first born of this caste came out of the mouth of Brahma. The mouth being the most important part of Brahma's body and the first man having come out of it, he was recognized as the chief of the family of man, the interpreter and guide for their material, moral and spiritual welfare.

Kshatriya.—After Brahmana a man came out of the right arm of Brahma. To him was assigned the duty of keeping and maintaining order in society, as their soldier and a king. Coming out of the arms, his strong arms were to protect the high and the low. In point of honor he ranks second.

Vaisya.—The next man came out from the right thigh of Brahma. To him was assigned the duty of cultivating the soil, to keep the community with the proper supply of food. Having come out a lower part of the body and being the third born, the Vaisya ranked third.

Sudra.—The last born man came out from the right foot of Brahma. Having come from the lowest part of the body, to him was assigned the duty of serving the elder castes and looking after their personal requirements.

Sudra Caste.—In order that an intelligent grasp of situation regarding the formation of caste can be obtained, it is necessary to understand the social and economic conditions of the people of India before Poet Valmiki composed the great Epic Ramayana, or the incarnation of Rama and Sita, the model wife.

When the Aryans first crossed over to India, they met with considerable resistance from the original Sons of the Soil known as the Dasshus, the Blacks, etc. The Vedas, the Ramayana, the Mahabharata and other mytho-historical books furnish clear evidence that besides the uncivilized and naked savages infesting the forests and hills, there flourished numbers of kingdoms with high arts and civilization, some of which were conquered by the Aryans and reduced to humiliating submission. Others were made allies and gradually Aryanized, so now there remains no trace of their non-Aryan ancestry. The majority of the population of Southern India of the Sudra or Vaisya caste speaking Tamil, Telegue, Malayalim and Canarese are the remains of the non-Aryan Dravidians. In Northern India the Sudras are more intermixed, and their physiognomy is pronouncedly Aryan.

It must not be understood that in India there exist now only four castes. There have been so many divisions and sub-divisions that they now run into hundreds in each caste. The Sudras naturally have more than the rest, being lowest in the scale of caste. Any one belonging to a higher caste and forfeiting its privileges endeavored to belong to some caste, instead of having none. Pure Sudras of the original division, whether they were of Aryan or non-Aryan origin, resented very much any infringement of their caste and tried to keep outsiders from gaining admittance into their caste. A Sudra like the rest in other castes upholds his origin through divine agency and maintains that a man can only be born to be in it, there is no other way of gaining admittance to it.

Whatever rules people may have observed for centuries after the first caste innovation, there are clear historical evidences that occasionally people of the lower castes were admitted into the folds of higher castes. Among the most glaring instances is that of the Rajah Vishyamitra, a Kshatriya by birth and by profession, who after reigning for a length of time gave up his throne in favor of his son and retired as a hermit. In time, his spiritual attainments became so high that by common consent all the Brahman Sages declared him to be a Brahman. When this was possible for a man belonging to the Kshatriya caste to gain admittance into the folds of the highest caste, it

would not be surprising, nay, quite possible, that the lower caste did extend similar privileges to people born in a higher one, although the objections raised in this latter case were more interesting as a study from an ethical standard of morality. A man of lower mentality through effort may raise himself high, and be respected as such, but when a man from misdemeanor falls he loses all respect and estimation of his compatriots, high or low.

It is more than possible that the inviolable rules regarding caste that now govern the Hindu communities in India were absent at the period after its first institution. As time rolled by and the members of each caste became very numerous, they, in order to protect their professions from being crowded, became extremely reluctant to allow new recruits joining, and finally closed their doors against all outsiders. Intermarriages which were permissible hitherto were interdicted, social, moral and spiritual punishments were devised, formulated and held before uneducated minds. The first codified laws regarding castes were embodied in the Ddharmastra propounded by Manu, the Law-giver, with the authority and sanction of the Creator-Brahma. When the stringent rules and regulations made it impossible for the caste members to expand, and they had to limit themselves in their own communities, an unexpected feature of degeneration began to manifest, *viz.*, in the growing of a new community having no caste, or in setting up of castes of their own designation as a Sudra or a Vaisya.

In all ages and under all conditions poverty drags people down; the rank and file of the Sudras began to multiply with recruits from all the higher classes. Intermarriages were no longer possible, but illegal and morganatic marriages were on the increase. Most of the children of such unsanctioned unions became members of the Sudra caste, since their money and position afforded facilities to become one of them. These and similar are the reasons for the thousands of distinct castes among the Sudras. It would be noticed that although the first three higher castes have many divisions and among whom intermarriages are not permissible, they have many things in common, but with the Sudras it is very different. Some of the Sudras are privileged to wait on the higher castes, while others

are positively debarred. In Southern India there are nearly 20,000,000 of people who have no right to approach close to a Brahman nor to touch him. These unfortunate millions are known as the Pariahs. They profess Hinduism, but they have no place in the original caste. Evidently the Sudras were the aboriginal inhabitants of India before the Aryans came. Conclusive evidence of this found in the fact that while the Brahmans, Kshatriyas and Vaishayas have the birthright to put on the sacred cotton cord, the Sudras have none; besides, it has been religiously enjoined that a Sudra must not read the Vedas or any other sacred books. In reference to this, it is also clear that in this way the Brahmans devised effective means to keep the original inhabitants of India in darkness and ignorance, so that it would be impossible for them to rise again in social scale. By admitting the Sudras into castes the Brahmans made a master stroke of a pacifying policy, indeed.

I now want to draw the attention of the readers to a very strange but most significant fact that, while for many centuries past the Sudras had been kept in a degraded condition socially, the degradation was not so noticeable spiritually. Although the Sudras had no right to pronounce the Gayatri (Lord's Prayer) "Om Savitarou, etc.,," yet they were supposed to attain as high a spirituality as is possible for man by listening to and following the Holy Scriptures. And when the Sudra arrived at a really high standard of spirituality, he would be sought for by the highest in the land, without distinction of caste. In the Hindu social strata, caste is uppermost and to this may be accounted much of the present stagnation in their industrial and political civilization, but when we come to consider the people from a spiritual standpoint, we find that for centuries its purity has been preserved to a remarkable extent. The spiritual orders are and have been very cosmopolitan. A Sudra, for instance, can join an order, and when he becomes a Sanyasin he is no longer included in the caste; if he succeeds in developing his high spirituality, he would be recognized as God-like by the Brahmans and other castes alike, disregarding his Sudra-birth and family associations. It may be noted here that a Sanyasin (one who has renounced this world of Maya) has no caste. He

is free to sit, eat and talk with any one he cares. To him Hindus, Christians or Mohammedans are alike. A Brahman Sanyasi burns his holy thread when he makes up his mind to be one as such.

Vaishaya Caste.—This is the next higher caste above the Sudras. In a great measure the members of this caste were the most important and useful in the social fabric of Hindu communities, the doctors, merchants, bankers, cultivators, manufacturers and artisans of all classes being included in this caste. The Vaishayas, like the Sudras, are divided into many castes.

Brahmans, Kshatriyas and Vaishayas are called the "twice-born," as a distinctive mark of which they put on Sacred Cords of cotton over the right shoulder and under the right arm in a circular form. The origin of this holy cord is, however, quite mystical. As previously stated the Vaishayas were very influential, presenting the wealth of the land. The present day bankers of Southern India known as the "Chettys" are generally rich; in fact, they are recognized as the keenest financial competitors of the European bankers. In Northern India, the bankers known as the Banias have also money-making instincts, but not quite the same as the Chettys; a large number of the Chettys and Banias are, however, the hated usurers of the land. The doctors, known as the Vaidas, also belong to this caste. They used to have great influence in ancient times, and even now, their influence is considerable. The word "Vaidya" is derived from Vid, to know. Medicine was one of the Sacred subjects in the Vedas. As is found in the Courts of Europe, the Vaidyas used to occupy high places in ancient times. In fact, the few princes now left in India do have their Royal physicians, whether of Ayurvedic or Hakimi School of Medicine. The Mohammedans call their doctors, Hakims, literally meaning truth. A word or two would not be out of place here to mention a little of the Hindu pharmacopoeia and the system of medicine. "Ayurvedic" derived from Ayu (life) and Veda (knowledge). The Hindu doctors of old used to employ all the methods that are now known to the modern schools of medicine in Europe. They were particularly experts in the manufacture and use of com-

pounds made up of metals and vegetables. Poisons whether of metallic, vegetable or animal origin used to be freely employed in extreme cases where vitality was very low. The Science of Surgery was a subject of their deep study and it was skilfully employed.

But above all their study and practical knowledge of the principles of breath, the source of vitality in man surpassed all others. The Hindu system of medicine was a recognized one of philosophy concerning manifested life—physical and psychical. This knowledge and art have received serious check for the last few hundred years, but the Ayurvedic school still survives as a potent factor for good and evil throughout the length and breadth of India and Ceylon. After the conquest of India by the Mohammedans, this Hindu system received a great blow in its career of usefulness because of the introduction of the Arabic system of medicine, the Hakimi. Within the last century a further shock was received through the introduction of the European systems of medicine by the occupation by the British of India.

Another very important class of Vaishayas, who contributed in making Ancient India famous, were the Artisans and Manufacturers, metal-workers, etc. Their merchants, who were possessed of great mercantile marine and large caravans over land, were also responsible for the wealth of the Indies. One may think that all the Vaishayas originating from a common ancestry would live and mix among themselves freely; but instead, they behave in such a way as if their origin was entirely from different sources. A Vaishaya of Punjab is entirely a stranger to a Vaishaya of Bombay, etc. Consequently in place of unity, disintegrity is the result.

Kshatriya.—This is otherwise known as the military or princely caste. The members of this caste in ancient days had an undoubted right to the name and title. Their occupation was the following of arms. Up till late, within the last century, this proud caste was never known to come down from their traditional birthright. In the beginning of the Aryan settlement, the chiefs of clans were elected; but when society grew up in numbers and territories extended, the duties of these

chiefs grew enormously, so that it was not possible for them to attend in a field of war and a council room at the same time. It was therefore found necessary that special training should be given to the children of chiefs and nobles to qualify them for responsible positions. Naturally, the reigning chiefs had for their choice their own children, or, those of near relatives, for the throne. To such demands the Ministers of State and other high functionaries could hardly raise objections, for they themselves were seeking to make their own positions hereditary in their family. Thus it was in India for many centuries, and the Ministers of Church and State, physicians, poets, etc., positions of honor and trust, and all sorts of professions came to be hereditary.

The laws of warfare among the ancient Kshatriyas were founded on an entirely different principle than are being observed either by the modern Kshatriyas or by any other nation. The ancient Greeks had very similar laws in the conduct of their wars. It was for a righteous cause that war could be vindicated or upheld. To die in battlefield was not only glory, but an unquestioned entry to Heaven, even if the soldier's previous actions in life had been such as to preclude him from Heaven. The duties of the members of this caste were to preserve and maintain order anywhere and everywhere in society; hence, the Kshatriyas were the natural guardians, protectors or fathers of the people, and owners of the land.

Brahman Caste.—This caste is the highest among the Hindus. Having come from the mouth of Brahma, mythologically, and being given to him the power of divine interpretation and mediation, he was the spiritual head of all castes and societies. He was to expound the laws binding the human societies and explaining the laws of human evolution. He was the first of the twice-born: the ordinary birth is the temporal birth; the second is the spiritual birth, which takes place between the ages of six and twelve. At this period a Brahman boy is initiated into the divine mysteries and knowledge of nature, temporal and spiritual. A Brahman's life and lives of Kshatriyas and Vaishayas, are divided into four periods. From the time a Brahman child is born to the time he is put in

charge of a spiritual teacher, he has no caste. A Brahman child during this period may with impunity mix with Sudras, and may even partake of their food. But when the auspicious time arrives, the family Guru (Spiritual Preceptor) officiates in the ceremony of placing the Holy Cord around the boy's body, at the same time administering Sacred Mantrams (repetition of sacred words) and the teaching of holy prayers. The circumstances attending birth happens in the ordinary course of evolution; the ceremony just referred to, is in reference to birth in the spiritual realm. With this spiritual training the initiated boy during his advancing years gains sufficient knowledge whereby he may be able to end his further evolutionary birth-incarnations. This period of studentship lasts from the eighteenth to twenty-fifth year, when begins the second period of life, *viz.*, a householder, by marrying and doing duties by the family and society, offering up prayers and sacrifices, remembering the dead ancestors, offering them food and invoking their blessings on all occasions of birth, death, marriage, etc. The third stage begins about the age of sixty. Having performed the duties of a husband, a father, a brother, etc., the householder now delegates all his duties to his children or in their absence to his near relatives, and then retires to the woods as a hermit. After a period spent in this way, seeking and gaining knowledge, the fourth stage of life begins, when all social ties are completely cut off by entering into the stages of deep meditation, through which may be obtained the knowledge of one's individual self identifying with the Supreme Universal Self. With a well-regulated life like this a twice-born acquires power to live without ills which flesh is heir to, and to die at will while in Yoga (in union with the Universal Self).

Summary Regarding Caste.—In reviewing the caste systems of India, I would like to bring out certain phases concerning them, which have worked in the past beneficially for the Aryan race, and also to show that their continuance to the present day has been detrimental to an alarming extent.

A long period after the institution of castes, the members observed their assigned spheres of work in a zealous manner which enabled them to keep up a high standard of efficiency.

But change is the law of nature. The greatest conservative social institution born of Aryan intellect began to show signs of stagnation if not decay. The puzzling ramifications of the thousands of castes within castes are indeed bewildering to an outsider. It is often being questioned without getting satisfactory answers how it has been made possible to keep the millions of Hindus for over two thousand years under conditions almost choking in character. This is explained by the fact that the whole of India has been, and is being, guided by one idea—Karma. If one is a born Brahman, it is owing to the good work done in his last birth; if one is a Sudra, it is to the bad work committed in his past birth. Every Hindu is an evolutionist and believes in the re-incarnation of Soul. A Sudra knows and feels that the indignities that he suffers are owing to his own Karma in his former birth and therefore are not a matter of accident. He must in his present life behave in such a way that in his next life he might be born a Brahman, a Kshatriya, etc., or, if his spiritual yearnings be strong and his attainments high enough to be able to end this manifested life, he may work so as never to be born again. To the Hindus, the philosophy of life has all engrossing thought. The life at best is short, and full of troubles. How to remedy these evils is a subject of most vital importance. To be able to enjoy life a man must keep his body healthy, and life must be prolonged, without which, imperfect physical and spiritual advancement will be the outcome, and bliss in this or in the next life will not be obtained. The power to overcome these obstacles lies within the grasp of every man, provided he sets himself to work earnestly and, with undivided attention, engages in a scientific manner. With the Hindus the manifested Universe is an illusion, and as long as one cannot break through it, the illusionary world remains true in every sense. Happiness and misery are the attributes of one and the same mind, and as long as the mind remains qualified and its functions active, so long the Self or Ego can never be perceived in its true nature. The duration of a single life is so very short compared to the myriads of lives a man passed through previous to his present incarnation that a spiritually inclined Hindu has only one great ambition, and

which is directed not to the improvement of material surroundings tending to pleasure and luxury, but to hold before him the prospect of making an end of this evolutionary cycle. As caste of a man does not interfere or hinder progress in the attainment of high spirituality, or in the enjoyment of bliss in Heaven or on earth, or in the attainment of Moksha or liberation of soul, the members of all the castes take the situation of life and the surroundings of their birth in a very philosophical manner. There seems to be no doubt that the caste system originated not for the purpose of establishing a social, moral and spiritual distinction, but to keep labor, trades, professions and all branches of science and art limited in organized communities. The modern organizations of labor unions in this and other countries bear certain resemblance. To caste was given the Divine Sanction to make it completely binding, but the labor unions are governed by the will of man. In China there are numberless guilds or unions all over the country. In this respect I believe China stands pre-eminently superior to all other nations for the good influence they exercise. In India the results of the religiously circumscribed castes have been very deplorable. The religion of China being Buddhism or reformed Hinduism, there are no castes among the Chinese, and therefore the stagnation noticeable in the social and material well-being of the Hindu communities are absent in China.

Since western ideas and education have spread throughout the length and breadth of India, it was expected that the educated Hindus, under western professors in universities, would readily fall in with views of modern European materialistic thoughts in promoting sciences and art to the exclusion of the Hindu spiritual ideal, but this has not been the case. For a time after the British occupied India, it looked as if the educated Indians were about to lose sight of their ancient religious professions, to turn materialists, but their numbers soon passed away. In fact, the thousands of high-class students, trained in European universities, and masters of material sciences, have given undoubted proof that the ancient spiritual insight of the Aryan race is not likely to die out yet, although it is just possible that in the course of the next half century tremendous

change will take place in India, on the material plane. Japan has shown to the world that Buddhistic philosophies are not antagonistic to progress temporal, so there is hope for India, as soon as the castes can be done away with in a general way. Caste did its best service when the Aryan Hindus were successful in resisting the faith of the Mohammedans for about one thousand years. But for the castes, all India would now be accepting Mohammed as the only prophet of God. The Mohammedan power in India is gone for ever, their fanaticism is much cooled down and it is to be hoped that in time the Hindus and the Mohammedans will live amicably and harmoniously together.

"Comradeship is one of the finest facts, and one of the strongest forces in life. A mere strong man, however capable, and however singly successful, is of little account by himself. There is no glamour of romance in his career. The kingdom of Romance belongs to David, not to Samson—to David, with his eager, impetuous, affectionate nature, for whom three men went in the jeopardy of life to bring him a drink of water, and all for love of him. It is not the self-centred, self-contained hero, who lays hold of us; it is ever the comradeship of heroes."—*Hugh Black.*

"Nature's Laws, I must repeat, are eternal; her small, still voice, speaking from the inmost heart of us, shall not, under terrible penalties, be disregarded. No one man can depart from the truth without damage to himself; no one million of men, no twenty-seven millions of men. Show me a Nation fallen everywhere into this course, so that each expects it, permits to others and himself, I will show you a Nation traveling with one assent on the broad way."—*Carlyle.*

"It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."—*Emerson.*

THE POET.

BY LOUIS KAUFMAN ANSPACHER.

The poet is your truest Merle
He takes a tear and makes a pearl.
With mystic alchemy
He heaps all that is base or low
Into his limbeck, where the glow
Transforms them. Verily
Outpours the gold in purest show;
Bubbling a song as it doth flow,
In silver melody.

Each substance of the universe
His Merlin power doth coerce
To be the language of his verse;
And Nature doth agree
To this elemental speech,
From heaven to hell doth kindly reach
To aid him loyally.

His laughter is the sunshine bright;
His sorrow is the mornless night.
All nature's potency
In symbols stretched from pole to pole
Reveal a meaning to his soul
In secret harmony.
Each star is like his singing thought,
That wanders chanting, beauty fraught,
For all eternity.

The waves that clap their happy hands,
The brooks that laugh along their sands
Are joyous in his glee.
The darkness of the sighing woods

Is the garment of his sadder moods;
 And by his minstrelsy,
 The storm-wind chants upon his lyre,
 And the airs that to the leaves suspire
 Wail soft and wistfully.

The poet's wide embracing breast
 Is a biding place and spacious nest
 Warmed by sympathy;
 Where every wandering heart can rest,
 Secure and safe as a bidden guest
 Come over a distant sea.

His soul is like a microcosm
 Where other souls are born and blossom,
 And the branching tree
 Of various life in him takes root;
 He is the bird, the hill, the brute,
 Speaking consciously,
 And joined in one innected bond.
 He is one who long has conned,
 With cautious scrutiny,
 All of nature, all of man;
 He by instinct has the plan
 Felt ideally.

Give him a joy and he'll resay it;
 Give him a life and he'll repay it
 With generous usury.
 Give him a world that chance hath wrought,
 He'll remake it as it ought
 In Utopia to be.
 Nothing binds his fancy's flight,
 His imagination's might
 Fetterless and free,
 Fashions joys that only Gods
 In Elysian synods
 Dream on blissfully.

ARE COLORS PHYSICAL OR MENTAL?

BY EUGENE DEL MAR.

The unseen universe constitutes an infinite ocean of energy, each intensity of which is to be found in every particle of its immensity. There is no inherent difference between the seen and the unseen; that which is unseen by one may be seen by another; and that which is unseen by one to-day may be seen by him to-morrow.

While the faculties of men differ in degree of unfoldment or development, yet a general agreement has been reached as to what portion of the universe under average conditions is seen or visible, and what is unseen or invisible.

The visible universe is that which is amenable to normal human vision; that is, normal to the present average visual development of mankind. It embraces such manifestations of energy, or ranges of vibration, as are cognizable ordinarily by human vision. The amenability to recognition is not a property of matter, however, but is a question of human consciousness, therefore of unfoldment or evolution.

That which one senses visually is the manifestation of certain intensities of activity in the universal ether, and such manifestations are contrasted and defined according to their various rates of vibration per second of time. The range of eternal activity visually interpretable is regarded as being included within four hundred and eight hundred millions of millions of vibrations per second.

One is cognizant of the universe only through its activities or vibrations, and all existence is in eternal motion. While the activities of the universe combine in a perpetual and perfect harmony, each separate activity ever retains its individuality, and answers always to its correspondence or compliment.

Regarding the human consciousness as the inner world, or world of recognition, how and what does one recognize visually in the objective universe? While it is true that the universe is

an infinite storehouse, and that its treasures are free to those who will appropriate them, there are instruments of appropriation which must be used and a process of appropriation which must be followed.

There is no color in the physical universe—none at all. There is activity, motion, vibration—but no color. Color is not an objective entity, it is a subjective consciousness. Coincident with the withdrawal of consciousness from the universe, all color would be eliminated from it. Nor are these conceptions merely fanciful or theoretical. On the contrary, they are statements of universally accepted scientific truths.

That the colors we see and their combinations have no counterpart in the physical world, was first demonstrated by Newton. Tyndall, Dolbear, Ganot and the other scientists of the day, all define color as a mental sensation. And there is color sensation or consciousness only as there is mental response to the stimulus from without.

The vibrations from the objective universe reach the brain through the physical channel of the eye and optic nerve. The eye is so constructed that it receives those vibrations which come within a certain range of activity, and it transforms the ether rays or visual waves into motions that are interpretable by the brain. The function of the eye ceases at the end of the optic nerve which carries its message to the brain. The eye first extracts from the visual waves the constituents acceptable to the mental laboratory prepared to receive them, and in combination with the optic nerve it serves as the means of communication between the worlds of outer and inner activity.

Without the eye, or physical organ of vision, the visual waves which play unceasingly throughout the universe would not reach the brain in interpretable form. The accuracy of the interpretation made by the brain depends for the most part upon the conditions of the instrument which receives the outer activity. After it is received it is transformed and forwarded to the brain. The visual waves to which an eye does not respond cannot be received, therefore cannot be transferred or forwarded by it to the brain. One, therefore, both with eyes and brain may be as oblivious to that which another receives

and accepts as visual waves, as though he had neither eyes nor brain.

The eye receives, transforms and transmits to the brain such vibrations only as come within its limited scope of apprehension. It finds no visual waves in that which is outside of its range of appropriation. And even though the message be received by and transmitted from the eye, yet if it fail to reach the brain, there will be no vision of color. The consciousness of color is all there is of color, as such.

There are no physical colors; all colors are mental. There is no physical science of colors. Indeed, Maxwell tells us in so many words that the science of color is a mental science. All the wondrous color harmonies of the universe, and all the beautiful tints of form and feature are thought pictures. They are mental translations of various intensities of physical activities coming within the range of visual appropriation. In the mental laboratory alone is color to be found.

To find in the objective universe that which one senses as color he must translate his thought picture into the physical activities from which it has been extracted. The more complex harmonies of activity are interpreted as color patterns of greater softness and delicacy, richness and splendor, boldness and grandeur, according to the notes that dominate them.

Life, as one knows it, is entirely a matter of consciousness. One's knowledge of the outer universe is his interpretation of it. That which one perceives in the material is his mental idea of it. Physical vibrations stimulate mental activity, judgment, discrimination, and only as they do this have they any meaning or even any existence to one. The visual sense is the latest in evolutionary order, and it appropriates vibrations of rare beauty and marvelous intricacy. Its higher harmonies require for their interpretation both eye and brain of wondrous symmetry and complexity, fit instruments for impression and expression of the soul.

THE CULT OF THE VIRGIN.

BY HARRIET B. BRADBURY.

Creeds, like men, have their birth, their life-work and their death. The principles underlying the creeds, on the contrary, are universal, although their apprehension by any people depends upon its degree of development and its peculiar intellectual and spiritual qualities. Certain principles of the religious life are formulated over and over again under various symbolical expressions in one creed after another all down the ages. Other principles, being beyond the comprehension of the human mind in its earlier stages of development, appear at their proper time and under proper conditions and find expression in the religious cults of the period, being embodied in forms which are called mythology in creeds long past and dogmatic religion when seen in contemporary systems. Mythology is sympathetically studied with a view to discover its hidden meanings, but too often the creeds of our own time are scornfully rejected without the slightest serious attempt to understand them from the point of view of those to whom they owe their origin.

The two French priests, MM. Huc and Gabet, who have written so fascinatingly of the religious life of the Thibetans, among whom they managed to remain for some time, even studying under the guidance of native priests, declare that several of the principal doctrines of the Catholic faith are found unmistakably in the religious system in vogue among that people. The Thibetans, they declare, have a genius for religion. But until more is known of that strange people we cannot judge of their theories nor compare them or their religion with others. This illustration merely serves to show how similar religious tenets may spring up in widely separated countries and without possibility of borrowing. Another illustration is furnished by the Samoans, who, we are told, adopted readily the teachings of our missionaries, because the

doctrines of Christianity were so similar to their own poetic, though somewhat vague and shadowy, beliefs.

When a creed is dead—that is, when its significance as a principle to be beneficially applied in the lives of its believers is lost—it becomes an offense and a stumbling block and must be cast out to make room for something more vital. Negation thus becomes a periodical necessity in the religious life of the world, but when negation has reached its limit a spiritual vacuum is found which is no less abhorrent to nature than its physical counterpart. In its loneliness and wretchedness the starving soul turns at last to the One Reality, and little by little through inward agonies and birth-throes produces a religion, which it flatters itself is something entirely new and in accord with reason. One after another the fundamental experiences of religion are passed through and a new system of dogma is thought out to correspond to the facts of consciousness. At this point the comparative study of religion is the only means of preventing the formation of a new creed, as dogmatic and intolerant as any former one. A religion without a creed is like a soul without a body; we may catch glimpses of it, but it cannot be brought into our daily life in that disembodied state. Even political parties and social organizations have their creeds. Never until the present time has the unity of all religions been recognized and their comparative study become thus a possibility. First of all the emancipated soul recognizes in the earlier religions, especially the Vedanta, a transcript of its own heart-searchings, spiritual longings and divine consolations. While still nominally Christian, our liberal thinkers are usually utterly blind to the symbolical and esoteric significance of their own creeds, which they have cast aside as of no value. But there comes a time in the soul's life when the deeper mysteries of the Christian faith alone can satisfy it. In order to understand, for example, such a doctrine as that of the Atonement, it is only necessary to have entered deeply into the experience of finding the higher Self, as understood in the New Thought, and then to compare, sympathetically and with a true desire to discover the underlying thread of unity, one's own experience with that of some spiritually minded (though orthodox)

Christian, who declares that he has actually felt the cleansing blood poured over him, and *knows* that his sins are washed away. For "the blood is the life" and "the blood of the Lamb" is the life of divine love. There is no consciousness of sin with the higher Self; it is the indwelling Christ. This doctrine, like many others, is, of course, liable to abuse and to gross misinterpretation, but it unquestionably had its origin in the truest and holiest depths of the human soul.

We Protestants are prone to regard the cult of the Virgin as a survival of paganism, whereas really there is nothing like it in any other religion than Christianity. Buddhism has its virgin-born saviors, but the mother of a Buddha always died within nine days after the birth of her holy child, as if such purity could not longer remain in this evil world. And to one who knows the low opinion of woman and woman's sphere held by Hindus, it does not seem strange that this appeared to them the only possible conclusion of such a bit of transcendentalism. No religion of which I have any knowledge, except Christianity and Buddhism, even imagines a motherhood so inexpressibly pure that it must be called *virgin*. And Christianity alone exalts the virgin mother into an object of adoration, the Queen of Heaven, the comforter and intercessor for mankind before her Divine Son, the judge of the world as well as its Savior. The term "Father-Mother God," so frequently heard now, shows that we of the present day feel the need which was recognized by the Roman Catholic church when it formulated the doctrine of the assumption of the Virgin and declared that in giving his mother to St. John Christ gave her to be a mother to all faithful Christians. Catholics maintain that the cult of the Virgin is of the utmost importance for the inculcation of purity and all the gentler virtues, and that when it is neglected men grow hard and brutal.

Whate'er thou lovest, man, that to become thou must ;
God, if thou lovest God, dust, if thou lovest dust.

We are cultivating the divine nature within us by keeping our eyes fixed on ideal divinity. Is it not then reasonable to suppose that a worship which recognizes a divine womanhood has had much to do with arousing not only the desire for pure

love in man, but also that self-respect in woman which lifts her above the vanities and seducing wiles for which she has been condemned, so that man may at last dare to dream of a love for her pure enough to be taken into the Kingdom of Heaven with him?

We fancy that the age of symbols has passed; yet our artists, even Protestants, still paint Madonnas and Holy Families, and Abbott Thayer has even given us a beautiful "Virgin Enthroned, with Saints." It is ideal womanhood which they seek to represent, for though we do not tell our beads before their canvases we judge them successful in proportion as they arouse in us sentiments of reverence and exalted emotions. I have heard an artist say that he could worship the Madonna of the Arbor, by Dagnan-Bouveret, a copy of which in stained glass is now in a Congregational church in Boston. Bodenhausen's Madonna, though weak in color and a trifle theatrical in treatment, has been extremely popular through photographs, and certainly has most winning qualities. As the figure stands upon the clouds it is evident that the picture is more than a representation of a historical scene. How idle then is the criticism so often heard, that artists love too well to paint the Madonna as a blond, though Mary the mother of Jesus was a Jewess! Standing before these paintings we contemplate an ideal motherhood and our hearts are drawn upward in adoration and tenderness. "Ave Maria," we say with our hearts if not with our lips. *Ora pro nobis* we may not even consciously think, and yet all that intercessory prayer could do for us is done by the painted thought of the man of genius whose work lifts us nearer to divine love and beauty, awakening in our hearts sentiments that cannot fail to make us better men and women.

But beautiful as our modern Madonnas, the best work of Raphael and Murillo still stands alone, incomparably greater than anything that has since been done. Theirs was an age of religious fervor, the age of chivalry, of the building of the great cathedrals and the founding of the great monastic orders. It was an age of mysticism, of superstition if you will, in which, however, the seeds of the Reformation were silently germina-

ting deep in the hearts of saints and ascetics. In the midst of petty wars, local feuds, court intrigues and ecclesiastical corruption, Dante dreamed his dream of Paradise and the greatest painters that the world has known put heaven upon their speaking canvases. The Sistine Madonna is now held in almost equal reverence by Catholics and Protestants, as the consummate expression of holy motherhood and perfect childhood. The face of the mother is not intellectual, but its earnest eyes seem gazing upon a vision of perfect peace, while the whole figure seems to radiate a calm tenderness that is like oil on troubled waters to a soul tossed with the tempests of passion or of worldly anxieties.

Murillo takes us deeper into the mysteries of the religious life than does Raphael. His greatest painting, called sometimes the Assumption and sometimes the Immaculate Conception, is prized by the French government as its greatest art treasure. To me it is the greatest picture in the world. Murillo painted this subject many times. In one painting God the Father, as a beautiful old man, is reaching down from the clouds to receive the ascending Virgin. In one the crown of twelve stars upon her head as well as the moon under her feet, identifies her with the Woman of the vision of St. John, described in the twelfth chapter of Revelation. Her attitude, with eyes raised and hands upon her breast, cannot fail to have great meaning to any one who has ever known the elevation of thought and the warmth about the heart accompanying communion with the Highest. Truly this vision is nothing less than the Eternal Feminine, the intuitional and religious side of life. According to St. John, this "Woman" is the mother of the man child who is to rule the nations, and for his sake she is pursued to the ends of the earth by the dragon who seeks to devour her babe as soon as it is born. It is worth noting also in this connection that in all Christian art by far the best loved pictures are those of the Madonna. Where in any other religion can there be found either paintings or sculptures suggesting in the least the sentiment of these portrayals of the divine in womanhood and the woman nature in all souls? "The greatest height which man has reached in the understanding of woman and the mystery of

life," writes one who is a deep student of the world's religions, "he achieved when he placed the mother with her child upon the Church's altar. The vessel of all human life became holy and he set it up above himself. It is impossible to accurately gauge the moderation of customs and softening of hearts that proceeded from every picture of Mary on every altar. For, in conceiving woman as holy and letting the little child stretch out his tiny hands towards the heart of every man, every woman became holy in her womanhood, and wrong or harshness toward any child was sacrilege. And further, the Christ as God and infant, upon the Holy Virgin's arm, spoke with his little, naked child's body to every man:—'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.' The Holy Virgin spread her mantle over all virgins and all mothers, and violation of a woman became a deadly sin."

The cult of the Virgin appeared very early in the history of the Church. Historical details are almost entirely lost, but we cannot doubt that it had its rise, like all other symbolical doctrines, in the felt needs of the human soul at that particular stage of development. Multitudes of worshipers of pagan goddesses were received into the Church, who must have missed the recognition of the feminine principle in their new religion. Beside this, Christ, at first the great High Priest, had been gradually removed from his position as mediator to that of the second person of the Trinity and Judge of the world. The human heart, chilled and terrified at the thought of divine justice, turned naturally to the Infinite Mother-heart as an intercessor, and demanded the consolation which the Church sought to supply in Mariolatry. Judaism, like Puritanism, was stern and cold, while the Christianity of that time was warm and vital, still pulsating with that quickened life which the risen Prophet of Nazareth had sent in a great wave of supernormal religious feeling through the length and breadth of the civilized world. Yet Mary never became a goddess. She is still only a glorified woman, a type of the soul in which the Christ life has been conceived. The idea of spiritual rebirth was not a new idea, but this expression of it was new, and its method, by the baptism of the Holy Ghost, was new—such an

innovation, indeed, that Christendom even yet has scarcely begun to grasp its significance and power as understood and taught in the Apostolic age. Moreover, woman, when overshadowed by the Holy Ghost, was shown to be not only clean, but divine. This was implied in the Apostolic teaching that there were no longer male nor female, bond nor free, but all were one in Christ Jesus. The law of love enunciated by Jesus necessitated such a recognition of equality, at least among those who were "baptized into Christ."

There is a lure of beauty in nature which often leads astray, although, rightly understood, that beauty only interprets divine truth. Man's soul becomes entangled in the silken thread which should guide him through the labyrinth of earthly appearances to God, and art becomes a mere worship of sensuous beauty, and symbolism degenerates into idolatry and superstition. It is claimed by some artists that the subject of the "Birth of Venus," in which the goddess of love is seen rising from the foam of the sea, should be painted with an almost religious spirit, as symbolizing the awakening in the soul of the first sentiment of spirituality and unselfishness in the sex relation. But whatever Venus meant to the ancients, she was doubtless an improvement upon some earlier conception, and how great then appears the triumph of the Spirit when Madonna worship replaces that of Venus! Savage peoples have no perception of female beauty. Half-civilized races see nothing of the beauty of the soul in woman. There is a steady gain in power to see the beautiful as well as in power to interpret it, as man advances in civilization. The highest achievement of all is the power to see through the symbol to the truth for which it stands, and to find divinity in the human soul instead of imagining a Pantheon of gods and goddesses to satisfy the soul's craving for ideal beauty.

Among the early Greek Christians there was a strong disposition to identify Christ with Apollo, some of the earliest representations of the Savior of the world being scarcely distinguishable from those of the Greek god of light and healing. Early representations of Christ upon the cross show him robed and crowned, in token of his divinity victorious over death. It

was not until later that crucifixes were used bearing a naked, suffering figure, crowned with thorns. The sentiment of the crucifix in use to-day is in harmony with the spirit of the Dark Ages, when the best man and woman took refuge from the corruptions of society in the monastic life, there to bewail and do penance for the unfaithfulness of the Bride of Christ. Christianity had begun to lose its pristine vigor as soon as it became the state religion under Constantine. As time went on leaders of the Church sought to enforce a kind of morality through fear, and to this end laid great stress upon the teachings of Jesus regarding the approaching judgment, and dealt largely in prophecies of the end of the world, which they began to look for positively about the year 1000. But a subtler, holier and more powerful influence was at work like a leaven in the hearts of men, and began to make itself visible at least as early as the eighth century in the dawn of chivalry, that beautiful fantastic, dazzling dream of love and honor, loyalty and piety.

It was the high-born Roman matrons who introduced Christianity into Rome. They were the first to turn from the licentious and degenerate customs of the time, and it was their sons, not their husbands, who made Europe a Christian land. Is it any wonder then that these zealous enthusiastic converts found it easy to worship a heavenly mother and most natural to idealize all womankind?

Chivalry reached its maturity and greatest splendor during the Crusades. With the passing of the feudal system it degenerated into burlesque and finally disappeared. But though no longer needed as a social institution the spirit of chivalry still lives in the modern gentleman, a character new in the history of the world. Antiquity produced heroes, but gentlemen were unknown until the gentleness of Christ began to soften the hearts and shape the manners of men. So rude and lawless were the times in the early days of chivalry that women, being unable to bear arms, were constantly exposed to wrong and injustice; therefore the motto of knighthood, "For Christ's and ladies' sake" became a most thrilling stimulus to deeds of valor. Out of this necessity for defending women and doubtless indirectly from the habit of reverence for "Our Lady"

arose the custom among the knights of binding themselves by oath each to defend the honor and settle the quarrels of one chosen lady. It was contrary to custom for a husband thus to enter the lists in defense of his wife, and thus there sprang up honorable and discreet friendships between knights and ladies which often grew into romantic attachments. The husbands of ladies thus honored appear to have felt no jealousy so long as no advances were made towards personal intimacy. "Courts of love" were established which formulated a code of conduct and feeling supposed to be honorable for both parties in these ethereal, if not platonic, alliances. Troubadours and trouveres went about singing romantic ballads and the first real love songs the world had ever heard.

We are all familiar with Dante's love story. Petrarch's name was also associated in this way with that of a respected married woman and so was that of Michael Angelo. In fact, such attachments seem to have been thought an evidence of nobility of soul and lofty aspiration. Yet even when the relation was kept ethereally pure and dissociated from earthly desire, it was a profoundly serious affair to the lover, if we may judge from the confessions found in Dante's *Vita Nuova* and the sonnets of other Florentine youths which have been preserved to us. Yet so careful was Dante of his mistress's reputation that he nowhere by a word implies that she returned his love until she had been ten years in the spirit world, when she appeared to him in a vision to teach him spiritual truth and lead his soul to heaven. Dante married after Beatrice's death, but in his later years he reproached himself for having done so. There are evidences that his wife never expected to fill the place of his first love, and that she had no jealousy seems indicated by the fact that their only daughter was given the name of Beatrice.

Such was the birth of the modern ideal of love; a newly awakened butterfly, scarce able to understand its own meaning or uses, and yet a genuine new birth, destined to influence profoundly succeeding generations. No love at all comparable for spirituality to that of Dante has ever been recorded for us until Robert Browning and Sydney Lanier wrote so touchingly

and tenderly of the wives whose companionship was the most helpful and ennobling influence in all their experience. Such love, as a practical, working force could not be realized until woman became the recognized equal and companion of man. Under the influence of such recognition too, woman's love comes out from its hiding-place and proudly and fearlessly expresses itself. In Mrs. Browning's sonnets from the Portuguese we have the first adequate expression of a wife's complete yet self-respecting surrender to a love in all respects worthy of her.

During the Dark Ages Europe had no literature, and learning was lost or hidden in the monasteries, where Latin was the only vehicle of written thought. Not until Dante, that "voice of ten silent centuries," gave literary form to the Italian tongue, was there any literature in the vernacular in Europe. During the preceding centuries the Grail legends had been taking form and spreading to some extent over Europe. Tradition assigns the time of King Arthur to some part of the fifth century, but the legends as we have them reflect, of course, the sentiments of the time when they were reduced to writing quite as much as they do those of the earlier age.

The earliest ambitious literary effort of this new era is the *Roman de la Rose*, begun between the years 1200 and 1230. This is a fanciful allegory describing the course of true love, which even in those times apparently did not "run smooth." The god of love first wounds the lover, and having conquered him gives him instruction as to how to conduct himself honorably. The Rose is carried off and imprisoned in a town guarded by Wicked-Tongue from the lover's advances. Bounty and Honor figure as barons of Love's realm. False-Semblant and Constrained Abstinence are among the many other characters of the lengthy story, which ends, like most romances, in the triumph of love. Less than one-third of it has ever been translated into English, but that is all as different from ancient literature as morning is from midnight. William Langland, in the fourteenth century, was the first to follow this new style in England, although the form of his verse is that of the earlier Anglo-Saxon poems. He was a contemporary of Chaucer, and it is curious to find this jovial story-teller, like

Boccaccio in Italy, cracking his coarse jokes and relating his risqué anecdotes side by side with these dreamers of idealistic dreams. Langland's vision concerning Piers the Plowman is a religious allegory full of the true Christian spirit, of horror at the corruption and abuses in Church and state and of insight into the real springs of Christian living. His conclusion is well summed up in the words: "'Lerne to love,' quod Kynde (Nature) 'and leve of alle othre.'" Piers Plowman is less read than the Canterbury Tales, yet this and the many other allegorical writings of that age contain the germ of that power of analysis in character-drawing which has reached such perfection in the modern novel. Chaucer gave to English literature its form or body, but such analysts as William Langland gave to it a soul, while the spirit of chivalry breathes through every love plot in our modern stories.

This incomplete sketch of the psychological history of man during the Christian era must make it plain to any thoughtful mind that the cult of the Virgin, through the chivalric ideal of love which was its outgrowth, has had more influence than is generally recognized in bringing about that freedom and honorable position for woman which are the chief glory of our American civilization. The Protestant Reformation brought a reaction, it is true, from the ultra-idealism of chivalry. This reaction is vividly reflected in Milton's well-known view of woman as a weak but dangerous creature who should be kept well in subjection by man. The witchcraft delusion was the extreme expression of this reaction. But out of all these changes and vicissitudes of thought is at last beginning to evolve a more just estimate of woman. She is neither an angel nor a siren, neither a toy nor a beast of burden, but a simple human being, with passions, weaknesses and heavenly aspirations—man's equal and companion, although very different from him in temperament and gifts. Only in a perfect union of the two can either be made perfect. There can be no true respect for woman so long as it is degradation to love her or more holy to avoid the natural ties upon which society is based. No one ever obtained a butterfly by treading on the worm from which it must develop.

"Names and forms"—so spoke the ancient Hindu Sages—"are the two great powers of Brahman." The late Prof. F. Max Müller interpreted "names and forms" as signifying language and thought. No account is made in the Vedanta philosophy of love as a force in character-building. Here is a teaching from a Upanishad concerning the attainment of the higher consciousness: "He therefore, who knows the Self, after having become quiet, subdued, satisfied, patient and collected, sees Self in Self; sees all as Self. Evil does not overcome him, he overcomes all evil. Evil does not burn him, he burns all evil. Free from evil, free from spots, free from doubt, he becomes a true Brahmana." The Buddha is worthy of all the honor that has been given him for his discovery that love, or compassion toward all living creatures, is a prime essential for a perfect life. Yet Gautama felt obliged to desert his wife in order to attain this knowledge. Perhaps the Sufees saw more deeply into life than even Gaütama, when they declared that human, passional love was man's primary lesson in the great attainment. Yet we all know how far Mohammedanism has been from lifting the curse from woman which has rested upon her since the dawn of history.

A woman who has lived for seven years in India, studying the people in their customs, religion and philosophy, wrote to me. "I am sorry to say that Orientals generally, barring perhaps the Japanese, have a degraded estimate of woman. The common terms used by all classes of men in speaking of women are significant. Women are called 'the inferior sex,' 'the contemptible sex,' 'the unstable sex,' 'the unclean,' 'always evil,' 'naturally vicious,' and 'only created to serve man.' Indeed, men have had everything their own way so long and so completely that even the women have come to believe themselves to be all that the men say they are."

Can any American imagine how a race can expect to progress when the mothers of all its sons are weighted with a stigma such as that? Or how, indeed, can men expect to learn anything of divine love through bestowing their affection upon such hopelessly evil beings? We Americans know that no man can truly love humanity who does not honor woman.

And no man can truly honor woman who does not idealize her—just a little—and by idealizing call out the best in her and make it easy for her to awaken noble sentiments in him. Happy is the man whose “illusions” concerning woman do not vanish with his youth. It is sad to find one of our great poets in his later years confessing himself unworthy even to look upon the innocent ecstasies of youthful love. He complains:

“Are burnt-out passion’s slag and soot
Fit soil to strew such dainty seeds on?”

Alas for humanity if a love that has its birth among the stars can give to old age nothing better than “slag and soot!” We are still far from realizing our ideal, and yet it is well to remember that even in this matter-of-fact age we *have* an ideal, and a loftier one than the world has ever known before. And it is well to remember the part that this developing ideal has played in the evolution of all that is best in modern society. Deeper than all philosophy and at the very heart of all religion is the “woman question,” containing the secret of man’s progress or his stagnation, the beauty or the degradation of society.

“The Universe I say is made by Law; the great Soul of the World is just and not unjust. Look thou, if thou have eyes or soul left, into this great shoreless Incomprehensible; in the heart of its tumultuous Appearances, Embroilments, and mad Time-vortexes, is there not, silent, eternal, an All-just and All-beautiful, sole Reality and ultimate controlling Power of the whole? This is not a figure of speech, this is a fact.”—*Carlyle*.

“The secret of friendship is just the secret of all spiritual blessing. The way to get is to give. The selfish in the end can never get anything but selfishness. The hard find hardness everywhere. As you mete it is meted out to you.”

Hugh Black.

THE GREAT WHITE NEGATION.

BY BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

To wish for the fulfilment of your desire—that is childish. To fear the fulfilment of your desire—that is the beginning of spiritual senility. To desire not to desire—that is wisdom. All great negations are at last splendid affirmations. We renounce by desiring not to have, and to say, “I refrain” is really to say, “I will not to will.” This is the humor of all great refusals. We reject the pennies because we covet the gold pieces, and spurn brown bread for the angel food that falls to us. There is a latent *Yea* in each great *Nay*. Absolute renunciations cannot be conceived. We forsake the worse for the better, the gutter for the stars, counterfeit days for real days, the senses for the supersensuous. *The* dominating instinct can only be overcome by *a* dominating instinct. We are the gibes of an eternal Will. Turn wheresoever we may we cannot escape it. When we give it battle we are most its bondman. It smiles back at us from the end of our swords, and when we flee from it it is both pursuer and pursued.

The militant renunciants, from the Buddha to Schopenhauer, have been the founders of powerful movements—powerful negations, if one likes—strenuous noes. These flesh-walled prisons were too narrow for the mighty lusts of their souls; this spinning green pebble was too small a stage for their spirit-strut. They counseled renunciation here for a mightier life elsewhere. They would lay waste the temporal order with the flaming fagots of their dreams, let loose the baying, thirst-parched hounds of endless desire from their kennels of clay, rip the mask from the minute, drain eternity of its secrets, and plant their streamers of affirmation on the last cosmic ruin. Renunciation. There is no such thing. No is a transfigured Yes. Renunciations are the cocoons in which the delicate silk of our finer desires is spun.

The process of evolution, the whole of that marvelous ex-

foliation from the Amoeba to Emerson, is a process of renunciation, a progressive leaving behind, a sloughing off, an endless denial, an eternal series of terminations that are beginnings, and beginnings that are only valuable because they record terminations. The universe is eternally dying in order to live. We give up what we must, when we must. A deeper necessity than our likes and dislikes commands. Our tears go for naught. We flower in pain. Poppy or pansy—it is still a flowering. We are exiles forever on the march to a Siberia whose terrors are purely imaginative.

All thought is action renounced. The elaborated brain of a Newton, the burrowing mental eye of a Shakespeare, the flame-crested dreams of a Keats, all record the inbreedings of the spirit. The finer, the higher life begins with a veto. Each new law repeals an old one, and when we have discovered the illusiveness of the scudding days we resolutely cancel the world in contemplation, and renounce our hobbyhorses for Pegasus. Action is characteristic of life on the instinctive plane. A will-less inaction can be reached only by the few. The centers of inhibition develop late in life. With our hand on that switch-board we may wreck with a smile the blind, plunging impulses. The iron-heeled spirit listens with joy to the crunch, crunch of the bones of dead selves over which he stalks in grim-humorous defiance—those selves of a million yeas; those luring, seductive selves tricked out in a million guises, that solicit him by night, by day—selves born of a myriad lapses in a million lives, when still to see with the eye was to lust with the soul.

Procession, concession, recession—the defiant “Forward!” “Forward!” of youth, the compromises of half-disillusioned middle life; the “Peccavi!” of old age—that is, the psychical history of the average being—the average being who only learns that life is pure hallucination after going through the horrors, who has no organ of divination, who does not believe in sewage until he has swum through a sewer. He renounces when there is nothing left to renounce. He confounds renunciation with death. And Tolstoi is his prophet.

How few have learned the art of withdrawing from life noiselessly and yet with dignity! On a day you have discovered

the mockery of it all; some curious and swiftly knit suspicion has given you courage to rip the wrappings from your universe, and you behold where you thought to find God—bah!—a Cagliostro! You announce from the market-place your discovery. A million voices hiss in your ear “Traitor!” The totter-kneed gods on their pasteboard thrones crack their whips at you. But they avail not. You have become the spirit of revolt and you will lay the world in the dust. You have seen the core of creation and the vacuity thereof. You have beheld as in a vision the sinister soul of things and the grin thereon; and you strike back in blind rage at the lies sacrosanct with age that enmesh you. Your rage is useless, admirable, asinine. Spinoza glanced at the bill of fare, threw it out of the window and took to lens-grinding. Quit the stews without noise; thus only may one keep the beasts off his trail.

To-morrow, that million-spired mirage-city toward which the soul of man forever wends its way; To-morrow, with myrrh and spice in her casket, her fingers tipped with healing ointment for the wounds inflicted by this unromantic, calendared to-day—to-morrow can be won only by wooing to-day, by soaking up the past and future into an eternal present. How few can renounce the next Now! Yet that way alone lies wisdom. We live between times, and nothing is. We are noctambulists forever stepping off into space. We live between the minutes, in the ecstatic state that separates and yet unites a here and a beyond. We never quite touch our objects, never close the hand wholly on the realization of our desire. Always the essential escapes—the essence flies just above our heads. The St. Elmo fire of perpetual illusion flits around our untaught ego, and we are our own undoing.

We seek for a spirit of rationality in things and do not find it because the seeking is itself irrational. Renounce the pursuit of things and those things will glide silently into your soul. Seek *not* and ye shall find. Let us dig where we stand—there is gold under our feet—the future is a “pocket” and the fine glint on the outposts of things is but the phosphorescent reflection from the corpses of dead pasts on a vacuous perspective. There is a fine irony embedded in the spectacle of this unending

chase through fen and forest; bloodhounds on the scent of eagles and butterflies; arrows, poison-tipped, sent hurtling after fireflies; vast armies accoutred to the knees, making forced marches to reach Cockayne. Ring, Olympus, with thy eternal laughter! for the solemnity of man is the comedy of the gods.

The born renunciant's elaborated apparatus of inhibition is a labor-saving device. He skips the living of life in order to attain a life that lives. It is not necessary to experience in order to know. Some souls hold the universe in solution at birth. Their lives are excursions of verification. They inventory the universe at a glance and divert their lusts toward the stars. Thrust into Eternity's Black Hole with its three dimensions of *Time*, *Space* and *Circumstance*, they disdain the wall-feeling, wall-pounding and clamoring of their fellow-prisoners. Instead they fix their eyes on the white splendor of the dome—and wait. The keepers find their bodies rigid in calm, a placid mock upon their faces. Amid the babel their souls passed out through the little wicket in the great white dome—passed into—what matter?

Life is a lewd game of tag played by *I Want* and *Catch Me*. In the last analysis our acts are but the combustions of cells big with voids. And our dreams are in breedings—the obscene junctions of impotent potentialities. Understanding is the organ where-with we comprehend that nothing is. Discrimination is that fine sense that places the dead fish in one pile and the maggots that feed on them in another. The passions are brewed in the cardiac vats and their steam singes and scorches the body with their senseless urgings. Life! a butcher's picnic in the Alhambra; a column-cracked, half-founded Venice; a vermin-ridden Arcady.

Those fine young seers, "the predestined," who walk out of the gates of birth and with step swift and sure dart to the center of the banquet-room and overturn the grub-table without tasting the edible junk, have abridged their lives, it is true, but what they missed they never felt the want of. They might have eaten, you say, and then judged. Satiety is the hog's judgment. Renunciation *ex post facto* is fashionable; besides, there are so many spiritual Baden Badens where one may have his maw washed clean. Real renunciants are born, not Tolstoied.

The intellect is the mirror of Passion. She looks into that wondrous glass and murmurs: "The same—yet I cannot touch thee. You are my higher self shaped as a face in smoke. I gave thee birth; you follow me; antic me and are my slave—my pale and wondrous slave, as ethereal as I am gross—my slave to whose beauty I render up thy shackles." Intellect is the Frankenstein of the Will—Intellect, forged in the foundries of desire, that is destined to strike down the arm that poured it molten in the brain matrices and gouge out the eye that watched it cool to understanding. It is the Moses born amid the bull-rushes and tangled weeds of elemental passion—this mighty Moses, light-smitten with Horebic visions, bringing to the groundlings who will listen a new tablet of laws.

Every fine action implies or characterizes some aspect of self-conquest, which is another name for renunciation. Every fine action is such because, fundamentally, it is a negation; some door must be shut before we open another. Life opens outward to an inward. "I have gained on myself," murmurs the progressive dreamer when he feels the life-energies boiling within him, and with the sure hand of him who controls the powers generated by Niagara Falls he directs those energies into the channels mapped out on the dream-parchment of his mind. None but those who have experienced it know of that virile joy, that bounding rapture, of the spirit who deliberately smiles a defiant no to some old lure, some petty, transitory tickle, and hears in his ear the long halloo of congratulation from somewhere up the heights.

There is nothing in the world that is not worth having, but there is nothing in the world that is worth lifting the hand to obtain. We pay too much for our prizes; we are the eternal dupes of the imagination. An Epicurean receptivity—the desire to know, to feel, to assimilate all things—with a semi-humorous reservation as to the value of the things received; a keen discernment of the prankishness that reigns at the bottom of things; the ability to outlaw what you cannot get; a looking without a lusting—or to lust with one's hand on the valve; an alien attitude toward joy, so when she comes it is with the surprise of unexpected good news—something of calm, some meas-

ure of surcease from the terror of vain days may be won in thus fronting life. Man makes of his will the measure of his demands. The dream *versus* the brutal fact!—the theme of the finest tragedy and comedy. What incongruity!—a Hottentot marooned on an iceberg, or an Esquimau dropped into the Sahara. And the Hottentot “adapts” himself into the belief that the iceberg is a green jungle and the Esquimau gravely assures himself that the desert is frigid. Man is capable of believing anything but the truth. Adaptability is the process by which one gets used to the uselessness of things.

The intellectual renunciant—the pure skeptic, who has minimized the personal equation in his quest for rationality—which is, again, some principle that will coddle a temperamental bias—assumes all truths to be lies and all lies aspects of some truth. His universal premise is the denial of all premises—each premise being but the termination of some anterior syllogism. But he has faith : he assumes chaos. He rips from himself all the tatters of mental custom and aims at an oversight. His is what Nietzsche contemptuously called “the immaculate perception.” The contradictoriness of things lies open to his vision. Impact, shudder, dispersion, recombination in endless forms new and strange: this is his ultimate formula—beyond, the Black Panel. What “highest” shall he choose in this flowing frustration? In an evanescing universe what shall he waylay that will give him more satisfaction than himself? He turns within and chants with Walt Whitman “Me imperturbe.” So he stands at pause at the webbed crossroads, and life swirls in and out of these grooved highways at his feet. He takes no road. The view is finer from the forks. Besides, he has his secret.



HERBERT SPENCER'S DEFINITION OF LIFE.

The continuous adjustment
of internal relations
to external relations.

BUILDING THE GOOD WITHIN.

BY JOHN A. MORRIS.

"But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."—St. Matthew, Chapter vi, verse 33.

Along religious and psychological lines the thought of the Western world has changed during the last few years; and life, with all its varied powers, is assuming new expressions and new activities.

What is this "kingdom of God?" Let us see, reasoning the matter out analytically. "God is love!" and in all the various forms and manifestations of love we are but expressing outwardly the God-impulse within. Hence, the "kingdom of God" or heaven is within; and man is a living soul with a physical body as the outer adornment or covering of the spirit.

My body is what my mind or spirit makes it; and is the expression of the thought-force within. A beautiful, strong and radiant body is builded, day by day and hour by hour, through the activities of the seed of thought being made manifest. Thought is the seed of the mind or mind-stuff in a state of preparation; act is the fruit of this seed of thought. Hence, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he," is a saying wise and true.

No man acts without the previous preparation of thought. This may not seem true because it is said that sometimes people strike each other through what is called a spontaneous outburst of anger, or murder is committed on the impulse of the moment. But know ye not that the seeds of anger or of discordant thought that would produce anger on provocation were there, and the necessary provocation arising, the little germ, infinitesimal though it might have been, blossomed into the murderous deed? Hence, thought-force as a seed of iconoclastic destructivity, as a germ of disintegrating power, was there only waiting the fitting psychological moment to blossom into fruitfulness or violent and dynamic forcefulness.

Man builds his body, therefore, from his thought. Does he think that dissipation in the way of using whiskey, tobacco, various kinds of drugs, improper foods, improper sex activities is desirable, he fashions his physical habiliment of clay according to those thoughts expressed in act. His body, then, becomes the concrete form of such actively expressed thoughts.

In such dissipation, however, "the kingdom of God" is not sought, for the good or constructive forces are not in the discordant or destructive elements of dissipatory energy. The kingdom of the good lies in what scientists call the conservation of energy, the concentration of power, the development of the will. I do not hold that the destructive process is not necessary, for something must be torn down that another thing may be built up. In building up the good, which is getting in line with the affirmative or positive side of Nature's life, we are destroying that which, if allowed to be, would destroy us. Hence, this is a vital truism: that whether a person be Jew or Gentile, heathen or Christian, savage or civilized, Buddhist or Mohammedan, spiritualist or materialist, religionist or atheist, physician or layman, New Thoughtist or unbeliever, one of two things is existent, either he controls his body or his body controls him.

Those who are diseased have what might be called a house with an insecure foundation, and they have built for themselves unsound physical habitations of clay and the soul cannot so well express itself creatively through houses of vile passional life and hysterical emotionalism, through caves of wild animality and dens of atrocious sensuality. Some women's bodies are drug-stores where quack nostrums, poisonous ingredients and maddening decoctions mix with a fermentation of adulterated foods. Some men's temples of flesh are physiological architectural misfits. Though splendid in dressing the outer being they make of it a saloon of unhealthy intoxicating liquids, a distillery of improper mixtures, a palace of scortatory pleasure, a store-house of nicotine and morphine and other poisons too numerous to mention. They are worshiping the gods of their carnal nature, of their sensuous pleasure and it seemeth very good to them—but through this seeming good comes agonizing suffering, torture, disease and death in a few brief years.

Dissipating energy leads to disease and death. Conservation of the same leads to long life and a healthy system of being. "Seeking the kingdom of God" in a right attitude of mind is what is meant by "seeking the kingdom of God, and his righteousness," for in rightfulness we find a condition that is full of right; and in the might of right health is the predominant and accentuating trait. In seeking the good we seek for everything that will tend to build up our bodies and make them strong, beautiful, positive and magnetic. Artistically constructed we find them moulded on lines of conscious strength that does credit to their Creator. A body built in the perfect harmony of health can know love in its most perfect sense; and in knowing love he knows the true God, for God is the Love-power within him; and in his life of strength, courage and beauty he is doing two things, building Love or God more thoroughly and constructively into himself and also expressing outwardly from himself the God-spirit of Affectional Power.

If a person has built into himself, by the proper and right attitudes of thought, conditions of health he has a healthy physical organism and through such soundness of body he radiates health and success. Having found the kingdom of the good and the right-mindedness contained therein the external condition necessary to still further develop the inner man is added unto him to bless him, make him peaceful, contented and happy.

For in a previous verse Christ said, "Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

For, though necessary in our civilization, eating, drinking and dressing are only incidental matters of the flesh and not the main things of life.

True, one who would be truly spiritual must take care of the castle of Godliness, the palace of spiritual beauty, the mansion of uprightness, the perfect temple of chastity and wholesomeness (holiness) which he has built; and this he can do by a correct system of diet, of eating and drinking the proper ingredients and at the proper times, body-building physical exercises, deep breathing inspirations, a system of bathing that will help to

rejuvenate and beautify the physical man. Then the spirit is more fully freed to do its work and as we have obeyed the good within ourselves, and by conforming to that old Oriental saying, "Be pure and the phenomena will come," so begins to arise in the truest and highest sense various forms of phenomena such as clairvoyance, clairaudience, mental and magnetic healing, inspiration, ability to read people's thoughts and even smell spiritual aromas. All these things have come to me, although not in as perfect form as I shall have them in the future; and they have come through building into myself the proper ingredients of nutritious life, physical, mental and spiritual.

One of the experiences I have had (and only one among many) is concerning the power of magnetism given to one through learning and practising the deep-breathing system of exercises. Not only that but I am able to do with much less of physical food than before and go longer between meals with much less discomfort. I am more healthy than before, living a strictly vegetarian life, with two meals a day of body-building food and liquid, and taking deep draughts of pure California air into my system as the third meal of the day. Often after I retire to my couch, giving myself no supper, clairvoyant vision comes, and in this vision I see most beautiful scenes that were I an artist in colors would entrance the spectators to gaze upon, reproduced. Sometimes the vision comes with all sorts of beautiful colors, sometimes the most lovely flowers appear before me, their colors blending and harmonizing in a perfect panorama of entrancing picturesqueness; and then come the most fragrant perfumes ever known to mortal man to refresh and delight my nostrils; music breaks upon my ears, of the sweetest and most melodious kind imaginable, the peal of bells, the blare of trumpets, the shrill notes of the fifes and others of a distinctly ravishing nature. And in these trances or visions, call them what you please, poems often come that when I waken into objective sensibility become forgotten or blurred so that I cannot repeat the words that came to me in the full strength of the night-time trance.

I consider these psychic powers are being developed within me largely through the kind of life I lead, for as I am trying to

seek only that which is good in its essence and entirety the good comes to me in the subjective state through the development of high and sublime gifts from the infinite side of life, and the sub-conscious mind I have found always a truth-teller when it was found necessary, either to give me instructions as to what to do in a business way or to warn me from doing things of a harmful nature, such warning when disobeyed causing me to injure my physical structure and compelling me to work with mighty will-power for months ere there was restoration to health.

Let us then consider this search for the kingdom of God as the kingdom of the good within ourselves and develop it in the way outlined above, realizing that it is the kingdom of Health, the kingdom of Joy, the kingdom of Prosperity, the kingdom of Concentrative Power; and all the things necessary to our benefit while on this physical plane of being will be added unto this—for through the development of this power we draw or attract, as the magnet draws the steel, all things that are necessary to our welfare.

WALT WHITMAN.

EMILY PALMER CAPE.

"The attainment of the Imperishable One is the highest goal of evolution."—*Bhagavad Gita*.

No great man can truly be judged during his life, or the years immediately following his death. No vision that is too near can take in the breadth and depth of distance and perspective. Yet the work which a man leaves behind him, may be placed under the cannon of criticism and if certain features which always go to make true greatness be found, one may well feel the right to prophesy the likelihood of the enduring power and force of the man's work.

All men's writings are situated between two judgment stands: one the calibre of mind that is to receive it, and the other, the absolute fire of eternal worth.

A thought sent out by a writer, be it prose or verse, clothed with gold or clay, is only valued in the long run by the amount of "soul-power" in it. It is of no use to preach from without. All humanity in the long run demand that quality which comes from *within*. "Without one thing all will be useless,"—"For all is useless without *that*"—These words of Whitman give a key to his entire writings, if one contemplate them deeply.

No modern writer has more fully embodied the gigantic power of the Cosmic feeling, that marvelous understanding of the inner "pulse of life." It is most true that those who understand Whitman least, and criticize him most severely, are not characters that have acquired the power themselves of lifting people to any sublime heights of thought. No critic who fails to feel the deeply religious element throughout Whitman but shows that he himself is on trial, and not Whitman; for as the light from anything is only capable of being seen by the eye that receives it, so the sublime, Titan-like stature of a soul like Whitman, may only be loved and drawn closely to, by those who have, even though ever so dimly, already awakened a ray of

that Inner Light, that Cosmic Love, which speaks with "in-audible words of the earth."

"The great Masters know the earth's words and use them more than the audible words." "Life of the great round world the sun, stars, and of man—I, the general Soul."

John Fiske, one of the foremost writers on evolution, says: "In the cosmic process of evolution, whereof our individual lives are part and parcel, there are other agencies at work besides natural selection, and the story of the struggle for existence is far from being the whole story." Again: "I think it can be shown that the principles of morality have their roots in the deepest foundations of the universe, that the cosmic process is ethical in the profoundest sense." Again: "Toward the spiritual perfection of humanity the stupendous momentum of the cosmic process has all along been tending."

"The garment of God"—what wonderful words! If the spiritual is clothed with the manifestation of the material, how can we erase or blot out a single atom of the universe as we know it? If every emotion and natural law has come from that Almighty Power behind all, how can we so belittle ourselves to cry against any true and beautiful emotion that comes from those laws? To be ashamed of the body; to feel the bashfulness of nakedness, all this is but a sure sign that those who feel thus are but upon a certain step of the evolutionary ladder of progress, which is leading gradually, all toward a higher, a purer goal. A few souls point us the way, the Ideal purity; we, the masses, are far behind, and stumble often in our attempts to reach what may be spoken to us.

The laws of the world to-day, are for the people of a lower plane. Only just so far as a man progresses, can he adjust himself, or comprehend new laws, or a wider significance in the old laws.

Whitman did not speak to those who, reading his works, would overlook or be blind to the Cosmic law, or the religious element he poured throughout everything. It was for the future generations he spoke, and for the handful who perhaps would love him in this generation. He knew this so well, that he lived his life with little thought of "to-day." He

says throughout his poems that he writes for those he marks for his own, "You shall offset it with your own; else it were time lost listening to me."

To those who could gather from my remarks the tendency toward "free love," and all its evil results, I answer that when Whitman wrote his poems where the sex emotions and affections were spoken about, he did not write for the many who would be only too quick to misinterpret his words.

Whitman knew better than any of his critics the force and vigor, and seeming crudeness and coarseness of some of his lines. To speak of every part of the body, to write of all actions as freely and bluntly as Whitman does, was to him but like using the thunder and lightning necessary to rouse the minds that have become dulled to the fact that all, every part of life, is God; that each act should be holy and honored, and not lowered and hidden. His poems are not to be lived to the letter of to-day, for they are built on the Ideal thought where humanity would be as pure as the Ideal would be, and no shame could portray itself, where the mind and soul were in harmony: "The soul is the body, the body the soul," because all is filled with God.

He speaks of it boldly, and fearlessly, but he always adds the other side of his meaning, in many forms, and *here* is where so few have been willing to halt and think, to look and see, to listen and hear.

Let Whitman speak for himself :

"But these leaves conning, you con at peril,
For these leaves, and me, you will not understand,
They will elude you at first, and still more afterward—I will certainly
elude you

Even while you think you had unquestionably caught me, behold!
Already you see I have escaped from you.
For it is not what I have put into it that I have written this book,
Nor is it by reading it you will acquire it."

The entire poem: "These I, singing in Spring," is a hymn to the Higher Self. A call to the "Inner Man." It is the very breath of Nature, and the pure fresh air of glad music rings from every line. Read the last line:

"I will give of it—but only to them that love, as I myself am capable of loving."

Are there any words more in the spirit of the old testament, than many such as these of Whitman?

A certain thread which awakens in us the great vital spark of life, calls forever to us. Look at the poem: "Not heaving from my ribb'd breast only"—throughout is the summons to that "Pulse of life!"

Always one finds written forcibly, no matter where we open the "Leaves of Grass," some distinct appeal to that God within us, that eternal "soul" which he even feels so strongly in every atom that at times he calls the body the soul, the soul the body, yet always adds that God and Self are One.

No writer ever more loved the Universe and its meanings: "Do you see, O my brothers and sisters? It is not chaos or death—it is form, union, plan—it is eternal life—it is Happiness."

If ever there was a soul on this earth who could lead one to that sense of being one with the Infinite; being awakened to that power and force we all know we possess but cannot name, it is Whitman.

"There is that in me—I do not know what it is—but I know it is in me."
 Wrenched and sweaty—calm and cool then my body becomes;
 I do not know it—it is without name—it is a word unsaid;
 It is not in any dictionary, utterance, symbol.
 Something it swings on
 More than the earth I swing on;
 To it the creation is the friend whose embracing awakes me."

This "awakening," this first real thought on the nameless Reality of the Universe, was a well understood fact, and a sought-after experience by all the great Eastern philosophers, and has been continued in the same way by all great spiritual leaders throughout the world.

This one fact, of identifying himself with the *Cosmic I*, of treating the body, and the material parts of existence as parts of the entire Oneness, and singing forever the thought that we must not be discouraged, but rise and try to uplift ourselves ever, and from the very love of, and delight in, materialistic planes, bud the flowers of the finer, marks Whitman as a soul apart, above, beyond, the "common run."

"You will hardly know who I am, or what I mean;
 But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,
 And filter and fibre your blood.

Failing to fetch me at first, keep encouraged;
Missing me one place, search another;
I stop somewhere, waiting for you."

No one can read Whitman without feeling the strength and fire that emanates from his every word. In an essay on the "Death of Carlyle" he uses these words: "Rugged, mountainous, volcanic, he was himself more a French Revolution than any of his volumes." Again: "Behind the tally of genius and morals stands the stomach, and gives a sort of casting vote." Again: "Great changes never go by jumps in any department of our universe, but that long preparations, processes, awakenings, are indispensable."

Some one once said: "Whitman has always been truly caviare to the multitude." In an article that came out in "Essays from 'the Critic,'" one meets these delicious remarks: "It was only those who knew much of poetry, and loved it greatly, who penetrated the singular shell of his verses, and rejoiced in the rich kernel. Even with connoisseurs, Whitman has been somewhat of an acquired taste; and it has always been amusing to note the readiness with which persons who would not or could not read him raised a cry of affectation against those who did."

"The doctrines taught by Whitman might readily be construed, by the overhasty or unscrupulous, into excuses for foul living, for such persons do not look below the surface, nor can they grasp the whole idea of Whitman's treatment of love. However fervid his expressions may be, and however scornful he is of the miserable hypocrisies that fetter, but also protect the evilly disposed, it is plain that the idea he has at heart is that universal love which leaves no room for doing or saying unkind, uncharitable, unjust things to his fellowman. With an exuberance of thought that would supply the mental outfit of ten ordinary poets, and with a rush of words that is by no means reckless, but intensely and grandly labored, Whitman hurls his view of the world at the heads of his readers with a vigor and boldness that takes one's breath away."

It has been established beyond doubt that Whitman was never coarse in talk, nor vile in private life; his fearlessly outspoken, free expression of Nature's laws and ways, was but the

outcome of well thought-out, and carefully decided ideas which he had long argued over, and ripened through deep human study.

We all know that poets, often celebrated for their lofty thoughts and high tone of their literary morality, have in private life wallowed in all that is low and base. Whitman was neither hypocritical nor untrue to his deepest impulses. He lauds and rhapsodizes anent things one seldom sees in print. He enthuses over the emotions of the mind and body as might a surgeon over the mechanism of the human form. Yet he never is lewd. No one ever yet found a line in Whitman that could be called base or evil. Passionate, yes, realistic, yes, but always honest and severely free—as a bird, or a naked child running about in all the charm of its innocence.

Whitman has much in him of what Wagner gave to the world. There is a great movement or undertone, like a heavy surf on the beach; one thrills with nature, we are in accord with a vibration that bears on us, and leaves us filled with a life force, a strength we are conscious of receiving.

In Whitman's "Drum-Taps," he makes the blood leap, the nerves thrill. His lines are like the great march of the Volunteers, and again like the roaring of cannon, or notes of the distant bugles.

In spite of all the desires of "drawing-room dainties," or "overrefined intellects," of our day, Walt Whitman certainly represents, as no other writer throughout the world, that struggling, sound-hearted, and magnificent development of this our Western World that is reaching out through "these great United States."

Mr. John Burroughs says in his "Literary Values," "Only an honest book can live; only absolute sincerity can stand the test of time. Any selfish or secondary motive vitiates a work of art, as it vitiates a religious life."

Walt Whitman is a worldist. He even avoids the "cultured few." Whitman's proportions are only now being guessed at. It will require the whole horizon of the future to give him the place he is destined to fill.

Of Whitman's letters John Burroughs said: "They have no

extrinsic literary value whatever, not one word of style," but they "purge the soul of nonsense."

The genuine, the real, the laws of Nature and their developments, the conscious knowledge of the existence of All in God; it is *this* he ever sings. Why be ashamed of one side of Nature? As one tires of the masks of the world, and sees the many shams and foibles of men and women one longs as one grows older to find the strong and heroic Truth seriousness and earnestness. We crave the free and real, and the drawing as it were nearer to the Great Spirit of All, the Cosmic Spirit—nearer to that thought in which we "breathe, and move, and have our being." Nothing may be left out, *nothing* may be looked askance at, there can be nothing but that comes from the Great Universal Power—God. Why be ashamed? Why speak of degradation.

Whitman may not be classified, or summarized in a word, any more than Nature may be. With him are infinite forms, infinite degrees and qualities, varying hill-tops of thought, where one may not view alone the towns and villages near by, but from grand mountain heights is forced to feel the immensity, and infinitude of all heights and depths of the world.

It was to the higher, purer, atmosphere, that Whitman longed to help humanity.

Life was to him a religion.

Divine am I inside and out.

Again:

I will not make a poem, nor the least part of a poem, but has reference to the Soul; (Because having looked at the objects of the universe, I find there is no one, nor nay particle of one, but has reference to the Soul.)

Again:

I swear I think there is nothing but immortality!

That the exquisite scheme is for it, and the nebulous float is for it, and the covering is for it;

And all preparation is for it! and identity is for it! and life and materials are altogether for it!

Again:

I say the whole earth, and all the stars in the sky, are for Religion's sake.

I say no man has ever yet been half devout enough;

None has ever yet adored or worshiped half enough;

None has begun to think how divine he himself is, and how certain the future is.

Whitman knew that all *Truth* must be awakened by the giant forces of Nature, and when he put himself to the difficult task he did, he never shrank, and knew that as time went on, the true meaning of his words would be realized.

It is because of the very so-called "sins" and "shortcomings" of the world, that he has so gloriously shown himself a master. The Universe, the Cosmos, would not be all it is, if *all* were not included. Those who condemn Whitman but look through a glass darkly, they are not in harmony with that Infinite Power which is "too pure to behold iniquity"—with whom good and evil are one.

When one has learned to love Whitman for the greatness he pours into one in contemplation of his vast meanings, one feels it is impossible to do even a scant justice to his wide range of thought and feeling. Indeed, such a Universal Spirit is so largely dimensioned that each student may find some new charm to extol and none may exhaust the revelation.

It is with a very modest spirit, that one must ever attempt to speak of Walt Whitman.

So infinite was his spirit, that it is the years to come alone that can compass him. The Cosmos is not *beloved* and understood by the many and we must grow in stature before we can recognize the far-reaching power of one who towered above us even to our pain. His ideals were beyond our every-day comprehension.

What dreams of the ideal? what plans of purity, perfection, strength?
What cheerful willingness, for other's sake, to give up all?
For other's sake to suffer all?"

THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

BY WINNIFRED HATHAWAY.

"Your heart's desire!" Edith Gondrey suddenly leaned forward; the air of the lecture room, in contrast to the keen frostiness outside, was close and heavy; unconsciously the girl's mind had wandered in drowsy fashion to the contemplation of her thoughts, but the words, an echo of her own, recalled her. "Your heart's desire!" What could it mean? But the lecturer was continuing—"You must concentrate," he was saying in a persuasive, forceful tone. "You must first systematically and carefully select and determine upon the object of your desire; you must be exact in every detail; do not blame the result if you have concentrated upon a confused idea. You must then give your undivided attention. It has been stated that meditation is a lost art, and for the masses it is, but for the individual, constant application will become a habit. At first the effort will be a conscious one, objective, but by ceaseless thought it will gradually become subjective; even in sleep the mind will carry on the train of thought. To one accustomed to concentration the object of desire comes almost immediately, but to the novice the time is long; only patience, exhaustless, infinite, can bring about the desired result. By actual experience it has been proved that a full year is necessary in which to acquire this art; but is it not worth the effort? Once possessed nothing is impossible; realized hopes and dreams, matured plans are the result, and above all, the knowledge that you are the master of your own fate. But remember," and here the voice became solemnly warning, "remember that you are responsible for the use of your accomplished desires. If you wish for money you will be held accountable to the last cent; if for fame, 'tis yours to keep untarnished; if for mental attainments, desire also the wisdom to use the knowledge, for if one minutest particle fail to fulfil its mission yours is the blame."

The cold wind, blowing on the girl's cheek, aroused her; she

was quite unconscious of having left the hall. "Your heart's desire!" the words had left a lasting impression. Was there any doubt? Was it sordid, miserable, to wish for money? Her mind wandered back to the time of her father's death; she remembered vaguely the week or two preceding that fearful day; the crushing blow of her father's failure; the hopelessness in his face, coming not so much from the loss of the money as from betrayed friendship; the night of the attack, the frightened faces of the servants, the younger children clinging to her for comfort, and then the dull silence. But above it all, clearer than anything else, she saw the face of her mother—it had grown old in a week, the lines had deepened, and the anxious look in the eyes had become habitual. She remembered how, unconsciously, she had become her mother's confidant; how, together they had waited, day after day, for the reply to the letter of appeal to her father's brother. How it had humbled her mother to write that letter! Nothing but her father's words could have forced it. "You and the children" he had cried in the one moment of consciousness, "Ask John," and she had asked John.

The girl's reveries found her at home. Going to an old desk, in a corner of the sitting-room, she drew from its contents a letter, which she quietly slipped into her pocket; she could not read it then, for it was supper time, and the children would fret over a delay; her mind was not on her work as she made the general preparation for the meal; it wandered off upon the thoughts of the afternoon, and their connection with her daily life.

In her own room Edith Gondrey drew the letter forth; for a long time she sat holding it idly, meditatively. What a factor it had been in her little world! How she had based her hopes, her plans upon it! Her face flushed as she took it from the worn envelope. It was dated ten years before, and was written in a precise, formal hand.

"To my Brother's Wife" it read—evidently no tie was claimed:

"To MY BROTHER'S WIFE:

"Your letter, announcing the death of my youngest brother, reached me March 8th. I learn with regret of his decease, and

lament deeply that he was not sufficiently far-seeing to provide for his widow and children. You write that your oldest daughter, Edith, is fourteen. I am glad to hear that she is old enough to earn her own living, and to help in the support of the younger ones; many of the workers in my own factory are of similar age, and are capable of making five shillings a week; I understand that in America higher wages are paid than here, so your daughter's earnings, added to what you yourself can doubtless supply, should be sufficient to bring up your family. My own means, gathered by hard labor and ceaseless toil, are so invested as to admit of no disturbance. However, I have in my will named the sum of five hundred pounds, to be paid to each of your children upon my death.

"Self-reliance and responsibility cannot be enforced at too early an age. I feel that I should be robbing my brother's children of their independence were I to give material aid at present.

"JOHN GONDREY."

In a fit of passionate anger Edith Gondrey threw the letter upon the floor and stamped upon it. For ten years she had been deprived of every opportunity for advancement; for ten years she had toiled at an occupation hateful to her. At the time of her father's death she was half way through High School, and was preparing to enter Barnard. How interested her father had been in her work, how gladly he had rubbed up his rusty Greek and Latin that he might help her. How they, together, had planned her life. She smiled bitterly when she compared the reality with the dream. She had been obliged to change to the commercial course to study book-keeping, getting even that training at the expense of her mother's every effort. Then had followed the dull office work, the slow, upward climb, the daily round of uncongenial duties. Now at twenty-four, tired, worn out nervously and physically, she longed for respite; but her mother and the children?

Mechanically picking up the letter the girl's eye fell upon a single sentence, "I have, in my will, named the sum of five hundred pounds to be paid to each of your children upon my death." Upon his death! How old was he? Possibly sixty-five, and hale and hearty at that. No, there was no hope in it.

Suddenly the words of the lecturer flashed into her mind, "Nothing is impossible; realized hopes and dreams, matured plans are the result." The significance took away her breath. Was it possible that she, Edith Gondrey, could, even in her own mind, have suggested the willing of her uncle's death? Yet why not? He was nothing to her but an object of scorn, of hatred. His refusal of help had meant more than she could tell, but the words he had used in relation to her father had burned themselves into her memory; for these she hated him. Suppose her father had sought to better conditions in a new world; suppose he had married an American rather than an Englishwoman; suppose he had failed because of his too great trust—were these reasons for ignoring the ties of brotherhood? Why should such a man as her uncle not die? Of what use was his sordid, miserable life to the world? The words of the lecturer held her. Was it all true? Was it possible? Could she, by concentrated thought, actually bring about a desired result? If it were so, what powers might not rest within her grasp? The money seemed a fortune to her, but was there no other way? Could she not wish for it without the taking of her uncle's life? "To be paid upon my death" the letter read; the one desire necessitated the other. At all hazards she must save the children from her life of drudgery. Better, surely far, far better that he should be sacrificed than they. In a sudden moment of resolution she took the problem into her own keeping.

Edith Gondrey was a woman of action; once her mind was made up she gave herself no peace until she saw her purpose accomplished. "You must concentrate; you must first systematically and carefully select and determine upon the object of your desire." A curious force influenced the girl; the words themselves seemed to possess potent power; an impetus apparently outside of herself and beyond her control impelled her to definitely plan that, at the end of one year Uncle John should die and the money should pass to them in accordance with the will.

She drew a little calendar from her purse; it was Friday, the 13th of February; for a moment the date unnerved her, a little superstitious thought caused her to hesitate, but the next

moment she laughed mirthlessly; it was a good omen, the superstition was for him not for her.

During the restless, sleepless night that followed the decision a thousand misgivings arose. Was it possible that she could bring it about at all? And, if she could, was she not in reality committing a mental murder? Yet when the morning at last came there was a look of fixed determination upon Edith Gondrey's face. Her first action was to deliberately take up the little calendar and mark off the second day.

In a life filled to overflowing it is no easy task to concentrate one's attention upon a single theme; it was, therefore, only by forced effort that, in the ensuing weeks, the girl sustained her point of view; her hope lay in the thought that the conscious objective would in time become the unconscious subjective, and so it proved. Everything around her became in some vague way connected with the object of her desire. During long rides in the elevated trains she had been accustomed to glance over the news of the day; this she abandoned, giving up the time to concentration of thought. She soon gained the power of withdrawing her mind absolutely from surrounding conditions; the people became shadows, thought alone was real, pregnant. Sometimes her eyes would wander mechanically to the advertisements lining the car walls; each unconsciously wove itself into the pattern of her desire. The jangling announcement, "Go to Bermuda for the winter," became a possibility when considered in the light of her accomplished end. Curiously enough she found the name "John" in everything she read; she had never realized how common it was. Even the account books, so loathsome to her, found a place in that unreal world that was fast becoming her only habitation.

As the weeks passed into months the girl grew more and more reserved; her nature, always high-strung, became keyed to the highest pitch; it seemed as though the slightest touch would snap the cord. Only by the greatest possible effort could she bring herself to carry on the round of duties. The children began to show a certain awe of her, and seldom came for help with unfinished lessons.

By and by a new cause for anxiety wormed its way into her

mind. The lecturer's closing sentence had made little impression upon her. If only her desire could be accomplished, she would be willing to be held accountable to the last cent; this for herself, but how about the children? She had willed the result—with her, not with them, would rest the responsibility. How could she know that they would use to the best possible advantage the money placed at their disposal? Yet, she had taken the burden, she must pay the price! "You will surely break down" Mrs. Gondrey warned her—"You must rest." But there was no rest, no reprieve—the thought was ever with her. Had there been any going back she would willingly have retraced her steps, but the force that had entrapped her held her bound and pushed her onward to the end. The little calendar, already bearing many marks, was her constant companion. But for a natural self-poise the girl's mind would surely have given way. To be sure, there were times when she could overcome the horror of thought and plan for the future, but the hope would soon be lost again in the fear, the terror of the reality. After the first few weeks the possibility of the failure of her efforts was entirely obliterated; once or twice she found herself actually speaking of the event as though it had come to pass; then, brought to a sudden realization of what she had said, she would be obliged to cover her assertions.

At first the days had dragged hopelessly; the year would never come to an end; it would merge indefinitely into the future, nay, into eternity; but as the marks on the calendar multiplied the hours seemed to acquire a feverish haste as if rushing her headlong to a climax. The first lines were drawn through the days heavily, as though the marker had found satisfaction in blotting them out, but gradually they had become fainter and fainter, until far up in a little corner they took the form of a tiny cross. To put her mark upon the day was no longer a morning task; it became her last duty, even after she had said her prayers, then, hastily putting out the light, she would creep into bed and draw the clothes high about her head in some vain hope of shutting out the shadows that were fast enveloping her. One night in her haste she dipped her pen into the wrong inkstand. She realized her mistake only when a tiny red cross stood as a

symbol that another twenty-four hours had winged themselves away. In a great wave of revulsion she flung the calendar from her, and, hiding her face on her arm, gave way to a passion of tears.

But next morning the old power relentlessly forced her to pick up the hateful thing and renew its companionship; its very sight had become horrible to her; yet that strange attraction by which one is often drawn to witness a fearful sight, exerted its magnetic influence upon her.

The lecture had become a mania. She had obtained a printed copy, and the substance of it had soon become an inseparable part of her own existence. Often the words "The knowledge that you are master of your own fate" swept ironically before her. "Master?" The thought, relentless, unpitying, was the master, not she. With terror at first, then with only bitterness, she realized that she could no more change her attitude to the idea than she could change a star in its course.

As the thought of the happiness of matured plans gradually lost itself in the horror of the necessity she began to wonder how her uncle would die. Would the end come at last after a lingering disease? Would the thread of life snap suddenly when the fatal day came round; or more horrible still, would her thought, rushing on through the universe, impel some assassin's hand to strike the blow?

Once there came the possibility of an altered will, but she put this aside—the one end included the other.

The little red cross marked an epoch; from that time on the days seemed one; though she marked each as carefully as before, her pen would in some unaccountable way trail a little straggling line into the next square and so connect, rather than separate, the intervals. So apparently with absolute suddenness she awoke to the 13th of February. It surprised her beyond measure that she should have slept heavily the previous night, but the fever had given way to a certain numbness like that which follows close upon the first knowledge of death.

The duties of the day were carried on as usual, yet it seemed to the girl that some one else was performing them while her poor self looked on, vaguely unable to help the material body.

Throughout the day there was a sense of expectancy tugging at her brain; with great care she had put the telephone number where her mother could easily find it, "in case of necessity she had explained. The hours dragged, yet flew. She would have hastened, yet held, them. So absolute had become her power of concentration that she did not for one moment doubt the outcome; it would come, it must, only the manner of its advent aroused her curiosity. She dreaded to go home, yet thought the closing hour would never come. At last, heart-sick, she reached the house; everything was as usual, there was no stir, no excitement; but the day would not end until twelve o'clock!

Unable to eat, to talk, to work, she spent the miserable hours pacing her room in an agony of suspense; she counted them off—four, three, two, one! At last the warning burr gave the signal of the hour—unnoticed before, it seemed now like a cannon roar in her ears; breathlessly she waited, waited until the hour struck.

In a great wave of reaction she threw herself upon her bed. Relief wrestled with overwhelming disappointment. For a time she lay there unconscious of everything save the struggle. Suddenly she sat up; truly this was the thirteenth, but suppose the event had taken place could she possibly have received word of it? No one would be likely to cable, as there had been practically no connection between the families for years. A letter would take at least seven days. Seven days more of horrible suspense. Could her overwrought mind stand the strain? It would give way, it must!

If the preceding days had flown, the following dragged hopelessly. The fearful reaction, coming after the long strain, had unnerved the girl. Her one desire was to know definitely, one way or the other. Mrs. Gondrey became alarmed over her condition, but Edith would not hear of an enforced vacation; in her work lay her only salvation, she clung to it with the desperation of despair.

Remembering the reaction of the thirteenth, she tried on the seventh day to steel herself to meet any possibility. If no word came then she would hurl the thought from her; she would at all hazards free herself from its fearful influence.

Her mother met her at the door, a strange excitement in the face usually so calm prepared the girl. "I've had news from England to-day, Edith; Uncle John is dead!" Edith Gondrey never knew how the next few moments passed. A sudden rush of forces sweeping over her robbed her of all power of thought and expression. By and by from a far, far distance came her mother's voice penetrating the wall of unconsciousness. "I always loved him so! He was an old, old man when I was a child!" She always loved him! He was an old, old man when she was a child? Ah! it was her poor tired, tired brain; she couldn't understand. But the voice was going on. "He was an invalid even in those days, and, curiously enough, Edith, your own Uncle John was with him at the last." Her own Uncle John? "Why you told me that he was dead," she cried. Yes, her mind had given way, and this spectre of horror was to spring up before her wherever she turned. "No, no child, not your Uncle John, my uncle, my father's only brother."

Dazed, unseeing, the girl stared into space. What had she done? Something more terrible than even she had dreamed of. "You must first systematically and carefully select and determine upon the object of your desire. You must be exact in every detail; do not blame the result if you have concentrated upon a confused idea." What had she willed? That at the end of one year Uncle John should die and the money should pass to them in accordance with the will. Oh! it was so clear in her own mind. Uncle John! but was not the other her uncle, too? She had concentrated upon a confused idea, she could not blame the result! Surely the Fates were making merry over her despair. Unmeaningly she had willed the death of a kind old man, who had never so much as harmed her by a thought. Was there any reprieve for such as she? "He was so glad to go, dear," again her mother's voice broke the stillness. "Wife, children, had passed before, and he longed to join them and be at rest from his sufferings—he yearned for a higher opportunity in a greater world!" Suddenly a great calm found its way into the girl's life. She realized what a merciful Divinity had done with her poor deformed thought; He had moulded it to His will, and transforming it into a thing of beauty had sent

it forth on its message of release; He had used her motive rather than her mistake.

The thankfulness in her heart blocked out every other emotion and, curiously enough, she never once thought of the money—the price for which she had sold herself.

Late that night, again in her own room, as at that former time, she drew a letter from its envelope.

"My dear Sister:" she read:

"After this long interval of years I write to acquaint you of the news of your Uncle John's death. I was about to write sad news, but he so longed to go that we cannot but rejoice in his freedom. I was with him for a few days before the end; his constant thought was of you, your children, and of the brave struggle you have made. The unselfishness of his life made me realize the sordidness of my own. I am no longer young, my wealth palls upon me. Let me then not wait for death to settle my accounts, but let me now present to each of my brother's children, the sum of money that I have bequeathed to them in my will. God forgive me that I have thus long withheld it. For yourself an annuity of five hundred pounds will help you to enjoy the rest you have so well earned."

"Forget the past in the future.

"Your brother,

"JOHN GONDREY."

For a long time the girl sat in silence; she beheld before her, wrought out in curious pattern, the accomplishment of her purpose. "Realized hopes and dreams, matured plans are the result." Was it worth while? For a moment the bitterness of the experience surging up refuted the thought, but with the exceeding great peace that followed there came to Edith Gondrey a new knowledge—not in the striving, not even in the possession—but in the wisdom of the power of thought lay the fulfilment of her heart's desire.

MY SOUL AND I.

BY ANNIE KNOWLTON HINMAN.

My soul and I walked through the city's streets
One day. I in quest of knowledge of the
Human race. She my counselor and friend.
I narrow in my own conceit, she broad
And God-like in her attitude toward men.
The furrowed faces and misshapen hands
Of those I met caused me to turn away,
But she of Christ-like grace stayed gently my
Harsh thought, then spake she thus: "Nay, sister, those
Deep lines are born of anxious thought, that
Care-worn look, the legacy of strife;
Those poor, gnarled hands have wrestled
For the daily bread that mortals crave and
Need, or e'en though this may be the garb
Of sin, 'tis pitiful and should invoke
Your mercy. Theirs are thorny ways, pleasant
Places are yours. Bequeathed to them are lines
Like to dwarf a God-like growth. Because some fall
A prey to stringent laws that dim the spark
Divine, and scar the outward man, shall we
Draw close our robes and fail in charity?
Then we become the sinners and not they,
For we are judged according to the light
We have." There is contamination in
The touch of those who walk the path leading
Unto destruction deep. "In pity yield
To thine inherent love and knowledge true.
The Father rules His human family.
Keep pure and filled with Christ-like love, and sin
Shall never thee coerce. Treat men as heirs
Of God. Brush off the grime of birth and dark
Surroundings and know them as heirs in God

With thee. Thy cold disdain is like a clod
Upon their coffined hope. Another page
Blotted upon thy book of life!" My sweet
Companion gently spoke, patient throughout.
Long had I walked in human ways, proud of my ancestry and
pure
Environment, I thought myself possessed
Of princely heritage, that all the gems
Within my crown of womanhood were set.
Yet spake my soul:
"Behold! thy jewels, sister, are not bright
And free from dust. Let justice weigh them 'gainst
The sufferings of men." I paused to think
When lo! I found indeed my jewels lustreless
Because not burnished with a love divine.
My virtues, oft assumed for praise of men,
Counted for naught when justly weighed. With shame I
dropped
My robes. Blindly I sought my way, and as
I felt the kinship of my soul I prayed,
O! give me more of love to God and man!

"Is it not a strange thing that what men seem to fear most
of all, is, literally, 'to fall into the hands of the living God'—
the grasp of the living truth? Yet that is just what we must
learn to let ourselves do. We must let go of the personal, the
earthy self and let ourselves be carried out on the tide of our
deepest instincts to rest forever on the bosom of God's great
ocean of love."

"When shall the doing of our doing heal us—
Our labor rest us of our weariness?
Thou God within us to ourselves reveal us!"

—Gerald Massey.

"The only way to speak the truth is to speak lovingly."
—Thoreau.

ANTIQUITY AND MEANING OF THE CROSS SYMBOLISM.

BY KATE C. HAVENS.

The cross in its many different forms is the most universal of symbols. It is found in all countries, among all peoples and at all times. From the dawn of Paganism to the final establishment of Christianity in the Western world it has been the most common and the most sacred of religious symbols. In tracing back the evolution of the Cross symbol it is found to have evolved from the point within the circle (see Proem to Secret Doctrine, Vol. I, H. P. Blavatsky).

The sages of old have always ascribed something divine and mysterious to the shape of the circle. Proclus says: "Before the mathematical numbers there are the *self-moving* numbers; before the figures apparent, the vital figures, and before producing the material worlds which move in circles, the creative power produced invisible circles." The creative powers or planetary spirits were represented as having the form of circles, and these invisible circles were the primitive causes and builders of all the heavenly orbs, which were their visible bodies or coverings, and of which they were the souls. The circle was the primitive sign for the Hidden Deity—the unmanifest—and also for the outward veil of that Deity-matter. These—the Parabrahm and Mulaprakriti of Hindu philosophy—were called the "Two Infinitudes."

"God," said the ancients, "is a circle, the center of which is everywhere and the circumference *nowhere*." Of the evolution of the cross from the point within the circle Mrs. Besant says (Esoteric Christianity, page 264): "In the world-symbols found in every religion, the point—that which has position only—has been taken as a symbol of the First Person of the Trinity". Of this symbol St Clement of Alexandria says: "That when from a body we abstract length, breadth and thickness the point which remains is a unit, so to speak, having position, from which if we abstract position there remains the conception of unity" (Stromata, book V, Chapter II).

"It is argued that the human mind cannot conceive of an indivisible unit short of annihilation of the idea with its subject. This is an error, as the Pythagoreans have proved and a number of seers before them, although there is a *special training needed for the conception*" (*Secret Doctrine*, I, 676).

The Second Person of the Trinity—the male-female creative power, the androgynous "word"—was represented by a diameter across the circle ⊖. The glyph of the Third Person of the Trinity was the even-armed cross within the circle ⊕. The symbols *within* the circle refer to the unfoldment of the Triple Logos and *not* to His objective manifestation in the Universe. These are not inscribed within the circle. Thus we get the point in motion producing the line, the line in motion producing the plane, and the planes combined by crossing them at right angles. "God geometrizes," said Plato. The even-armed Greek cross (+) without the circle symbolizes the union of spirit and matter. The Latin cross, or rather the crucifix (†), is supposed by many to be an exclusively Christian symbol, but historical and archaeological researches have shown that this is not the case. Says Gerald Massey in *Natural Genesis*, i, 434: "The value of the cross as a Christian symbol is supposed to date from the time when Jesus was crucified. And yet in the Christian iconography of the catacombs no figure of a man appears upon the cross during the first six or seven centuries. There are all forms of the cross except that—the alleged starting-point of the new religion. That was not the *initial* but the *final* form of the crucifix. During some six centuries after the Christian era the foundation of the Christian religion in a *crucified* savior is entirely absent from Christian art. The earliest known form of the human figure on the cross is the crucifix presented by Pope Gregory the Great to Queen Theodolinde of Lombardy, now in the church of St. John at Monza; whilst no image of the Crucified is found in the catacombs at Rome earlier than that of San Giulio, belonging to the seventh or eighth century."

We find that Ezekiel stamped with the "Sigmun Thau" the foreheads of the men of Judah "who feared the Lord." This "Sigmun Tau" was formed thus X in the ancient Hebrew, but

in the original Egyptian hieroglyphics it was the perfect Christian Cross † which was the ancient Egyptian symbol of Tat—*stability* (*Secret Doctrine*, II, 588). The idea of the crucifixion had another meaning among the initiated ancients. The candidate for initiation who had successfully passed through previous trials, was *attached*, not *nailed* but tied, on a couch in the form of either a Tau (T) or of a cross (†). He was then thrown into a deep sleep or trance—"the sleep of Siloam"—and was allowed to remain in this state for three days and three nights, during which time his spiritual ego was said to hold converse with the Gods. He then descended into Amenti, Hades or Pātāla—according to the country in which the ceremony was performed—his body remaining all this time in a temple, crypt or subterranean cave. Before the dawn of the third day the body was carried to a spot where the beams of the rising sun fell full on the face of the entranced candidate, who awoke to be initiated according to the Egyptian, Greek or Hindu ritual.

With the Gnostics (earliest Christian philosophers) "the cross was the symbol of cosmic processes as well as of the crucifixion of the soul in matter and its regeneration" (*Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*," G. R. S. Mead).

Another ancient form of the cross is the Svastika (X). This is found heading the religious symbols of every nation of antiquity. It is the "Worker's Hammer"—the "Hammer of Thor," the instrument of the creative God which "striketh sparks from the flint of space, which sparks become worlds." It symbolizes the divine life in activity. There are many variations of the Svastika, some having a solar and some a lunar significance. One variation is the Trisula, formed of three spears. This is one of the symbols of the Hindu God Shiva, the Destroyer or Regenerator.

Another early form of the cross is the *Cruce Ansata*, or Egypt handled cross (†), or "Ankh," also called the "Key of the Nile." This was one of the most sacred crosses with the Egyptians, and was carried in the hands of the Pharaohs and of mummied dead. It was the symbol of life and immortality, as well as of physical male and female generation. The Gods are represented as carrying this cross in their hands. There is

a Masonic tradition that the Temple of Solomon was built on three foundations forming a triple Egyptian Tau (T). Says H. P. Blavatsky in "Isis Unveiled," II, 253: "In its mystical sense the Egyptian cross owes its origin as an emblem to the realization by the earliest philosophy of an androgynous dualism of every manifestation of nature which proceeds from the abstract ideal of a likewise androgynous Deity." It was used as a talisman, having a protecting power and also—as with the Christians of to-day—as a symbol of salvation. Moses ordered his people to mark their door-posts and lintels with blood lest the Lord God make a mistake and smite some of his chosen people instead of the doomed Egyptians. And this mark was the Egyptian handled cross.

Long before the cross or its sign was adopted as the symbol of Christianity the "Sign of the Cross" was used as a mark of recognition among the "Wise Men of Old" (*Dogma et Rituel de la Haute Magic*, II, 88).

The modern school of comparative mythology contends that all symbols had primarily some obscene meaning in the minds of the savages who invented them, and that as nations became ashamed of these vulgar meanings they invented more spiritual interpretations. Says Mr. C. W. Leadbeater in "The Christian Creed," page 54: This "is exactly the reverse of the truth. The great spiritual truth always comes first, and it is only after long years when that has been forgotten that a degenerate race endeavors to attach a grosser signification to its symbols."

Of symbols in general, Herbert Spencer says: "Symbols are those abbreviated signs which we use in place of those more elaborate signs which are our equivalents for realities" (*First Principles*). Symbols, then, are a sort of metaphysical short-hand, which will convey to those able to read their inner meanings a whole body of doctrine.

A DREAM OF POWER.

NOONTIDE IN YOSEMITE.

BY T. F. HILDRETH.

Above the
Awful gorge the sun hung like a globe of
Fire, and filled it to its nether depths
With heated air like breath emitted from
A burning world.

Beneath a jutting
Rock, hard by the beautiful Merced whose
Gentle murmur, soft and sweet as love's low
Lullaby, fell on my ear, I sat me
Down to watch the matchless scene, and dream
Of that far distant time when all I saw
About me, now so great and grand, had just
Emerged from the chaotic sea from whose
Unmeasured depths all that now is, came forth.

Far as the eye could reach were mountains capped
With trackless fields of snow that flashed like
Diamonds touched by an electric spark. Here they
Had stood before the caravan of life
Began—stood 'midst the earth's convulsive throbs—
Stood changeless through the ebb and flow of time's
Unceasing waves; and had they tongues to speak
What wonders could they tell of Nature's grand
Unfoldment !

My dream was one of Power—
Of the unmeasured power which rent the
Granite floor of earth and tossed the heated
Fragments high in air, to mark the shore-line
Of the seas, and build the mountain ranges
Of the new-born world.

I dreamed I saw
Clouds Rest, Star King, and the Cathedral Rock
Rise from a seething sea of fire, and take
Their places in the forward march of God's
Creative scheme. I saw North Dome and South—
Too bold and grand for tongue or pen's
Portrayal; born 'midst the throes and throbs of a
Disrupted world; rent from the summit to
The base by Pluto's magazines of fire;
Grim and gray with years—in sullen silence
Stand amidst the grand display; while Beauty
Threw her magic smile on all below. I
Turned, and in my dream El-Capitan
Rose from the sea of liquid fire, and took
Its place as if it were the corner-stone
On which to build a temple where, in the
Ages far away the generations
Yet unborn might come and worship. The storms
Have played 'round its uncovered head, its grim
Cold cheek has never blanched as thunderbolts
Have hissed like vengeful sprites, and earthquakes
Groaned and muttered 'neath its feet; nor have the
Ages, in their waste and wear, left scarce a
Trace upon its brow.

At last I wakened
From my dream; and there, below, above,
Beheld a scene no artist's brush could paint,
And which no power could reproduce save
By imagination's light poured on a
Living soul; The beautiful Merced,
As clear as crystal, fed by melting snows
From mountains far away, went bab'ling by;
Light breezes played amidst the overhanging
Boughs whose grateful shade had been my refuge
From the burning sun, while far above me
Rose the granite spires of the Cathedral
Rock like some deserted temple.

My dream of power had changed to scenes of
 Matchless beauty: The sun had swung far in
 The west; the distant mountains glowed with light,
 And lengthening shadows in the vale seemed like
 The muffled steps of coming night.

Ages,

More than science has the skill to score, have
 Swept away since on these mountain peaks and
 Fields of snow the sun first poured its golden
 Light; while power and beauty reigned supreme
 Before there was a living soul to worship
 In their shadows.

I heard the echoing
 Roar of Vernal and Nevada Falls, and
 Saw their waters leap from cliff to cliff
 'Til lost amidst the crags and tangled copse
 That line their rock-ribbed banks. Behind me
 Hung the mists of Bridal Veil around whose
 Brow the morning sunbeams play and throw a
 Rainbow arch above its restless tide.
 Yosemite, a mountain torrent, plunging
 From its dizzy height with one wild rush, then
 Changing into mists like vapors in the
 Morning sun that float in cloudlets through the
 Vale, inspired my soul with awe, and something
 Seemed to whisper "Let us pray."

What sweeps of
 Thought the soul can take, when, in the Was, and
 Is, and evermore Shall Be, it feels the
 Touch of God!

"Before the mountains were brought
 Forth, from everlasting, Thou art God,"
 Seemed swelling like a chorus of adoring
 Praise from every mountain peak, and echoed
 In the thunder drum of every waterfall.

THE TRUE IDEAL IN HEALING.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

Though articles and treatises on healing have long flooded the book market and the subject is being perpetually discussed from almost every imaginable standpoint, so vital is the theme, so momentous in its import to humanity, that the topic may safely be pronounced exhaustless. The verb *to heal* is susceptible of many different conjugations. In its simplest and most obvious sense it means *to make whole*, but making "every whit whole" is so enormous a result and so stupendous an undertaking that in probably as many as 999 instances out of the average 1000 a lower ideal is set, and with the attainment of some lesser goal practitioners and patients appear alike content. As there are several clearly defined views on healing now extant, embodied in distinctive schools of theory and practice, it may be well to enumerate and classify as clearly as possible their main points of agreement and difference. Accepting the positive declaration of Christian Scientists at its face value, let us without cavil admit that Christian Scientists entertain a theory peculiarly their own and that they practice accordingly. As one only book, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy, is the authorized text-book of that school, to that volume all must turn for enlightenment as to the tenets of the cult, though, as Mark Twain has already shown us, it is not always particularly easy for the general reader to comprehend the author's unique employment of the English language. Outside of the Christian Science schools there appears to be no such printed standard of authority and no such final court of appeal therefore, as Henry Wood has clearly told us in his admirable treatise, "The New Thought Simplified;" those who practice mental or spiritual healing—let them call it metaphysical or divine if they will—on their own responsibility by following the light of individual convictions, cannot be massed together as a compact

denomination or as amenable to the rulings of any church or college. Mrs. Ursula Gesterfeld has recently defined what she terms the Science of Being, and many of her students are very certain that under her guidance they have succeeded in formulating a system which embodies all the truths without the errors they consider to be mingled in Christian Science. The title is certainly broader and possesses attraction for many Jews, Theosophists and others who do not think it necessary or desirable to attach the label Christian to whatever is excellent or useful to humankind. Such a title as Science of Life is entirely irreproachable and can be used by all persons indiscriminately, while New Thought, Higher Thought, and Progressive Thought, three very wide-spread appellations, may not meet all demands or requirements in every instance. For our own part we refuse to be limited by any special definitions which serve to erect barriers around individuals and denominations, because we are thoroughly convinced that experience has richly taught us that the power that heals is universal and illimitable. Without wishing to unduly criticize any phraseology we may reasonably request that teachers and writers acquaint themselves as far as possible with the distinctive excellencies of various systems of thought and practice, and thereby minimize as far as possible those unnecessary divisions which seemingly hamper and retard the progress of a truly world-wide movement. As Christian Scientists embrace every opportunity for informing the public that their philosophy and practice is perfectly unique we had better once for all accept their positive assertion and regard them as a religious fold containing a restricted assembly of human sheep following a well-known shepherd and duly protected by a competent army of efficient watch-dogs. But outside these sacred palings, and indeed beyond all enclosed spaces, we find a growing multitude determined to ally themselves with universal agencies which can be no more confined than ocean, wind and sky. Students of comparative religion and comparative philosophy are rapidly arriving at the much-needed conclusion that the so-called gift of healing is, more properly speaking, an endowment by no means to the few but spread among the many, though it is easy to see

that only a comparatively few individuals have anywhere at any time developed this endowment to any considerable degree, and those who have thus developed it have lived or are still living lives of exceptional devotion. Much can always be said in favor of the type of man or woman known as Martha in the New Testament, but physicians equally with metaphysicians are proving that the type designated Mary is much more needed when healing requires to be accomplished. Many doctors are saying that mental treatment is effective in nearly all cases of nervous difficulty and that probably 90 per cent. of invalids to-day are nervous sufferers. If that estimate be approximately correct only 10 per cent. of invalids would be exempted from beneficial participation in mental or spiritual healing and even that limited percentage, though experiencing surgical or medical aid, could still be greatly helped by mental or spiritual instruction, seeing that there are no instances of physical derangement or distress entirely unattended by some form of nervous trouble. When we employ two adjectives associatively, such as mental and spiritual, we seek to convey the idea of two distinctly separable ideals in healing but these are not by any means discordant. The typical mental healer, who is simply a suggestionist, makes no claim to special spirituality or to an unusually large conception of religious truth—he merely sets to work to arouse the subconsciousness or "subjective mind" of a sufferer and enters no plea for himself as a seer or prophet. Such simple mental treatment does much good intellectually even when it fails to reach the centre of the question, and though it may and should be transcended by a higher mode of treatment, when the lower has proved inadequate, we could never justify any attack that might be made upon an entirely suggestive method, for inadequate and insufficient to meet all demands though it may be, false or injurious it decidedly is not.

Foolish fear of hypnotism has brought distress upon multitudes and it is very necessary to seek to rid the public mind of belief in the power of any malign influence whatever. Fear invariably accompanies weakness and is the prime predisposing cause in nearly every case of chronic nervous suffering,

and so hydra-headed is fear that it is well-nigh impossible to define its nature or prescribe the limits of its action within any reasonable bounds of time or space. Something is dreaded on some plane of consciousness wherever we find chronic weakness or continued pain, and until that enemy is routed and the victory won over all that originated and sustained it we have left our work of healing distinctly incomplete. Palliative measures are never difficult to comprehend or to apply but healing is radically different from aught that is but superficial in method and result. The most popular ideals in healing are by no means confined to physical well-being, using that term in its generally restricted sense, for we find quite as many people at present seeking business success and worldly promotion as a result of mental treatment as we find striving after conquest over bodily infirmity. It is indeed pathetic to hear the remark so often made by down-hearted or despondent sufferers, "Oh, you do not know how hard I have tried to overcome my weakness, but so far I seem to have had no success." While we cannot withhold a certain sense of pity or compassion from such misguided seekers after improved conditions we must in simple honesty inform them that they are entirely on the wrong track, for "trying hard" is the very reverse mental attitude to that which will restore equilibrium or induce it where it has not yet been gained. To work industriously and patiently to reach a goal is good, but perfect confidence and serenity unmarred by any feeling of restless haste and anxiety is fully compatible with unflagging industry. People who enjoy their work and do it *con amore* often work much more quickly and unceasingly than those who feel the pressure of a compulsory task and strain every nerve to *line up* to a mistaken sense of duty. Of all the ludicrous mistakes made by conscientious people who are wrestling with the problem of insomnia is the endeavor which they make to go to sleep when they are chronically wakeful and which they correctly describe as "trying very hard to get to sleep." Now if words are being used in any comprehensible sense the idea conveyed in such sentences is clearly that the invalid is mentally excited and straining every nerve to bring about a difficult but earnestly desired result.

From the psychic standpoint the condition indicated is one of restless search for something extremely difficult to obtain and from the physical view-point we may think of blood rushing to the head inducing a feverish condition of the brain, quivering nerves and throbbing temples. Sleep cannot be wooed in any such manner but is driven further than ever from the pillow. Rational mental or suggestive treatment is the precise contradiction of all such hysterical excitement and is employed to induce a diametrically opposite mental state. *I sleep peacefully* is a suggestive formula which correctly emphasizes the attitude of will of which the victim of sleeplessness is intensely conscious; such a formula is therefore entirely legitimate when viewed from the vantage ground of idealistic philosophy, because idealists are they who seek to bring into expression physical effects from psychic causes and who therefore realize that there must be a mental forestallment of a physical result. Spiritual healing in its more deeply religious aspects penetrates much deeper than the suggestive treatment we have briefly outlined, but it certainly includes and expresses exactly what we have put forward though its chief dependence is upon faith reposed in Deity in contradistinction from reliance upon the unassisted action of the human intellect. Those among suggestionists who are spiritually-minded to a deep degree undoubtedly commingle faith in God with all their undertakings, just as physicians who are truly religious firmly believe that God has given medicines for human benefit and that we are thanking the Giver rationally by utilizing the bounteous gifts. Such doctors, regardless of name or school of practice, accomplish much genuine spiritual healing, even in cases where their medical opinions are crude and limited and their pharmacopeia anything but ideal. The power of a human entity is so much greater than that of a drug or a formula that the most ridiculous, grotesque and contradictory practices are often made accompaniments of healing which endures. Then quite often one listens to the truthful statement naively uttered concerning a physician, "Oh, you have no idea how much benefit I derived from him." The personal pronoun tells the tale, the benefit is not ascribed to any medicine that was taken but to the doctor

himself. "I feel better directly he enters the house" is another faithful tribute to man, greater than medicine. The chief cause for the manifest success resulting from widely divergent modes of practice, which can never be theoretically reconciled, is clearly the immense superiority of human thought to any special channel through which that thought may be compelled to flow. Medical education and prejudice will adequately account for the persistence with which many people walk along designated tracks in the hope of reaching an admirable goal, but though the track is often narrow and even dangerous and the broad highway is immeasurably preferable and certain to be preferred when once it is discovered, the pedestrian who will not leave the ancient trail may nevertheless attain the object of his search though less pleasantly and directly than though he had found the wider and the safer path. Nothing can be more ridiculous than the practically impossible legislation attempted in California and certain other States with a view to restricting the work of healing within the confines of a registered and licensed professional body. It is clearly evident from the pages of medical literature that medical opinions are in a state of constant flux and that it is impossible to bring about a condition of real agreement among diplomatized physicians any further than to induce them to hold together so as to form a solid commercial phalanx.

All endeavors to put down the work of healers who operate outside closed medical ranks must always prove a miserable failure because the public at large has to be reckoned with, and needlessly restrictive legislation is becoming every day less tolerable among the thinking masses. There are certainly two sides to this case as to all cases, but freedom of choice and liberty of action are far too dear to the heart of the American and British public for any minor consideration to outweigh their resolute determination to resist every unjust attempt to restrict liberty or curtail freedom even though the specious plea be proffered that paternal legislation is necessary for the protection of the dimly enlightened. Mental and suggestive healing is no mediaeval skeleton dressed in the costume of modern liberal thought, it is a product of the present time-spirit

and insists upon recognition as the offspring of living intelligence. Its true ideal is so eminently practical that only the wilfully blind (because they are determined by prejudice) set their influence against its progress, and these are beginning to find that they might better set their impotence against the forces of Niagara. The five great essentials of a harmonious life may well be recognized as Health, Happiness, Prosperity, Industry and Usefulness, and these five excellencies like the five fingers on a single hand may be regarded as distinct but never separable. When we speak of a perfect hand we must include the idea of five fingers, each constituting a portion of the member, but we can conceive an imperfect member with less than five fingers. Such a member could not equal a perfect member but it would nevertheless have some efficiency as a working agent. Physical health is looked upon by many people to-day as the supremely important object of mental quest. Innumerable treatments of all descriptions are constantly being given to accomplish this one result, bringing the physical structure into prime condition and keeping it perpetually at par. With this object we can never find ourselves altogether out of sympathy, but we do think it necessary from time to time to inveigh against an exclusive thought of physical well-being associated with healing processes. Then again the ideal of personal happiness is made the goal of all endeavor in many cases, but though happiness be ever so desirable it is not worthy to occupy the highest place in our esteem. The same remark applies in the third place to the search for individual prosperity for though it be highly desirable that every individual should prosper there are higher aims in life than selfish accumulation of property, and unfortunately for the welfare of many who are striving to rid themselves of the threefold burden of sickness, unhappiness and non-success in business, the goal they are endeavoring to reach is not a sufficiently exalted one. The two remaining objects of desire, industry and usefulness, deserve to rank higher than the previous three because there is more likelihood that true success will attend the efforts of those who begin with these than of those who begin with the other objects of popular demand. To aim first at usefulness and then to perceive that industry is

essential to it is to start right. This is in a very true sense seeking first the heavenly kingdom and its righteousness, assured that all else that is desirable will in due course be added to the sum of our possessions. It may readily be argued that health is necessary to usefulness and that we cannot be industrious if we are ill, and this argument may be accepted without departing an iota from the ideal standpoint we have elected to occupy. If the desire is to be truly useful and it is clearly seen that bodily vigor is essential to the accomplishment of one's life-work worthily, then bodily health will be sought as a means to an end but not as an end in itself. Then, too, it may well be affirmed that individual happiness and prosperity are conducive to the highest usefulness in the social organism, and granting that such is the case we shall then seek these blessings not as the chief end of our existence but as tools with which to work while engaged in accomplishing the highest good which lies before us. Through beginning at the wrong end of the process we often fail to heal ourselves or to put our neighbors in the right way to bring about their well-being. Experience has taught many practitioners during the past twenty years or less that the best results appear when all self-seeking is eliminated from the healing work.

A very fine illustration of what deserves to rank as genuine healing can be drawn from one of the Gospel narratives which clearly shows how widely different was the process of Jesus from the crude expectations of a throng of sufferers who evidently had no understanding of the divine law of supply and demand. A very common and intensely ignorant state of feeling is disclosed in the account given of an afflicted man who was full of superstitious fancies, but had no perception of the real science of healing. Belief existed in Jerusalem in the efficacy of a certain pool around which many traditions had clustered, all of which were summed up by one of the evangelists in the report that an angel imparted some special healing property to the water at certain seasons and that after the consecration of the pool by the angel the first person stepping into the water would be healed of any infirmity from which he might be suffering. It needs no heavy draught upon imagination to picture the scene whenever the

water was supposed to have been in the virtuous condition, and the spectacle must have been ghastly in the extreme when infirm people in all sorts of diseased conditions were frantically struggling one against another to get into the consecrated pool. The selfish man—one of a crowd of men all equally selfish—who asked Jesus to help him into the water was not so helped, but though the letter of his petition was certainly not heeded, we are told that he was healed in a totally different way. The spirit of competitive rivalry is in deadly hostility to the healing spirit and never until people cease to be led by it can they realize the health, happiness and prosperity they crave. The world is learning its lesson, and not very slowly in these days, that nothing opposed to perfect coöperative industry can possibly succeed. Every strike or lockout, every exposure of corruption or graft, is but a fresh proof that when one man or set of men are working for self as against others, nothing but disaster can ensue. The parallel between personal and communal interests is exact. A healthy body is one in which all parts are perfectly adjusted within the unity of the whole; there must be no rivalry or schism in the body or disease will make itself felt. Not uniformity but unity is the normal state of every organism; not the obliteration of distinctness but the vanquishment of separateness. Many parties of thinkers in these days are struggling to express the true idea of health, but usually all partisans fall short of realizing the spiritual basis on which the social, equally with the individual, temple must be built. We speak glibly of "competitive examinations" because we have become used to a faulty phrase, but what we really mean is not that students are competing against each other, as though to wrest prizes one from the other, but working individually and collectively to attain such a degree of proficiency through study that as individuals and as a class they may deserve the honors awaiting them provided only they prove themselves worthy to receive. Precisely as the human body is a complex yet simple organism in which mutual welfare spells health, so is human society modeled according to the same great plan. There is no stint in Nature which everywhere displays astounding prodigality, consequently it is reasonable

and right that we should all make for prosperity and not permit the thought of destitution to invade our consciousness. Old superstitions perish slowly and the force of established precedent is strong to-day.

The most difficult lesson people have to learn is to forget all past experience which is not profitable to remember. Control over memory is a prime requisite for health. When our faculties control us we cannot be governing them. Memory among many other excellent and highly useful faculties is a great blessing to all who have learned intelligently to use it, but a decided bugbear to all who allow themselves to be dominated by it. Memory is no philosopher, it is therefore, quite unlike imagination, incapable of forecasting a nobler future. The scientific imagination, as Prof. Tyndall and other eminent men of science have been wont to say, looks ahead and predicts events which may occur to-morrow though they occurred not yesterday. The illustrious French *savant*, Jules Verne, received a gold medal from the French Academy of Sciences, one of the most profoundly learned bodies on earth, after writing some of the most romantic stories ever published and many of his brilliant forecasts have already been fulfilled while others are in process of fulfilment. While it is truly rational to declare that universal order is changeless, therefore we may expect uniform relations between causes and effects, we need in the work of healing to direct our thoughts to the new effects in individual and social living which must inevitably flow from setting in motion new causes in an ancient realm. Business and domestic life need remodeling according to a higher idea of man's prospective possibilities. We may rejoice over every indication of material progress in so far as it is conducing to the genuine betterment of human existence, but to the intelligent metaphysician, no matter of what school, no simply physical achievement, if considered as an end in itself, can be of any considerable moment. Luxuries and conveniences are constantly instanced as convincing proofs of modern progress, but unless they actually minister to human welfare, to the upbuilding of health and character, they deserve only to be classed as ostentatious signs of blind materialism. We are all seeking

healthier and happier lives and the modern world is beginning to discern that the mad race for wealth and station is a losing game. When we seek the general good we shall achieve individual blessedness but so long as the object of our search is personal satisfaction we shall fail to win it. Nothing can be more obvious to the philosopher than that it is often far more difficult to win a smaller than to gain a larger prize. "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you" is an embodiment of clear reason as well as a statement of a magnificent ideal. Solomon's choice of wisdom, the most precious of all possessions, followed by his reception of all worldly honors, furnishes us with an excellent text for many a needed homily. When we seek the fullest possible expression of life we shall find desirable accessories all trooping into line, whereas if we blindly concentrate our hopes on lesser goals and strive for meaner prizes we may experience chagrin and discontent because we have not employed the true method in our quest for blessedness. Let us aim at harmony in the full meaning of the word and success will eventually crown our efforts.

"One instant's toil to Thee denied
Stands all eternity's offense;
Of that I did with Thee to guide,
To Thee, through Thee be excellence.
One stone the more swings to its place
In that dread temple of Thy worth;—
Enough for me that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth.
Take not that vision from my ken!
Oh, whatsoe'er may spoil or speed
Give me to need no aid from men
That I may help such men as need!"

—Rudyard Kipling.

"It is honesty of purpose, thought and action that leads surely and *swiftly* into the 'desired haven' of all truth."

“PRIMA FACIE.”

BY T. SHELLEY SUTTON.

We cannot prove that God exists. ‘Tis vain
To bear Him witness, for Creation’s plan
Gives boundless evidence of *Mind*—the reign
Of something more than nature, chance, or man.

Each thing created manifests and proves
Some all-pervading wisdom—some strange cause
Which doth sustain, and through all matter moves
With wondrous purpose and unerring laws.

Each living thing is in itself a world—
A universe in miniature—a part
Wherein the scheme of ages is unfurled—
A grand epitome of God’s great art—

A living witness to the Maker’s power—
A sentient testimonial brought from space—
A breathing proof, which, in its fleeting hour,
Hath wrought convictions that we can but face.

The countless systems of the universe
Are all expressed in man’s composite mould—
His very being, though it bless or curse,
Conveys a million meanings yet untold;

His entity proclaims a Mother Mind;
Effect, itself, is ne’er without a cause;
Since I am here, and have been so designed,
I am the work of those unfathomed laws;

I fill some need, else I would not have come;
I have some mission, else I would not be;

I am a fraction of the total sum—
A part in keeping with infinity;

I represent my Maker in some work
Which destiny compels me to pursue;
I have a duty which I dare not shirk—
A part to play—a deed that I must do.

In yonder sky, that bird above the tower
Proclaims a purpose; and the struggling worm
Which crawls its length beneath it, proves the power
That makes the first to soar, the last to squirm.

The smallest microbe were, to mortal man,
A startling demonstration of that mind—
A glaring proof, could we its presence scan—
A wordless witness, could its form we find;

Man needs no lore, no eye, no wondrous ear,
To grasp the truth of nature, to discern
The subtle presence of that mind, or fear
The first transgression of its law, or learn

The fatal fruits of folly. Lives reveal
Their trend in every footprint, and the deed
Makes known, in time, the fruits that it shall yield,
For life's a book, "which he who runs may read."

The hand must strike the string to thus produce
The soothing music of the tender lyre,
And if the string, by accident, be loose,
It will not give the music we desire;

And so, in life, adversity must strike
The human heart-string, if it would procure
The perfect harmony that God must like—
The harmony in which our souls endure;

And every string its tension must preserve,
And every note must in its measure sound,
Nor can one finger from its purpose swerve,
For no false note must in the chords be found;

This human heart-string is the lyre of love,
And every phase of life makes up the scale,
'Tis in the hands of that great God above
And so the music *must* not—*can* not—fail;

For every action is an echoed note,
And every life is but a measured bar
In that glad music which our God so wrote
That it resounds in heaven's farthest star.

“We reprove each other unconsciously, by our behavior. An infusion of love from a great soul gives a color to our faults which will discover them as lunar caustic detects impurities in water. The best will not seem to go contrary to others, but as if they could afford to travel the same way, they go a parallel but a higher course.”—*Thoreau*.

“The earnest soul must win what it deserves;
Let the fool prate of luck. The ‘fortunate’
Is he whose steadfast purpose never swerves,
Whose slightest action or inaction serves
The one great aim. Why, even death stands still
And waits an hour sometimes for such a will.”

“A friend advises by his whole behavior and does not condescend to particulars. Another chides away a fault, he loves it away. While he sees the other's error, he is silently conscious of it and only loves truth itself the more and assists his friend in loving it till the fault is expelled and gently extinguished.”—*Thoreau*.

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RIGHT LIVING.

We hear a great deal to-day of right living and each of us has in mind, very likely, some different ideal in making use of the phrase. To me it seems that first of all, right living must be *natural*. Nothing that is unnatural *can* be right. There is not a different—even a contradictory—law for each plane of existence. The same primal laws of simplicity, straightforwardness, compliance with the great current of being that surges through and around us in every phase of life, must obtain throughout. Right living, natural living, does not by any means necessarily require, as some insist, that we go back in our outward methods and habits to the primitive ways of generations ago. What was “natural” then is not of necessity the only natural way now. One can come just as close to nature in silk as in homespun. One’s appreciation must be somewhat superficial if it require such superficial aids. To live naturally in any age means to adjust oneself naturally and therefore rightly to one’s environment—and the requirements of one’s being. When we live naturally we live harmoniously. Unnaturalness in any degree evidences itself in discord. Life has of course its lights and shadows. What we call “evil” is the shadow—no reality in itself, only the back ground as it were, to bring out in satisfying relief the true life picture. The clouds of the physical world are a source of constant artistic enjoyment and are conducive to growth as unvarying light could never be, but the sun unvaryingly shines never the less. Something is between it and ourselves, but it is none the less shining, as God lives in every life—lives

fully, unfailingly, despite temporary phases of partial development, and obscuring experiences. Nothing can really separate us from God. By God I mean the great Universal Life that is in us, through us and above us—the Universal Love that floods our being whenever we will open to it. When clouds come we mourn—well, we can not always be on the mountain tops of joy—but we can always know that God is—that good is—that “the heart of things is kind.”

We are living in a world where a constant readjustment is required. The demands of to-day are inadequate for to-morrow. It is through meeting new difficulties that we develop new powers—through overcoming that we grow strong. It is only through the facing and fighting of perplexities and troubles that we come to know life as it really is—that we truly learn the lessons of life. Did you ever notice birds during a storm? They are frightened—disturbed—at their wits' end to shelter and protect themselves. But they are the wiser and better equipped for the living of their little lives for every storm they weather. Each encounter awakens fresh powers of adjustment or resistance—for even resistance has its place on certain planes. Everything indeed has its place—the so-called “evil,” the shadows, as well as the good—the light. There are times when effort—real struggle is required, and times when we find our realest good in giving ourselves up to the current. There is a time, too, for serious consideration of the vital things of life—a time to ask ourselves honestly if we are in our right relationship with things and people—with our daily environment. This adjustment to things and people is the true religion of life. Harmonious adjustment is all there is of life. We are so hedged about with forms and conventions and traditions that we seldom realize this. Religion to many means something at least a little above the level of every-day life if not quite outside of it. Few as

yet, it seems, understand that the simple, natural living of one's life—on the physical plane—in its physical outreachings and relationships as well as all others—alone constitutes the religion of life—alone conduces to right living.

To live rightly, we must be natural in everything, not only a few things—the most important things. Everything is important. "The infinitely little and the infinitely great are one." The balanced life—the life free from strain or tension—is the harmonious life. Even the straining after an ideal of action is erroneous, injurious. Straining after an ideal brings about distorted, inharmonious conditions. We may attain our goal but it will be at the loss of some vital good. Right living, I repeat, is natural living. Nothing is really required of us that we are not equal to. If we are truly not equal to any test or crisis we may be sure we are striving after impossible things—that we have set for ourselves an unnatural standard. Trust to nature; trust fearlessly, honestly. Follow her leadings as does the little child the promptings of its heart. We allow too much strain and struggle to creep into our aspirations—our yearnings after growth. Struggle has its place indeed but it does not mark "the better way." "Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things"—even of growth—of outreaching of heart and soul and the satisfaction of these. Why take thought—anxious thought—for them then? Why not let our unfoldment be as that of the lilies of the field—beautiful because natural. There is but one unerring test of naturalness—of right living—that is harmony on every plane. If we are healthful, hopeful, happy we may be sure we are living in accord with the laws of our being. If we are not, there is something wrong. In the earlier phases of nature—those that we call below us—the animal world—we see much that seems to contradict this. We see unrestricted adherence to the laws of their nature and

yet suffering—to the point of extinction. But all these things have their place—pain and battle, weaknesses and even missteps. We learn only by the great law of contradictions. We learn what strength is through our own weakness. Weakness is not an actual or final condition. We were all once weak; we are all weak now in comparison with some one or something else. It is only through temptations and their overcoming that we know the better way—that we learn sympathy and gentleness toward others on the same road. We are too apt to approve or condemn both ourselves and others in our thoughts. Get down below the plane of thought, and *feel*. At heart we are all the same you know—all one. If we are honest with ourselves we can not long misunderstand or criticize or stand aloof, if we follow our better, deeper feeling. It is on the plane of feeling that we first realize our oneness with all—that wide, true sympathy comes. Our intellectual conceptions will differ. Knowledge must always be partial, in the nature of things—there is no absolute knowledge. And there is no original thought. We absorb and share the thoughts of ages before us. We follow the intellectual trend of a thousand years ago or of yesterday. All intelligence has the same great source, notwithstanding its infinitely various details, and when all the knowledge is known and all the thoughts are thought, what does it amount to? Solomon found it vanity. And so must each and all eventually find it—not in itself but in comparison with the realities of life—the deep underlying inspirations that come from the source of all life. These we touch through feeling. Feeling is the true dynamic of life. Thought and action are only means of expression for feeling. Even the so-called materialistic scientists are coming to recognize this. Long before there was a brain cell in existence—there was the capacity to feel. It was this capacity that developed the brain itself. The mind of each of

us is the outgrowth of what we have felt. There is forever something within us crying for completion—the Kingdom of Heaven within us demanding outward expression. The Kingdom of Heaven will never come on earth except as we bring it on earth. It is through the voicing of our inmost desire—through the effort to express what we feel—that deep, overwhelming, inexplicable feeling that wells and surges through our being.

If we deny expression to our feeling—deny its recognition and realization—we cut off the supply—stop the current and dry up the sources of our own life. Whatever we have we must use or we lose it. This is the law of life. This is the natural way—this is the way of right living and righteousness.

Love and service are all there is of life. To have we must give—give as the wind and the sun. Give continually, unquestioningly—"give to him that asketh of thee;" give *ourselves*—not after due consideration and thought as to what is judicious, what is in accordance with worldly wisdom—but give as our feeling prompts—sympathy, bread, life itself if need be—if the need demands. We should take a larger, deeper view of life. There are few who would refuse a near relative assistance. In reality, all living or who have ever lived are our near relatives. Any need that comes into touch with you has equal demand upon you. Some we can help better than others because they are on our plane of development, but in reality it is not our concern how our giving is received. "Give—give to him that asketh thee." If our own development is great we are thereby enabled to the more deeply and truly understand others. Only he who has lived can understand; only he who loves knows. Because of our own needs and desires—either of to-day or of the yesterdays—we can give large sympathy to others and the better supply their needs.

We want to live more largely. We want to dwell in thought and aim more on the great things of life—less on the inessential and superficial things. We want to forget the little discords and inharmonies—to cover them, bury them—with the love and service of a natural, healthful life. You know, when we harbor unkind feelings toward another we really harbor them for ourselves. We *are* all one, whether we realize it or not. It is a truth we cannot get away from. Our attitude toward others determines our own attitude. There *can* be no forgiveness for us until we have forgiven. We determine our own places; we really determine every detail of our own lives. There is no power outside of us, compelling us—shaping our lives—ordering our ways. It is for us to decide, to decide now—to-day, whether we will live natural lives, righteous lives or false and artificial lives. It is not enough that we live in accordance with the laws that we ourselves or men who came before us have made. We call these laws but they are not of necessity anything of the sort. The only laws are the laws of God written in the soul of man—the soul of each of us if we would but interpret them honestly, naturally, righteously. All seeming wrong or evil is only on the surface. All is pure among the basic things of life. It is only because our eyes are fixed upon the changing surface of things that we grow discouraged and distressed or overwhelmed with the so-called evils of life. If we would look deeper we would see clearly, we could distinguish the real from the unreal, the fleeting from that which abides. The element of fire enters into the life to purify it. Experiences are of value as they show us the realities. Whatever we desire we are to believe that we have it—not that we are going to have it—to-morrow or some other time—but that we have it *now*, and we do have it. This is the law. If we want love we must give love, if we want harmony we must give harmony. There is a constant exhalation, so

to speak, going on from every life. Despite our words, even despite our actions, we are revealing our true selves, imprinting our inmost aspirations or shortcomings on the subtle atmosphere about us, on the sensitive consciousness of those we come into contact with. We can become anything we desire. We of necessity become one with everything we love. This is the only way we can ever know the universal oneness that means eternal life. "And this is life eternal, to know thee the only true God." God is love and love is God. To know love is to know God. To be one with God is to be one with man. There is no other way. Love of God must begin with love of man. Love must find its expression in service. "Love seeketh not her own" but nevertheless she finds her own, she cannot fail of her own. In the life of love there is a constant outflow and influx.

The natural life is the free life. Only truth can make us free. There is no standard of truth outside of ourselves. There is no book or preacher to decide truth for us. The truth that comes to the soul of each of us is the truth for each. But some one may say, should we allow mere feeling to guide us? Perhaps if we follow truth as we feel it to be, without reference to the opinions of others, it may lead us into strange ways. The final test of any course of action is the harmony it produces in the life. When I use the term feeling I do not refer to the fleeting impressions or momentary impulses that disturb the surface of our lives. I mean the innermost upwellings of the soul, the aspirations that come from the depths of our being. We set all sorts of guardians about the expression of these. How few of us seem outwardly what we inwardly really are! And yet why? We are all the same at heart. Why need we fear each other? Why simulate, why pretend? It is only as we do the truth we know that we will ever learn the greater truth we need. Only as we live

freely and naturally that we can live truly—that we can ever come to know truth. Only as we live the truth is the Kingdom of God expressed through us. Only as we live our lives as God planned them, naturally, will the Kingdom of God have come on earth for us.

It is no longer a question with psychologists and the various "discerners of the signs of the times" whether, with our rapidly enlarging vocabulary, the life of the world is in reality the richer. Fine discrimination in shades of meaning is developed and increasing mediums of expression are conducting, reflexly, to breadth and depth of mentation and emotion. To the contrary it has been urged that there is no second Shakespeare notwithstanding. This is indisputable but not necessarily lamentable. The tendency of the time is not toward mountain peak mentalities but a rapidly rising general level of thought and feeling and an increasing scope and value in the expression of these. The hero worshiper revels in the haloed exception but the humanitarian rejoices in the prevalence of the rule. The simple fact that new dictionaries and encyclopedias, for instance, are in requisition annually, that the former appear with "25,000 new words and phrases"—and are of such slight cost—in comparison with their material equipment alone—that they may be found in homes of even less than average means—proves conclusively this general development and progress "along the line." One of the most recent editions of these, and consequently one of the fullest and most useful, is the enlarged Webster's dictionary including biographical dictionary and gazetteer of the world brought out by the G. & C. Merriam Co., of Springfield, Mass. The twenty-three hundred and eighty quarto pages contain five thousand illustrations and the whole is edited by W. T. Harris, Ph.D., L.L.D., U. S. Commissioner of Education. The countryman who complained that the "dictionary made mighty interesting reading, only they changed the subject so often," would indeed find fresh grievance here—for this one volume, which, really attractively bound in tan leather and printed clearly on good paper, is yet of very convenient size, seems to "cover the face of the globe."

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The New Healing is not a matter of right thinking only. It is a matter of right feeling as well. Its power inheres partly in the potency of thought, partly in the potency of emotion. Its energizing is due to the force of ideas—it is due, as well, to the force of will. It rights the disorders of man's body through right thinking—it rights these disorders also through right desiring and right willing. It cures the body not alone by curing the mind, but by also curing the heart. It saves man from sickness by saving him from sin. It is a moral regeneration as well as an intellectual transformation, and thus from this double parentage it is a physical renewal.

It sets a man to remaking himself "after the patterns shown him on the mount." It trains him in making over his character; dispelling sorrow—the sorrow which Dante saw dragging souls down into the nethermost hells; overcoming fear—the fear which paralyzes energy and blights life; arousing courage; loosening the burdens of care; dismissing worry; mastering anger; cultivating the fruits of the spirit, "love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, meekness, temperance."

Its miracles of healing are largely due to the magical power

of a developed will—the will to be well. The Divine Man, God's thought of each man, the Christ, stands before the soul with the query, "Wilt thou be made whole?" Under the disciplining of the "New Thought" life becomes peaceful and placid, hopeful, courageous, strong.

Were there naught else to claim for this New Healing the benign and blessed changes which it works in human disposition, in human character, were enough to commend it to us all. Under its influence the mind diseased grows healthful, morbidities are purged, ill humors are discharged and "virtue kindles at the touch of joy." The New Healing may not load our shelves with the old vials—it simply bottles the sunshine. It may deprecate tonics, but it prescribes the tonic of faith and hope and love.

The New Thought sets men and women upon the task of educating their inner powers. Instead of physical athletes it would have spiritual athletes. It is leading our western men into the curriculum of self-training which the eastern men instituted centuries ago, in the system of Yoga. The culture of psychic powers proves, as a rule, now and here as then and there, the culture of spiritual powers. That a man may gain the mental force which masters the body he learns that he must win a moral force which masters intellect.

So with reference to the individual in his relation to others, morality as distinguished from ethics, the application of ethical principles, to social relationships. The "New Thought" opens opportunities and avenues of usefulness for every one. There is now no need to wait for the development of great talent or the attainment of large wealth in order to do good. "He serves man who dares be true," The supreme force for human service is stored in the supreme force of the individual life—soulfulness. That omnipotence which creates the world can recreate it—the omnipotence of "The Good Thought," as the ancient Persian would have said. Within the grasp of the very humblest life lies the means of serving one's fellows best. You can charge the mental atmosphere wherever you go with spiritual oxygen. You can bring sunshine into the most densely shadowed home. You can quicken life around you

from the life within you. You, too, in your measure, may say with Peter, standing at the beautiful gate of the temple, to the hopeless human cripples despairing of help—"Silver and gold have I none, but in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, 'Rise up and walk.'" To the infirm and impotent minds, bound through long years in servile habits of thought, you all silently may speak the creative word which bids them be "the free men of the Spirit." The "winged thoughts" coming down from heaven upon earth, wounded, sore, dragging in the dust of earth, may, by the magic of thought and will, on strong up-soaring pinions once more bear the soul of man aloft into the Empyrean. Without officious word or intrusive deed you can sit silently by the side of the sufferer—the sufferer in body, mind or soul—and send out the healing word which shall renew and recreate; the word "proceeding from out the mouth of God, on which man liveth." All unseen and unfelt, your puissant thought may sally forth to the rescue of imprisoned lives and win them deliverance. You may not know how, but in your presence weary, discouraged, heart-sick men and women, the spring of whose hope has run down, the energy of whose faith has failed, the sweetness of whose lives is soured, may find themselves growing buoyant, trustful, kindly, and the moral miracle be wrought. Without so much as saying that you are seeking to serve, you may bless, cheer, comfort, save and heal, through the omnipotence of thought. Blessed and benign ministry of helpfulness, truest service of our fellow men, most potent to relieve, least harmful of beneficencies, the closest imitation of the unwearied, eternal service of God, who thinks and it is done, who commands and it stands fast.

So for the great world at large—man in his complex social relationships. The reforms which are needed to reconstruct society, ethically, are not to be achieved by the introduction of new machinery. Men are not to be legislated into character. It is not, chiefly, more knowledge that is needed to make our social relationships just. We *know* enough to radically reconstruct our industrial civilization now, if there were a *will* to do it. Our ideas of justice are right enough, theoretically considered. The trouble is that these conceptions have not be-

come energies in our lives, standards after which we pattern our conduct, as employers and employees. They are inert ideas, not active ideals. They are potencies, not forces.

As might have been revealed to us in the striking "Letters of a Chinese official," our Western civilization is still materialistic, not spiritual; selfish, not brotherly; pagan, not Christian. Even our theology, ever the source and spring of our ethics, is Jewish rather than Christian, worshiping the transcendent God, not the imminent God, looking for help to the hills outside us, rather than the mountains of the spirit within us.

The "New Thought" comes to our weary world with a needful revelation of the secret of social salvation.

It reveals the supreme forces of earth. It sets men upon the task of mastering them that they may use them to make "a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."

The man of science has busied himself with the study of the secrets of nature, discovering her hidden forces, mastering them and turning them into the service of mankind. A wonderful story this of our modern Aladdin, rubbing the lamp of knowledge while the genii of earth and air come trooping to his feet, ready to do his behests and work miracles at his will. What wonders of transformation our earth is experiencing under the labors of these slaves of the lamp which we call steam and electricity and their fellows! They are verily reconstructing our life, making ready to reconstruct our society if their master, man, really wills this task. These slaves of the lamp of knowledge have wrought the marvels of the wonderful century just closed.

The more wonderful century just opening is to find Aladdin again rubbing his lamp of knowledge and bringing to his feet yet more magic-working genii. These mystic slaves of the lamp are rising, not from the sea before him, but from the deeper depths within him—"the abysmal deeps of personality." These omnipotent miracle workers emerge from the cavernous profundities of man's nature in the familiar, unsuspected forms which we call Thought, Imagination, Will. Day by day these slaves of the lamp have been waiting for our commands, and only now are we learning how to summon them

to our service. Only now are we learning that Thought is the true Demiurge—the instrument of the creative work of God, as the ancient Gnostics visioned; that it is through Thought that the perpetual miracle of the cosmos is being wrought. Thought, as we now see, is the force greater than any force of nature, the power capable of upheaving constitutions and laws more easily than dynamite upheaves our massive masonry, the knowledge driving the wheels of progress faster than steam or electricity. Man is now at length setting himself seriously to learn the secrets of Thought, as, under the tutelage of Franklin and his compeers, he has already begun the study of the secrets of electricity. He is now bringing Thought into the service of mankind, as under the leadings of Morse and his fellows he has brought electricity into the ministry upon man. The psychic powers of mind, greater far than the physical powers of nature, as man himself is greater than nature—the power of ideas, of imagination, of will—these are the powers which are to bring us social salvation.

In the East, from ancient times, the science above physics, the true metaphysics, has been systematically cultivated. Through this culture men have become Yogi, psychic adepts, men trained in the development of the inner powers, and having these inner powers brought into the domination of the spirit itself—spiritualized, ethicalized and made to serve, not to tyrannize over, mankind. Through these powers the marvels are wrought which shed a halo around the sages and saints of the East.

Our Western world is beginning to go to the school of the spirit and has taken up the curriculum of Yoga. With the development of the power to concentrate thought and to use its magic-working potencies man will find the instrument in his hand with which to change the face of the earth by changing the face of the heavens within him. In the consciousness of the supremacy of the spirit, in the vision of its bliss opening above him, the spell of materialism will be broken. Men will turn from the good things of life to the good things of Thought; from the pleasures money can buy to the joys of the spirit. Gold will cease to fascinate man when the treasures "more to

be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold," are grasped. In the life of the spirit the things of the spirit alone will be worth seeking; the simple life will be strenuous for salvation. In the happiness of high thinking, plain living will be bliss. Man will cease to hunger for the bread which perisheth, as he eateth of the manna coming down from heaven. Ethical ideas will become vitalizing ideals. The Christian spirit, energizing civilization, will reconstruct it. Justice will potentialize the realm of industry and of public affairs, and, as in Plato's vision, will be the synonym for *The Republic*.

The indwelling life of the spirit, unsealed, will flow thereforth upon man's external life, as the river "proceeding from beneath the throne of God," turning earth into a garden of the Lord.

When men learn the power of united, concentrated thought and turn it in upon society—that is, upon their fellow men—in the freeing of noble ideals, the unveiling of the eternal standard, the energizing of the moralities with ethical principles, the humanizing of the life, the spiritualizing of secular affairs—then the kingdom of God will come down upon earth. "Tarry ye in Jerusalem until ye receive power."

IV.

That which begins with the healing of the body and concludes with the healing of the soul, the healing of society—can it be anything less than a religion?

The power which is the outgrowth of spiritual philosophy and which manifests itself in changing character and renewing life—must this not be real religion?

A few years ago, after I had written a booklet upon Christian Science, I sent it to a venerable prelate of my church, a warm personal friend. From him I received in response a letter bewailing the fact that I was carried away by my sympathy by this "spurious spirituality." Spurious spirituality!

What can be a genuine spirituality if it be not the spiritualizing of the being—the mastering of the body, the control of the senses, the opening of the inner life, the following of the inner light, the minding the things of the spirit, the walking

with God, The Infinite and Eternal Spirit? Where the fruits of the spirit are, must not the life of the spirit be?

The "New Thought" teaches man to feel himself part of the universal life. It binds men together one with another, and all in the unity of the cosmos, the beautiful order. It opens within him the cosmic forces. It reveals the secret of the universe in intelligence and discloses this intelligence in man himself. It trains man in fellowshiping with the Power at work in the universe, the Infinite and Eternal Energy acting in the cosmos, the cosmic Power which is none other than the spiritual Power welling up in his consciousness. It inculcates reverence towards It, trust in It, love to It. It leads him to conscious communion with It, as the source and spring of love in himself.

And then, of necessity, it translates the impersonality of force into the personality of will, and instead of It spells out He, and we have found God, the Being "in whom we live and move and have our being," "the Eternal who loveth righteousness," "our Father which art in Heaven."

"Conscious law is King of kings."

The "New Thought" is thus seen to be the practical application of the new theology, a realization of the truth of the indwelling God.

The friends of the New Theology have for some time feared lest it be doomed to sterility. To many of them it has not seemed to "bring forth fruits worthy of repentance and reformation," as the original reads, of "a change of mind." From such a stupendous change of mind as is involved in the New Theology, stupendous results upon the life of man should be realizing themselves. Think what it means to have the conception of God as a being outside of us, beyond the universe, wholly other than ourselves, apart from our lives, creating the cosmos from without, as a builder makes a house, directing it from an external position, ruling it by interference with its established laws, a being concerning whom we can draw no inferences from our own nature—think what it means to have such a conception melt into the vision of a Being imminent in the universe, indwelling man, the life and soul of all intelligent

existence, creating the universe from within, growing it from his own eternal life, guiding and ruling it as the soul guides and rules the body, not far apart from us, but "closer than breathing, nearer than hands or feet," the very self within ourselves, the Being in whose image we are made, of whose nature we are partakers, whose omnipotence is all the potency within us! Think for one moment what this change of mind means; of the infinite possibilities opening upon us, of the unbounded resources stored within us, of the exhaustless energy working within us! What can we not do? What can we not be?

It would seem as though such a revolutionizing conception should be revolutionizing man's individual life, revolutionizing society. So it would be were it realized. So it must needs be wherever it is realized. The impotence of the New Theology—its failure to recreate the individual and to regenerate society—these are the sure signs that it is held largely as an intellectual concept; that it has not quickened into the vitality of a life. The ethical and spiritual sterility of liberalism, whether in the orthodox churches or outside of them, has been the surprise and the grief of hosts of its followers. And lo! here is the New Theology coming to fruition—the intellectual concept becoming a creative, and energizing life, the statics of an idea teeming into the dynamics of an ideal, the doctrine of the immanency of God issuing in a demonstration of the Spirit, with power. This cure of the ills which flesh is heir to by the energy of the spirit, this calm joy in the indwelling life and the power over evil habits which is freed thereby, this peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keeping our hearts and minds through Christ Jesus—this is the natural issue of the New Theology.

Nor is the "New Thought," any more than the New Theology, a mere theism. Each is alike a Christian theism. The "New Thought" has gone to the school of Jesus. It is learning of Him its secret of life, its good spell of power. He is the master of Life for it. It is a new discipleship, a "new way" of the Christian life. The New Testament is the *vade mecum* of the "New Thought." The New Healing finds its form and type in the healing works of the Good Physician. It has as yet learned

nothing concerning its gift of healing which was not suggested in the methods of Jesus. In the many volumes concerning the New Healing are found elaborated the hints of life in the words and deeds of Jesus. There lies its philosophy in the thought of Jesus. There rises its ethical power, in the character of Jesus—his mastery of the psychic powers by the will of a pure spirit seeking to do the will of God. There lives its very soul, in the serene and conscious communion of the beloved Son with the indwelling Father. To many of this far off day, as to his disciples eighteen centuries ago, he has given authority and power to heal the sick to preach the good news. We have before our eyes a new Imitation of Christ.

An aspect of the life of Jesus and his work for man which has been well nigh completely left in obscurity—so that one may read Biblical commentaries and Christian encyclopedias and lives of Jesus with scarce a recognition of this fact—has been suddenly brought into the foreground of our Christian consciousness, illumining the truth that the saving work of Jesus was to be a salvation for body, mind and soul, the totality of man's being. That the church is to do the same work for man that Jesus did; that there can be no effective and permanent Christian work which does not unify all efforts for body, mind and soul, making healing a spiritual process and the growth of character a physical renewal, teaching the minister to be the physician and the physician to be the priest, undoing the divorce which man has made between "those whom God hath joined together,"—this is the revelation of the "New Thought."

The church which I have loyally served for over a generation emphasizes, as of fundamental importance, the doctrine of Apostolic Succession; never dreaming, apparently, now, that the laying on of hands was ever other than a symbol of authority, that it ever was a symbol of power; never suspecting that ordination should convey the authority and power given to the first disciples to do "greater works" than these which the Master wrought.

In the highest reaches of the "New Thought" movement I have reverently watched the closest approach to the primitive

discipleship which I have seen on earth in our day; lives of utter unselfishness, mastering all greed of gain, consecrating the psychic powers developed within to the service of mankind; healing human infirmities; leading the souls of men into the light of the Father's presence and love; taking Jesus at his word and daring to follow where he has trod; finding in our far off day the power to live His life and to do His work.

Thus in the highest thinking of the "New Thought" Jesus is seen to be the norm and type of the spiritual man, with his psychic powers evolved and with his consecration of these powers to the worship of God in the service of humanity. He is thus seen to be, in the innermost meaning of the ancient Christian faith, "the Christ of God." The idea of man in God becomes the ideal of man in men. The Logos or Thought-word of humanity, embodied as may be in an individual, the character of the Father living in the Son. The spiritual philosophy of Christendom burgeons and blossoms towards a new spring growth. The ancient Nicene creed takes on new significance. A new Athanasianism grows from the thought of Athanasius. What the fathers of the church affirmed concerning Jesus, their sons dare now to affirm concerning the human nature in which Jesus came. It is "begotten, not made;" "being of one substance with the Father." In that He the true man was divine, we, true men, though lesser men, children where He was of age, we, too, are divine; and the Christian salvation is our entering into the consciousness of this divinity and living the life of God, being, as Athanasius was wont to say, "made God." In the apt language of that most beautiful tract of our movement, the "New Thought" is "The finding of the Christ within ourselves."

V.

This is the significance of the "New Thought" movement. There are myriads of suffering men and women waiting by the pool of Bethesda for healing; and here is a new healing power, a new therapeutics, a word spoken with power commanding health.

Hosts of perplexed, confused and bewildered men and women

are waiting for an interpretation of life which shall reveal its secrets, shall found faith once more upon the immutable bases, upon the ancient Belief, and read the riddle of the universe in terms of the spirit. And here is the old, yet ever new, spiritual philosophy which satisfied the ancients, gave birth to every great religion, quickened every reform, and is now renewing itself in our intellectual experience.

Multitudes of men and women are waiting for a new ethical affirmation, a clearing of the clouds above our souls that the eternal ideals may shine forth once more, luminous amid the darkness, lights to rule the night, to guide man's path toward the dawn, and then to rise in full-orbed day "with healing in its wings," the source and spring of all energy for social righteousness; and here is a new ethics, the old principles of character and the old laws of life translated from terms of external codes of conduct into terms of internal principles, no longer a system of ethics, but a life, the life of the spirit already bringing forth in richness the blessed fruits of the spirit.

Souls in mighty numbers have been standing by the beautiful gate of the temple, feeling themselves shut out from the sacred precincts, unchurched, disfellowshipped, no longer having the right, the privilege of free entrance into the House of God, longing, how hungrily, for the one constant unescapable need of man—religion; and here is essential religion renewing itself, not in institutions or ceremonies, or forms, or rituals, or creeds, but in the very life of the soul, in which the presence-place of The Eternal is found, the Holiest of holies, and man dwelleth "in the secret place of the Most High," and is at peace.

"Longing is God's fresh, heavenward will
 With our poor earthward striving;
 We crush it that we may be still
 Content with merely living.
 But would we know that heart's full scope
 That we are hourly wronging
 Our lives must climb from hope to hope
 And realize our longing."—*Lowell.*

NATURAL MOTIVE POWER.

BY MARION GERTRUDE HAINES.

Moralists have told us much about the power of love as a spiritual regenerator, and scientists and economists offer abundant testimony of its controlling power as a physical force in man's make-up, but of its influence over our intellectual nature, information is more limited.

The cause that produced Millet's impressive pictures, was his passionate love for art and its true office, and for the same cause Wagner suffered miserable poverty and isolation until the untiring efforts of his devoted friend Liszt brought about public recognition of his splendid achievements.

We all remember—some of us with pain and others with complacent comfort—the rapid progress made by the teacher's pet of our school-days, who never exhausted her willing patience, however stupid the subject or the student; nor do we forget how delightfully interesting the teacher made her favorite study to the whole class. Such illustrations might be indefinitely multiplied, but these suffice as evidence of the fact that the influence of love affords the best stimulus to intellectual growth as well as to moral progress.

Etymologists have written many volumes, proving that love is the power that has lifted humanity from savagery to its present state of civilization, and in the social reforms of to-day we see this force overthrowing the barriers that have for ages separated humanity into classes and bred strife and dissension between them. And the present watchword of society, universal brotherhood, rings from every pulpit and platform in our land.

Even the most casual observation of nature or of human progress reveals love as the natural motive power of all life and the natural activity of this power to be nurture. Grammatically speaking, love may be called the eternal subject of life and nurture its eternal predicate, that forever manifests its state of being, however great or small the degree of love may be.

Witness the united strength, courage and intelligence of insects and animals that lead a communistic existence and devote their lives to the nurture of their young, such as ants, bees, wild cattle and horses.

In inorganic life we are amazed at the marvelous manifestations of what we call the force of adhesion, which attracts distant molecules and unites them into varied and beautiful crystal forms. We cannot help but feel that this mysterious force is the inanimate expression of the same motive power, that in the higher orders of creative life manifests itself as love.

There is nothing more essential to the welfare of the home or school than a comprehensive knowledge of this universal fact that love is the natural motive power of all life which forever expresses itself in unselfish, unifying, nurturing activity.

Its antipode is hate,—the slightest degree of which, as passive indifference or active malice,—manifests itself in a continuous sequence of disintegrating activity.

Considering this manifold evidence of the action of these two causes, why should we as parents or teachers, continue our endeavors to teach any subject without first awakening in ourselves and then in our children, that all powerful and uniting force, love? And what is teaching, anyway, but the joy of sharing a bit of knowledge or experience that has been ours, with some one who has not yet acquired it?

In reality we are all students, learning the one great lesson,—life; some are farther advanced than others, but none can truthfully be called teachers in the sense that a teacher is a finished scholar.

If the school or home is an admitted unit of progressing scholars, sharing with each other special insight and interests, the daily routine of work and study becomes a pleasure and drudgery vanishing with a practical application of that good old maxim that "love makes all labor light." And just as truly as love makes all labor light, so does indifference and divided thought, in a home or school group, make labor or study heavy and burdensome.

More than that, no real and permanent progress or knowledge can be acquired in a mental atmosphere where indifference,

with its brood of antagonistic thoughts, is present. Superficial accomplishments may be thus obtained, but vital, progressive thinking or memorizing is impossible in any other atmosphere than that of loving unity.

In schools or homes where the older and younger members of a group are separated into hostile camps of autocratic teachers or parents and subordinate pupils or children, it is the proverbial "house divided against itself" and the fall of such schools and homes is painfully apparent on all sides.

Not long ago, it was the writer's privilege to attend a county teachers' convention. The usual program of brief papers from various superintendents and prominent teachers, interspersed with musical selections, was presented. The burden of the program was, how to teach the various branches of the public school curriculum by interesting and profitable methods. The audience was mostly composed of young women school-teachers, who, a year ago now, were busily engaged in note-throwing and the making of goo-goo eyes during the professor's impressive remarks on their future life interests. They now had one or two hours between trains, in which to nervously glance at the clock and listen to the leading lights of the county prescribe antedotes for the gum-chewing and note-throwing habits of *their* pupils, and various other phases of the prevalent disease of public school scholars, from which they now felt immune, with the virus of a teacher's examination working in their veins. The whole program—chorus and all—was delivered at a point of temperature equal to that of liquefied air, so devoid was it of warm human interest. All the speakers appeared to have reached their present state of efficiency by the same eighth grade and high school road as their fair audience was now entered upon, with the exception of one genial looking man; he was a normal school professor and he plainly had it in his heart to advise the youthful pedagogues to depend on some culture of their own getting—which had not been included in their high-school course,—such as noting the natural tastes and tendencies of their pupils and endeavoring to gain their personal interest, and a few more human, rather than technical, devices for transforming cold indifference into warm enthusiasm for work. Had

he walked into a cold storage room it would not have been more difficult for him to have maintained his normal, genial temperature than that which he now experienced in the surrounding atmosphere of these numerous gills and drams of liquid air. His mercury fluctuated between his good intentions and stammering utterances during the permitted twenty minutes, when the time limit bell was rung, to the relief of all present. That this was a typical instance of the stiff, formal manner in which school functions are usually carried on, may be easily discovered by any skeptic on attending the next Friday afternoon program in his neighboring schoolhouse, or a session of summer school for teachers, convening this season. Either occasion will easily convince him of the total lack of hearty interest and *human* feeling which daily surrounds our children, deadening and warping their natural spontaneity.

It is to be observed that the earnest devotion of pupils of the first three grades for their teachers and studies gradually chills to indifference during the remaining five grades. But the bold, derisive attitude of the high-school pupil, at the zenith of a "smartee-alec" career, caricaturing the "Prof" and slapping his botany specimens into his herbarium any old way and giggling at the load of court-plaster strips each specimen holds—this is the appalling state of education, attained after eighteen or twenty years of unloving labor!

To the question of earnest parents and teachers, "how we may acquire knowledge and experience in allowing the natural motive power of love to guide our efforts to nurture human life in the home or school," there is but one simple answer: zealous study of the one normal, human being the world ever beheld—Jesus Christ—whose physical, intellectual and spiritual natures balanced; and of Frederick Froebel, the pedagogue who discovered the motive power and natural activity of life to be love and nurture.

There is an abundance of literature on the former character, available to all, much of which, however, is of such a mistaken, "pious" nature, we are completely blinded by it and led to believe him a supernatural being instead of the divinely natural, highly developed human man he was. He again and again re-

minded us of the possibility and necessity of our so becoming. Through him, the threefold life expressed itself naturally and unhindered by custom and prejudice. But of the latter character, the public knows next to nothing of his true value to its daily needs, and by the majority of people he is considered simply a clever, infant entertainer.

The kindergarten profession is a sort of vatican in which most valuable documents are stored away, awaiting the second coming of Froebel—as it were—when society will more generally investigate its deep recesses.

Parents, educators and philanthropists, who have explored its contents, are open-eyed with amazement at the simple directness, with which their discoveries fit into every place in society to which they have been applied, as modern parents' clubs, ideal schools, the social reform and literary fields amply testify.

Pestalozzi, Herbart, Rousseau and many other educators have suggested clever and practical methods of teaching, but no one has so fully demonstrated a scientific knowledge of the human species and their *natural* possibilities, as did Froebel. He is to the human world what Darwin is to the animal world, and the nurture of humanity in infancy, youth or old age, can scarcely be *fully* accomplished without a knowledge of this wonderful man and his two great books "Mother Play" and "The Education of Man."

A DIALOGUE.

BY LOUIS K. ANSPACHER.

I

"Thou art cast down, my soul, and thou hast wept
Thy fill of bitterness; the briny floods
Have fallen from thine eyes. Thou hast been swept
O'er boundless seas of grief, and many roods
By thine own sighs, till weary thou has slept
To wake again in morning's gladder moods."

II

"Yet is it of thine essence to aspire
 To lift thyself from gloom to starry height?
 To scorn the meshes and the clinging mire,
 In godlike effort with an infant's might?
 Ah, soul, do thy faint wings forever tire
 Only to fold in rest for another flight"?

III

"Antaeus-like thou liest on defeat
 To add to thine own strength. Thy bitter tear
 Makes fresh the failing effort to repeat
 The trial. Art never humbled by the fear
 That daunts the mortal body to retreat,
 And tempt no further a divine career"?

IV

"The goal thou reachest is a height, ah true,
 To look adown and see whence thou hast flown;
 Yet opens there upon thy daring view
 Heights still to wing, and the widelier stretching zone
 Of distance infinite, without a clew
 To follow, or a hope to heed thy moan."

V

"Oh, soul, canst thou not pride thee in the thought
 Of being part of thing so great? How small
 The part, 'tis yet an infinite from naught.
 Thou too art great until thou wouldest be all;
 And then thou failest like the slave who fought
 For freedom, and became a lower thrall."

VI

My soul then answered: "'Tis my life to soar,
 For I am great as God; and shall I wait,
 A maundering beggar at Truth's outer door
 Refused? I enter, for I too am great,
 An heir to wonders, part of God; no poor
 And humble suppliant pleading for my state."

FREEDOM.

BY SADIE K. PARRIOTT.

The aim of man's existence is soul culture. The goal which the soul is seeking and must ultimately reach is freedom—absolute untrammeled freedom.

Freedom can never be found in custom, conventionality or personality, in circumstance, event or environment. In individuality—in soul development—only, is freedom. *The degree of soul development is the measure of freedom.* He is freest who thinks least of himself. The absolutely unselfish man is the free man—he, whose flow of life is not concerned with dollars and cents, whose sole motive is Love, the Love which is Conscious Unity, and who, realizing his Oneness with the All, sees a part of himself in everything. Too often people are troubled about what they can get out of the world instead of what they can put into it.

The slave and the master alike are seeking freedom. The slave vainly imagines that if he could be exempt from the servile tasks put before him then he should have attained happiness, but his master knows that more than this constitutes *true* happiness or freedom.

In reality, it is from ourselves that we would be free,—from our vanities and personal desires which seek to place us above our brothers. We are endowed with infinite possibilities which we in our blind ignorance limit. "The only sin is limitation," wrote the sage of Concord. Man, in his ignorance—his selfishness—limits instead of freeing himself. Man alone is the jailer of his soul.

Nothing in the Universe, good or evil, has power over you until you admit it. The man who can forget self and selfish desire is the free man. Is it freedom to yield to angry passions, to admit annoyance from unpleasant circumstances, to feel lack in one's environment? The free man is the one who does not yield to the weaker self, who holds the lever of his anger,

passions and emotion, who sees and knows no lack in his surroundings, his friends nor his real Self. What to the free man is the loss of money, position and friends? Can anything touch the part of him which is eternal? Who can bind the true Self—the soul—but himself?

He who fully governs his will has taken an important step toward the goal. Let his will be absolutely in harmony with the Universal Will and he is free. When a man puts himself in tune with the Universe, then will all the music of the spheres ring in his soul. He will hear no discord. What before seemed discord has only undergone enharmonic change. The music is the same though it may appear different upon the page of Life. Our joys are our sorrows transposed into another key. Music which delights under one circumstance maddens under another. The fault lies in us. We must see in every trial a blessing, a cry of danger, a call that will lead us back into the right path, the goal of which is freedom.

"The soul is forever freed when the mind is emptied, cleansed and purified of its illusions." When we can see that there is nothing but good and that each thing comes to us for a purpose—that all things are for him who *wills* and that we get only what we seek, then perhaps we will not let our vision become distorted and we will not clamor for things which, when obtained, seem undesirable and unsatisfying.

Love is the great working hypothesis—the one factor by which we gain freedom. Love is the element which fulfils the law of God. Truly when we can love our neighbor as ourselves and know every man as our brother, then we have begun to solve the problem.

Know that "Whatever is, is right" (or it would not be), that each circumstance, however unwished-for, is the very thing needful to you in your development—the opportunity to prove the metal of which you are made. Then should we

"Feel the high, stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, not paid with mortal praise
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days."

ETERNAL PROGRESSION.

BY C. G. OYSTON.

The great object of man's existence on earth is to become *individualized*, to *know himself*. Now what does that imply? What is individualization? Individualization is the manifestation of certain attributes and characteristics that distinguish one soul from another. He who is pronounced in individuality has unfolded from within a larger degree of possibility than the average being. His mental and spiritual vigor arrest the attention of his fellows; he commands their emulation and admiration; he arouses into activity dormant energies in others, and thus becomes a mighty progressive impulse in the onward advancement of the race. He is the measure of intellectual and spiritual receptivity, and he is a faithful indicator of the perception possible of manifestation by his fellows. He becomes a beacon light shining along the deep, and others are measurably benefited by his illumination. As he becomes more intense, positive and vehement in his characteristics, his power is commensurate with his will, for opposition is subdued proportionately with his wisdom. He is like the giant oak spreading its massive arms to the four winds of heaven, and he laughs at the fury of the storm. But he who gives a passive acquiescence to the suggestions of the external, lacks individuality. Weak and feeble he gives tacit concession to the wily allurements of the tempter, mental or spiritual—he is plastic to the influence of others—he is as a leaf floating on the stream of life. His tastes, appetites and desires are little removed from the animal. The sum of his activities is a search for the necessities of the physical man. His mentality is but a repository for current thought of the most conservative character, a sieve through which popular conceptions percolate, for no intellectual effort is made to intercept and analyze such thought, but it is freely entertained, because there is no danger of friction from "the powers that be." The cause of progress is not accelerated in the slightest degree

by his earthly career, and he passes away leaving the world no better than he found it. He cannot really command the respect and admiration of the rest of mankind, who heartily despise in their inmost souls a being who prophesies no greater future for the brotherhood of man. The late Colonel Ingersoll, while being interviewed, expressed his conviction that the nineteenth century had described the limit in artistic rendering. Shakespeare, he thought, had attained to the zenith in literary excellence, and Wagner had sounded the uttermost of musical harmony. Of course this is the logical position for a materialist to assume, but is it so? When we contrast the hideous noises made in an endeavor to convey a sense of harmony appreciated by the undeveloped of the past, with the divine, soul-stirring, exquisite melody discoursed by the civilized, we recognize as wide a distinction in perception as between the man of the first and the present century. The flower of the field at that remote period would express perfection of beauty to the dwellers on earth, and so it is to-day. These sweet offerings of nature appear to us as the highest type of beauty of which we can conceive, and we cannot conceive beyond the province of our spiritual perception, but during the centuries past, year by year, man's intelligence has refined and beautified his surroundings commensurate with his ideals. His sympathies and spiritual activities have coöperated with the external, and nature has indicated improvement in proportion to man's advancement.

Seeing then that nature adorns herself with loveliness obedient to the suggestions of the human soul, where shall we place a limit to unfoldment? As man's continued existence beyond this life will witness even greater activity and more divine unfoldment, which will obtain throughout the eternal ages, how preposterous it is to assume that here and now we have sounded the depths of artistic possibility. We can feel intuitively that eventually in the far future our spiritual surroundings will voice one grand symphony, and every emotion will be reflected in divinest music.

Talk about Shakespeare fulfilling our highest mental capacity, why, if, as we are assured, man will become the controller of his own destiny and evolve all the attributes of a God, with

infinite creative energy and power, how feeble will be even the mental conceptions of the bard of Avon compared with the Gods of the future—the investing and crowning with creative regal dignity, which will be our expression and possibility! It may be urged that the undeveloped being elicits as much sweet-ness from life in accordance with his perception as the man more fortunately endowed, but he who has sensed the accom-modations of progress has no desire to return to that condition which in the evolutionary process once described his experience, and struggle up the heights of advancement. Our perspective view of early days colors the incidents of experience with am-brosial hues, but to return to an actual, practical realization thereof would pall upon us, and its monotony would impart sadness to the soul. Contemplate the possibility of that being who can scan the heavens with his mechanical appliances, and trace the pathway of those brilliant luminaries that are ever revolving in the vast universe of incomprehensible infinity—he who can descend with the eloquence of a seraph upon the mighty suns and systems of worlds of which our earth in com-parison is as a grain of sand upon the seashore—he who can calculate with mathematical precision, distances and orbits of planetary revolution whose magnitude dazzles and bewilders the mind of the most ardent student of nature—he who can ascertain the quality of the constituent elements composing those orbs of light and beauty, and anticipate the nature of the conditions promotive of life and progress prevailing there—imagine such a mind endorsing the puerile conception that his divine soul will experience ample enjoyment throughout the eternal ages in singing psalms and hymns of fulsome flattery to a despotic, arbitrary, zealous tyrant—the monarch of heaven! What then is the true interpretation of the anomalies of life? Away back down the ages, in the dim cycles of the eternal past, man first essayed to evolve his individuality in contact with matter. Being bi-sexual, incarceration in flesh could not be consummated until the male and female elements constituting a perfect personality had become separated, consequently the two halves of a perfect sphere became dissociated from each other, and commenced their eternal, progressive journey to

complete individualization. When all the *practical* knowledge that earth can supply has been obtained, these counterparts will be reunited in sympathy and soul relation. "Two souls with but a single thought; two hearts that beat as one."

The continued yearning for spiritual and affectional association between the sexes is because of this primary bond of attraction. During repeated embodiments in matter many unions may be temporarily formed, but eventually the realization of inexpressible mutual joy will gladden the hearts of these world-wanderers, and direct personal habilitation in flesh will be necessary no more. In this condition of personality man was absolutely oblivious of the fact that he possessed internally the creative elements of a God, and had he been denied all association with earth or some planetary orb in the Universe he would never have known. So natural was his innocence, and so childlike were his characteristics that had he remained in spirit-life in this blissful ignorance he would have been no more capable of displaying soul greatness, Godlike unfoldment, and mighty superiority, than the babe unable to develop to maturity. The parents love devoutly the objective evidence of their mutual affection, and they anticipate with pride the future when their child shall have risen to the dignity of manhood, and become a mighty factor in the progress of his fellow-beings, but how appalling would be the conviction that the offspring would ever remain infantile in its characteristics mental and spiritual, even though the physical body should manifest the beauty of an Apollo or the grace and harmony of an angel!

During his many embodiments in matter man has fallen not once but thousands of times. Only by this terrible discipline was it possible for him to acquire his spiritual education. No august being with arbitrary authority directly menaces him with demands and commands, but by *sensing practically* trouble, sorrow, adversity, pain, and all the varied emotions capable of manifestation by the individual spirit he becomes strong in soul. Every incarnation makes him mightier than its predecessor. He becomes individualized, and therefore responsible for his own thoughts and deeds. No vicarious

savior can assist him: he would not sanction such a sacrifice were it possible for it to be made. Man's greatness is displayed in accordance with the unfoldment of his individuality. He is ever expressing from within the ideals of his advancement. This will perpetually obtain, and his surroundings will thus betray the state of development to which he has attained. He is a source of inspiration to himself independent of creed or book. Thought, instinct with the living pulsations of his Godlike nature, breathes forth realms of beauty and objects of greatness and grandeur. The atmosphere can be infused with life from his august soul, and the world around him become animated by his mighty power. The orthodox heaven with all its barbaric adornment could not withstand the demands of his individual being for a higher expression of possibility, and the fixed material hell would evaporate before the breath of his soul even as the dewdrops on the verdant sward become dispersed before the piercing rays of the morning sun.

"My work is mine
And, heresy or not, if my hand slacked
I should rob God, since he is fullest good—
Leaving a blank instead of violins.
I say, not God himself can make man's best
Without best men to help him. God be praised
Antonio Stradivari has an eye
That winces at false work and loves the true
With hand and arm that play upon the tool
As willingly as any singing bird sets him to sing his morning
roundelay
Because he likes to sing and likes the song."

"There is but one thing that stands between a man and his freedom, and that is the personal will. People desire earnestly to be saved, they long for power, physical, mental and spiritual health, but they want to be saved *in* their sins, not *from* them."

MISDIRECTED ENERGY.

BY CLARENCE L. HOBART.

It is a mistake to try and shape destiny and thought and natural adaptability by ignorantly forcing material ends which we do not understand. We may be (and generally are) working in the wrong direction and retarding instead of furthering our best interests. A carpenter never builds until he has first drawn his plans and has the means to build with. A wise man does nothing until it is time for him to act. He maps out his course, gathers his forces and then goes ahead. We cannot work without force. We have foolishly conceived the idea that we must work and strive and somehow something will happen, but we do not know what it will be and half-heartedly expect little and get no more than we expect. I have no patience with the theory of work, work, of doing what our hands first find to do, of hitting in the dark—not knowing what we are doing. We must first build our castles—actually, by thought, build until the idea is as real to us as the material prototype would be, before we should begin shaping the material side of it. Napoleon nursed his ideas in solitude with an intensity born of hatred and wounded pride, and goaded on by the suffering pride of his energetic mother, whose force he inherited. He dwelt upon this and alone with his "stars" demanded repeatedly, intensely, incessantly, the power to enable him to right his wrongs. He gained his victories before he had command of a soldier. His military successes were but the tracing of the lines he had theretofore traveled. His victories on the field were but the echoes of battles won before. We win our victories alone in our private chambers. The great attractive forces of life must assemble our powers into order before we can use them. You cannot make the plant grow by pulling at it. If you have thought out your plan and have the force of thought which will put into your life the rejuvenating energy necessary to give it shape in your consciousness

then it will be very plain what you are to do and energy will not be wasted and dissipated by working at something unessential and perhaps antagonizing to your development. The accomplishing of our purpose in life is but the effect—the tracing of thoughts and purposes already accomplished. We ought not to trace, to manifest a purpose until after it has been completed in our consciousness. By working and applying ourselves to what lies nearest we produce nothing but a jumble. It dissipates our energies. It distracts our thought from the central and controlling idea—from our talent and from our adaptability, and we are failures. The world hears of us when we manifest our silent victories. Our successes are won long before the world hears of them. When we marshal our forces for success no one knows or approves but the innermost self. Patience and faith in one's ability will eventually connect this force and silent achievement with the greater plan of the outer world and then all may see what has already been worked out in the individual. There are so many people out of place, so many praying for one thing and working at another. People wonder at a suicide and cannot understand what can lead a mind to that state of despondent dementia. They do not know the crazing effects of uncongenial labor—or the destroying effect upon the nerves of the strenuous labor put forth in trying to force some end in opposition to our adaptability. We have no heart in the work. There is no satisfaction in its accomplishment. There is a loss of ambition, a morbidness, a listless resignation leading to despair. We should find ourselves first of all. In our proper sphere our work loses its drudgery and our success is but a growth. We like to take our environment as we find it and call it fate.

The hurry and impatience of the age is to a large degree responsible for this condition. A young man is expected to make his mark in the world before he is thirty, and he wastes the better part of his manhood before he finds he is on the wrong track. Force and energy can only be utilized by being confined in the proper channel. Undirected forces are destructive. Every man has a specialty and his proper work is to develop his talents and stand in the place where he can be of

the greatest service to mankind. He should not waste his energies at anything until he has found his proper place.

It is not always easy to distinguish between our true calling and a whim or fancy. A great deal of thought and study should be given to this material and fundamental question, for here lies fate—success or failure. Sometimes the natural inclinations are manifest at an early age. In others it is not so pronounced and requires study and careful development. Man should seek to unfold himself. All the failures of life are caused by running on the wrong track. We are discouraged at sight of the wrecks.

Opportunities have ruined a great many lives. We try to shape our lives to opportunities instead of allowing opportunity to use our talents. Men see what they think to be a good business chance and do not stop to consider the life and death competition of trade and that the survivor is the fittest of the fit. They, more times, throw themselves into something upon the borrowed aspirations of associates or parents. Man should seek more for proper development and less for opportunities.

Opportunities stand in the way of genius. Any man can do some one thing better than any one else. That opportunity is his alone. No one can take it from him. Then why this incessant seeking for opportunities? Where your genius is there is your opportunity also, and it is found nowhere else. It is easy to work for what we wish, and the labor is but a small part of the operation, for the wish had accomplished the greater part of it before the labor began.

“Life is to wake, not sleep;
Rise and not rest, but press
From earth’s level, where blindly creep
Things perfected more or less,
To heaven’s height, far and steep.”—*R. Browning*.

“The life of love is actually a sword, cutting into the very heart of things and showing up the mean ambitions, the hypocrisies of a self-seeking world.”

DOES WOMAN'S ENTRANCE INTO THE BUSINESS
WORLD OR ITS FIELDS OF ACTION DESTROY
HER CHARACTERISTIC QUALITIES?

BY N. F. W. HAZELDINE.

There are a great many questions being asked both in the press and in our different societies concerning this question, but most of the answerers fail to note that the future state of progress cannot be solved by any standard of the past or present. Woman's world in the future will be as foreign to that of to-day, as China is to the United States. How can we compare, say, the women of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, with the women of the twentieth century? And the same rule will apply to the future. The law of progress may be temporarily suspended but never stopped, and the future holds for women what women have demanded for ages; namely, freedom, politically, physically, intellectually, and spiritually.

The bane of her life has been trying to live up to a false standard of ethics. A criminal is none the less a criminal because fear prevents his committing a crime, and because we simply fear that woman's future hold upon the world will prove detrimental to man's well-being is no good or sufficient reason why it should be. If all the world had been taught to be afraid of no one, there would be no man or woman to be afraid of, and there has been nothing in the past history of woman-kind to justify the idea that if woman was placed in a different environment and age, she would be different in regard to her maternal or domestic qualities than she is now, except that being free from sexual restraints, she would be less emotional, less fearful, less dependent and less expectant, which according to modern theories would be more beneficial than detrimental to her well-being. Take from man the appetites for tobacco, stimulants and meats, and that man has entirely separated himself from the companionship of men that are dominated by such appetites, but because this is so, it does

not mean that the man who has freed himself from such habits is worse off morally, physically, or intellectually than the man who is under bondage to such appetites. The same thing will apply to women; the future woman will be a practical idealist; she will fully realize that to radically alter her characteristics she must first alter her mode of living and as woman becomes a freer agent, she will emancipate herself from society with its fallacies and conventionalities, and fully enter into the work of philosophical construction.

When this happens, woman will become a free and individual thinker, capable of entering into original avenues of research, and she has already entered into this path from which she will not turn back.

Familiarity is the breeder of contempt 'tis said. That may be so, if familiarity does not bring further knowledge with it. But in bringing up and educating boys and girls together, familiarizing them, so to speak, with their different characteristics, at the same time teaching them the fundamental principles of self-reproduction and all that pertains thereto, it will supply to our children knowledge instead of blind physical expectancy, the creator of fear, pain and pleasure, the three greatest enslavers of man or woman. Fear, pain and pleasure are the exciting magnetics to reproduction when that function is not understood, and most children are thus brought forth promiscuously and very few through the right knowledge of self-reproduction; but when man and woman have risen above the action of these magnetic influences and have entered into a spiritual mental atmosphere where physical desires have no existence, then man and woman become sexless, they stand as friends towards each other, free, pure and above all sexual attractions; or in other words when man and woman have outgrown sexual desires they cease to promote sexual excitement, and having no relationship with such attractions it ceases to be active in them. A man or woman who has right occupation, right exercise, right diet and who lives a rational life, outgrows physical desires much more quickly than those who are under the bondage of worldly pleasures and a carnivorous appetite, and soon realizes that the sense gratification is but a question of

growth from the true desire of self-reproduction to self-emancipation from sexual desires.

The coming womanhood will be a well-balanced womanhood; prudery will have no place in her fertile fields, quality will take the place of quantity, but every woman from an ethical standpoint will cultivate motherhood, realizing that it is selfishness personified to refuse to another, what another has given to her—namely, the opportunity to live, and that it is but the returning of good for good without regard to conventionalism or reward that will prompt her maternal nature to action. The home will be governed by the law of right living and children will be its crowning glory.

Woman's home will play a prominent part in woman's future development; woman's domestic servitude will have passed from memory. A woman's home will be her dwelling-place, not her prison; women of the future will see that work is glorious and idleness defilement; she will attend to her domestic duties herself, which duties will be few and not exacting; social functions will be a thing of the past; overeating and drinking will be out of fashion; dancing will be an amusement for the nursery and light frivolous mannerism will not be tolerated. Woman will be a serious creature. She will not pin her faith to her physical charms, which are forever changing and therefore perishable, but she will place her faith upon her divine womanhood which is changeless and imperishable.

The day for large houses will be past, as there is nothing to gain from living in a house of many rooms when she can occupy but one at a time; smaller houses but larger gardens will be in vogue and the dietetical laboratory will constitute the kitchen and the dining-room. The art of cooking will never be trusted to the hands of the ignorant; the chemist will excel there where ignorance has reigned for centuries. Meat-eating will have been dismissed as a remnant of barbarity, carion will never defile her mouth, or murder her hands. Woman's nature shrinks within her even to-day at the thought of life-taking; this is one of the signs that all may see.

Woman will be a worker; she will have outgrown her attitude of defensiveness, which has been thrust upon her by her new

environment in the world of action or business; man, she will look upon as her friend and not her tempter; her helpmate and equal, both will stand upon the same level of social and intellectual equality, with no apologies to make or to be accepted; to work naturally and not under artificial conditions will enlarge her views, give confidence and tone to her occupation and develop to the utmost her intuitive faculties.

The perfectly balanced woman is the one who has experienced motherhood and active business occupation, and the woman who has made a success as a mother and business woman is the one most fitted to fill the duties of motherhood, and not the emotional, inexperienced, overworked, dissipated, unmethematical social woman of to-day. The true mother of the future will be effulgent with these divine qualities. She will be fearless, of pure thought, steadfast of purpose, generous, self-controlled, self-sacrificing, given to good deeds, a performer of austerities and a lover of uprightness, innocent, truthful, free from anger, peaceful of mind, a seeker not of calumny, a slayer not of life, free from covetousness, of natural deportment, modest and free from frivolity, energetic, forgiving, full of fortitude, pure, free from hatred and pride.

Fear not, the women of the future aristocracy will wear the jewels of virtue in preference to the jewels which come from the hands of the gold- and silversmiths. The adornment of wisdom and virtue outshines the adornment of social distinctions as the sun outshines the moon and the stars. It is just as absurd to try to legislate sex production as it is to try and legislate against woman's right to political equality.

Woman is the crown of manhood, and her place is by the side of man without any distinctions or reservations. Her voice must be as powerful in the councils of the future as man's has been in the past. Woman is freer from sexual vices than man, but on the other hand, woman has not yet acquired the confidence in their own sex that man has in his, and there lies their weakness, but for the present only, for already women have started to push both these little selfishnesses from them, and to see dawning in the future the great day of unity in all its states of glorious differentiations. Woman behold "Thy Son;" he is

thy greatest glory. Man behold "Thy Mother;" she is thy greatest inheritance.

Woman will realize in all its fulness, that work alone does befit her, but never the fruits of work. She will not be actuated by the fruits of work, nor will she delight in idleness without thought, but will apply herself with a steady devotion to her occupation, leaving the results, success or failure, alone.

Woman's past and present state of living has truly fitted her for this great state of renunciation, while on the other hand man's past and present training has evolved the qualities of passion and attachment to results. "Man does not attain to freedom from work by abstinence from work, nor does he reach perfection merely by renunciation."

Work for the love of God and man is the highest end of action—this leads to freedom, but work for the sake of selfishness leads to self-destruction. It is the mother element in us all that pursues the path of peace, whose victories are bloodless and whose arms are charity and forgiveness. Woman, thy penances have opened up the way to thy future glories, thy self-sacrifices have given thee love for all and thy patience has given birth to self-control.

And as thy dark moon neareth the sun, thy past troubles will vanish like that waning orb, and thy glorious rebirth shall be heralded in the colors of that dawning day of freedom, and thou shalt enter into thy new life of governing through the force of non-resistance, and the reign of might and oppression will have come to its end.

"We would fain believe without question what is held so dear by another soul that life itself is light in the balance."—*Phillips Brooks.*

"Evil is null, is nought, is silence, implying sound,
On earth the broken arcs, in heaven the perfect round."

—*R. Browning.*

AN OBSTACLE TO PROGRESS.

BY LISTER GIBBONS.

When the student takes up the "New Thought" philosophy he is called upon to set aside old landmarks and to assert his possession over a realm that is boundless. But does he always do this? Rather, does he not assume, oftentimes, that having cast aside certain prejudices he is then acting from the universal standpoint?

One of the ties that hold the aspiring metaphysician to his former limitation is the religious belief that has kept pace with his growth from childhood. To such prominence does this attain in his mind that we find him ascribing all his lack of progress to this sole cause. Yet, were this even the case the conditions would indeed favor, for then he will have but one obstacle to his advancement in place of several. That there are many others, however, a little thought will convince him.

In glancing at these retarding influences it would seem that the political training is secondary only to the early religious belief. In this, as with the religious belief, the student shares in a large degree the opinions of those about him. If, however, he would display a consistency of conduct and would more rapidly lay claim to the universal inheritance that awaits him, he must question his position with the one as he has done with the other. In the one case we observe that he has released himself from the withholding influence of church bodies, and being thus freed is enabled to share the truth in all. In this respect he has outgrown his past prejudices and is conforming with that branch of the divine law, expressed in the command, to be all things to all men.

But not so with his political prejudices. In too many instances the student still has his party, and believes in his party on the basis of principle. There was a time, too, when he had equal confidence in his church. The question might well be asked, why has he outgrown one and not the other? How-

ever, the fact remains and that it militates against his progress there can be no doubt. Under these conditions can he, with consistency, declare that all is good, nothing short of this being the attitude of mind to which he aspires? This judicial spirit, which is but a compromise of the scriptural teaching, to be all things to all men, must be set aside if he aim for a universal consciousness, which predicates the truth in all parties, political or otherwise.

Naturally, the question arises, is the student under these new conditions to withdraw from participation in political contests? This is not demanded by any means. With his enlarged view he is enabled to take a greater interest than formerly, since he is concerned not alone in the success of one party, but in the welfare of both.

In the matter of voting, his conduct shall be determined from the same universal standpoint. His action in this respect finds a precedent in natural law. As he views the two great political parties, he sees that they constitute forces in nature, apparently in conflict, but in reality in harmony. This law of adjustment is ever actively at work. In politics, as throughout all nature, the equilibrium is always being sought. As a passing illustration, we observe that a political crisis is always followed by a political calm. Whether the student remain in part subject to this law of adjustment, or whether he work with the law, and therefore be free from it, will depend entirely as to whether he is prepared to acknowledge the equal truth in both parties. Under this freer exercise of privilege he will not inquire as to which of the two political bodies is possessed of the true principle of government, but rather, which side needs his support, in order to bring the two into adjustment.

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"How knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy brother's creed hath lent?"

—R. W. Emerson.

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"Distrust of oneself really means consciousness of wrong."

I AM SUCCESS.

BY MABEL GIFFORD.

I am success. Before I was born into the earth-life and ever since I was born all the powers of the visible and the invisible worlds combined their forces for the purpose of creating a beautiful life for me; a life especially adapted to my nature; the life that would give me the greatest consciousness of life; the deepest and highest realization of love, joy, peace, harmony beauty, satisfaction.

These messengers of God never fail, or make mistakes in their work. They are the laws of the universe, which always, in each and everything, "work together for good" to each and all; for the greatest good of each and all. All wise souls in the visible and the invisible coöperate with them, each for his own soul's unfoldment and the unfoldment of kindred souls and the uplift of all humanity and all creation.

"The heavens—the heavens are the Lord's, but the earth hath he given to the children of men."

I am success. I cannot fail. There are no mistakes. There is no lack of wisdom; no lack of power.

But while my life is complete and is ever unfolding into my consciousness and revealing itself to me in the wisest ways, yet my conduct determines what those ways shall be. I cannot change my real life—my heaven; I cannot change the wise ways by which I am led into the consciousness of it, but the earth is mine, and I can do with it as I will, and I may coöperate with the powers, or set up a world of my own and hinder and pervert the development of my life in the earth plane.

The powers never falter, but I may falter and waver and doubt and deny. I may make mistakes; the mistake of being indifferent to the higher life; the mistake of not seeking within for the revelation of truth; the mistake of not living the truest life I know, which is the only road to wisdom.

"A house divided against itself cannot stand."

I am success. I cannot be anything else. No matter how I make delays, no matter how I change the harmonies of life into inharmonies by my thoughts, feelings and acts, the soul development is going on despite all my interfering. But the way that might be all joy I make hard by my mistakes.

I desire success. The success that I desire is the attainment of happiness. The success of all successes that I desire is to reach the Blessed Life. I desire to reach it by the way of Happiness. Happiness is joy, peace, harmony, satisfaction. I may reach the goal by hard, painful and sorrowful ways; by the way of disappointments, defeats and losses. These are the ways of the blind. I seek the happy ways.

If I were blind I would choose from health, wealth, fame, power, that which I believed would bring me the greatest happiness. I would not spend half my time holding thoughts of health, and the other half in fearing disease, and in holding various beliefs of conditions of unhealth. No; I would concentrate my whole mind on health, glorious health. I would fear no unhealth. I would let nothing stand between me and my ideal of health; no love, no duty, no condition that I could possibly help. And I should make a success of it, for I am success. "The earth hath he given to the children of men," and whatsoever I will on earth that I may do.

But, not being blind I know that in setting up health as my goal of success and making all things subordinate to it, that such a course and such a success is no guarantee of happiness. In this work I may lose friends, or love, or wealth, or fame, or power. I may have to neglect loving service or useful work or my daily duties. I may sacrifice any or all the harmonies of life except health.

Likewise, if I were blind I might decide that wealth was the goal I most desired to reach. I would concentrate my mind, my whole mind on the attainment of wealth. It would do so much for me. I could do so much with it. I would see myself robed in costly garments, dwelling in a mansion, gathering the treasures of the world. I would see a stream of gold pouring into my hands, a never-ending stream. I would see it pouring

out again as I chose to distribute it. I would never falter. I would ever bear in mind that admonition, "Let not him that wavereth think to accomplish anything." I would be of a "steadfast mind." And I should win success.

But not being blind I know that in the accumulation of wealth I should bring into my life conditions that would eclipse all happiness in the possessing. No man can foresee the changes that the possession of wealth, or even of a comfortable income will bring into his life. No man knows what effect for the worse it will have on his character; how it will affect his heart or his mind; his health, his friends, his interests. No man will believe it until he experiences it. Every one believes the possession of money would bring him happiness, every one of the blind, I mean. He who sees the invisible forces of life working, knows; and he knows why.

How many, many souls have toiled under the conviction that fame or power would give them the greatest happiness and satisfaction. How they have strained and struggled and suffered, from the smallest ambition to the greatest only to come into the inheritance of unhappiness, inharmony, unsatisfied longing!

Likewise, he that seeketh "friends, or wife, or children, or houses, or land," or any of the lesser things that mankind desires, making everything else subordinate in order to secure them also reaps bitterness, and cries at last "All is vanity."

I may secure success in one direction, or two, or three, and yet be so wretched in other directions that I wish I had never arrived. Unhappiness still reigns in my heart; restlessness, discontent, longing and loneliness. Life is empty and shabby and dim.

Even though I have attained my desire honorably and violated no human law, yet one thing I lack: I must sell all that I have, be it much or little, and give to the poor.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God."

"Forsake all that thou hast, and come and follow Me. He that forsaketh not cannot be my disciple."

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness (rightness) and all these things shall be added unto you."

I must forsake all my desires, must sell them or resign them in exchange for truth, and then I must give this truth to the poor, starved feelings and thoughts in my own being, and to other souls wherever I may, that they too may find the light. And then I must follow the true light and not the dazzling delusive lights of the world that lead to naught. I must seek to know God and his ways of working, and his will with me, and walk in the light.

I look into my own life and I see that all this is true. I look into the lives of others and I see that all this is true. I no longer dare to plan my own life. I am not wise. I cannot see the pattern which the Infinite designed for me. I cannot plan in my ignorance better than the Infinite who is wisdom itself.

I have now learned that it is nothing that I see in the external lives of others that will satisfy my soul, nor any other, but that it is myself and my own life that I must find, that this only will still the longing and make me rich, that in my own true life is everything that I really desire, that nowhere else can I discover it, that it contains everything that I can really enjoy. I begin to look above external things and within my own soul to learn what is there and how to coöperate with it.

I begin to sense an inward harmony; a sweet, gentle, but insistent voice or presence; a soundless voice; a wordless song, that instructs me, suggests, leads, guides me. The more I commune with my own soul and the higher life, the clearer and stronger becomes the voice or presence. When I obey it there is harmony, when I doubt and reason and disregard it from a material standpoint there is discord, pain. I find by repeated experiences that this voice is wisdom, and my own material reasoning, ignorance.

And now I begin to see that all life is harmony; that everything has its own time and order and pattern and manner of unfoldment. The tree, the flower, the blade of grass, the star, the bird, the ocean, the brook, the drop of dew. I see that it is only untoward conditions that create the discords; that life is harmony and harmony, proportion and direction; that in-harmony is something turned from its natural course, changed from its natural condition, unbalanced by too much or too

little here or there. Too much heat shrivels; too much cold hardens; too much water submerges; too much air or too little disintegrates,—one by stagnation and the other by velocity. Life never falters, but keeps on the best it can under the conditions, ever in the endeavor to move rightly and create right conditions.

It is this seeing that builds the sure foundations, that makes us never to be afraid. Life, our own life, will come to us in spite of everything we may do, and we may make the conditions hard or easy.

It is this seeing that solves all the problems of life. If I see the "wicked flourishing as a green bay tree" and the righteous oppressed and in want I see that both are success; that each is finding his own, and that the untoward conditions of the wicked are a thousand times harder than those of the righteous; that both would make better conditions if they were wiser. They have both chosen the ways of suffering to find their own, and are making the way long and hard. I also see that each will find the light as fast as his soul develops enough to perceive it. The only way to develop individuality is to be born blind and develop consciousness of light, and choice of life.

And no man can be lifted out of his place except by desire and choice; but we may let our light shine so sweetly, so gloriously that others are strengthened and inspired. We may let the light shine through us so clearly that others can see in it, and we may let it shine so warmly that others are infused with it and filled with desire that will lift them into the higher life.

"It shall surely come to pass."

"Ask what thou wilt and it shall be done unto thee." I ask for harmony. The worth of life is loving and being loved. There is nothing else worth while. I see and feel that love is harmony. There is no harmony outside of love. As I see all life is harmony, I know all life is love. I seek harmony. The greatest harmony that I am able to receive will come into my life and fashion it; so much health, wealth, love, everything in just the proportion that will give me the greatest happiness now, in my present stage of growth, and each day

with increasing harmony as I develop greater capacity for realizing harmony.

I seek health. I live as wisely as I know and my circumstances will permit. If any circumstances are unfavorable to health I shall by my right endeavor and thought bring about better conditions. But my greatest desire being for harmony, if there is anything that would cause greater inharmony by the attainment of health, there will be unhealth, and I resist not the seeming failure, for I know it is the greater success. I seek first the kingdom of God—Harmony—and health being harmony I shall in time be health; when the conditions and the needs of unhealth are removed.

I seek wealth. I live in the thought and feeling of abundance. But over that seeking I seek harmony. I do the duty that lies nearest me, and love it, however distasteful it may be to my natural mind; I love it because it is my work now; because it needs me and I need it. However poor and small it may be it is exactly that which I need at the present moment for my greatest happiness and best advancement, and it will bring me returns, directly or indirectly—not because of the work, but because of doing my duty and looking to the Infinite for my sure supply. It may be wealth, it may be only a moderate income, it may not pay my debts. If I cannot pay my debts it is because I can realize greater happiness, harmony and growth in this condition than in any other. And this condition will not last any longer than I need it. No one else can be harmed by me when I have done my duty as well as I see it. As I look around me I note that people feel unjustly used by Providence when they work hard and cannot pay their debts. It is a comfortable and a pleasant thing to be able to "keep square" with the world, it is oftentimes very painful not to be able to, and perhaps one knows not what will become of him, but as I look around among human kind I see that of all the conditions that men call trials and misfortunes this of lack of means is the least.

I seek friends; kindred souls. They come and go; some near and dear. No matter how deeply the pain of parting sinks into the heart, how impossible it seems that there ever can be

any others as near and dear, I know that the pain will pass and peace follow, and that more than I lose will be returned to me. In reality there is no loss except personal presence; each enriches the life of the other. My part is to live in the now, to accept all that it brings me. Then every day will be happy. I can live just to-day without my friends; it is the thought of the future, every day, that breaks my heart. So it is with that other, who is more than a friend. He may never come, or he may come and go and neither of us know, or but one of us know; or having known, our souls grow apart instead of closer. Whatever it is, however it is, all is well. This is all success. We may and we may not sometime see the greater grief we escaped by this experience, or the greater joy that it made possible. It is not necessary to know the meaning of each experience, but it is necessary to know with certainty that all things work together for our greatest good and happiness.

I am success. Every result of my endeavors is a success. I do not heed the outer voices that say "It is all a delusion; there is only one way, and that is the world's way; you must hustle for all you get and get all you can," for I depend upon man for my reward only indirectly; the Infinite is my sure supply. I do some useful work that has a money value in the world, but the returns will be small or great according to my soul's needs. I shall never actually suffer except through fear, which paralyzes the materializing agencies which supply my needs.

Who would choose the lesser instead of the greater? No one who knew. It is they who do not know that bewail. Those who know "count it all joy," all success.

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Trust to one who has had experience. You will find something far greater in the woods than you will find in books. Stones and trees will teach you that which you will never learn from masters. Think you not you can suck honey from the rock, and oil from the flinty rock? Do not the mountains run with sweetness, the hills run with milk and honey, and the valleys stand thick with corn?—*St. Bernard.*

SANATIVE MORALITY.

BY KENNETH S. GUTHRIE.

In a former article in MIND the writer endeavored to point out the various objects for which the "New Thought" had striven: first, physical health; second, material prosperity; and third, morality. In this paper the writer would endeavor to lay stress on the sanative value of morality, on the health value of every moral thought—which means all thought—for what human thought may not be regarded from the standpoint of conscience, of right and wrong? Morality has been underrated by all schools: first, morality has been underrated by the theologian, who with the evangelist, Moody, declared that the moral man was more reprehensible than the adulterer, doing away with the necessity for salvation; or with S. Augustine (not to mention Calvin) who declared that the moral heathen would be damned, while the immoral Christian would be saved; second, morality has been underrated by the mentalists (a term to include all who declare healing to be in mental action or attitude) who rely on formulas, on assertions, on declarations, on statements, on affirmations, on recognition of mental truths, exclusively.

The logical result of this underrating of morality has been evident, at times in the lives of both—it were an ungrateful task to try to prove this assertion. No doubt all readers who reflect impartially will recall to mind instances of both forms of believers who have done as they pleased, and sheltered themselves behind both forms of doctrine.

The purpose of this paper is to bring out the all-importance of morality as the basis of health; the basis of all healing, by whatever name or system it be named and effected.

It is perfectly true that the inner self, the true self of every man is perfect, in the sense that its unhindered control over the body means its health. Without it, the body is only a machine which, however perfect, must, sooner or later, run down—

retrogressive changes must occur with destined fatality, and are at any and all times only kept in abeyance by the most unremitting watchfulness. This, however, is impossible: impossible because most men are too ignorant; impossible because most men are not able to watch; impossible because most men have too much to do; impossible because life's circumstances are too unexpected and complicated.

Common sense shows that if this were the full statement of affairs, life's aim would consist exclusively in preventing disease and decay; and indeed, even if men could be watchful enough, life would not be worth living. But our visions and understandings convince us that we live for some purpose—to accomplish something; and if so health preservation must be (as it normally is) automatic. The healthy man is not continuously absorbed in health preservation; he is at his best moments most unconscious of himself. Self-consciousness is the first step toward illness; pain is the signal of something wrong. Consequently if we are to remain healthy we must rely on that subconscious inner self which indisputably directs and controls the vital processes (the sympathetic system of nerves). We have said all this merely to bring out the fact that the inner self is the spring and guardian of health.

But why do wrong retrogressive processes go on in the body? Because this inner self is not permitted to exert its sanative influence. What keeps it from doing so? Why, the Christian Scientist immediately answers, Ignorance. A mere mental recognition of the true and ideal state of affairs will straighten out everything.

Now this answer is manifestly wrong: first, because many entirely ignorant people are aggressively healthy; second, mere mental recognition does not always induce health. It is quite in vain to mentally recognize the true state of affairs, and yet go on living, practically, just as before. Here we infringe on morality, which is a practical affair, which has to do with acts and deeds.

Quite true: many who merely affirm the mental state of affairs are healed, but the opposite is also true, that many who affirm it are not healed. They who are healed by the mental

recognition of the true state of affairs are already living out the true self in practice, and need only the mental recognition of it to complete the perfect expression of their ideals. But the others neither can nor will do so.

Of course, a change of habits of life, is not an easy matter. Unless a man be obstinate, he will as readily believe one thing as another; but when it comes to resigning practical interests—a lucrative position, or the glances of a beautiful woman, there is more involved, and many would rather make an excuse of any sort than follow the dictates of their conscience—in other words, give their best selves, their ideals, untrammeled expression.

Here is the kernel of the matter. To secure and preserve health a man *must* give free expression to his best self—whatever that be. The best self of many unreflecting persons is low enough—satisfied with earthly enjoyments; the more enlightened “best self” demands disinterested action—but both will have health. Blessed is the ignorant man who can conscientiously live a comfortable and porcine existence, but more blessed is he whose conscience forces him to live an angelic life, and to resign all that the world holds dear. Therefore, one is almost tempted, in pity, to say to the unreflecting, do not begin to think, do not reflect, do not study; you are happy where you are; why needlessly enter the realms of enlightenment whence a return is impossible—is sin, is dishonor? Nevertheless there is that in man which will not let him sleep; and to those who fortunately or unfortunately have begun to think, to study, to know, to realize, there is only one way to keep health—namely, to be their best selves. There is no other healing for them. Drugs, incantations, affirmations, trust in any personalities—all these are temporary only—opiates which wear off, leaving the soul so much weaker. There is no health or salvation for man but his best self.

Poets have sung of overmastering visions that have allured them to realms of light. This is not a figure of speech. It is the most sober, scientific statement of facts. We recognize a compulsion in duty which we cannot explain, nor deny without dishonor and eventual physical sickness. For an Isaiah, an

Emerson, physical health would have been an impossibility in the childish obedience of unquestioning formalism. He would have broken down and perished miserably, where countless well-meaning and conscientious devotees laugh and grow fat.

What is the practical conclusion of these considerations? That the first essential of permanent health is morality. What is morality? Doing your duty. What is duty? What your best self says. What does your best self say? What you give it a chance to think. Therefore if you want health you must change your daily actions to fit your ideals, you must live them. Therefore, for health two things are essential: to be outwardly what you are inwardly, and give yourself daily time of meditation to keep yourself within the call of your best ideals. God's approval of this course will be shown by the blessing of health irradiating the remaining years of your life.

Thus does health come to the Eddyite, the Dowieite, the Simpsonite, the Babite, as well as to the conscientious man of the world who lives up to his best knowledge, without asking the whys and wherefores.

Health therefore does not prove the correctness of any doctrine, or the divinity of Mrs. Eddy, Dr. Dowie or Mr. Simpson or the Persian Christ—it marks the fact that you are conforming your life to the best you know, and the uninstructed well-meaning credulous society woman will accept Mrs. Eddy's, Dr. Dowie's or Mr. Simpson's claims, and sincerely living up to them will get health, just as at Louvres health comes to the sincere devotee, or in Ceylon and Burmah health comes to the devout Buddhist who goes to worship the sacred rival Tooth of Buddha.

To sum up: health comes in conforming your actions to your best knowledge, and in giving yourself daily time to reflect (meditation) how far you are actually doing so. While therefore health is an obligation and necessity, the writer would encourage the health-seeker not to rest content with lower health, but to dare even temporary discomfort to attain by prayer, study, and meditation such higher standards which will force him to seek a higher health, at a higher cost, but which will force him to reach a higher peak, nearer the stars. And,

indeed, there is that in every man which will not let him sleep if he will only continually pray, night and day, for wisdom and knowledge—which *constitutes*, not *promises*, divinity.

In conclusion, we may put it thus: there is no permanent health possible for any man who has an unfulfilled ideal. Ideal means a course of action which, after mature meditation, he is convinced interferes with no one else, and expresses his best self. He may dodge his ideal, and for years he may think he has "shaken it off," but there in the shadow it waits for him, and never will he get to the city of health till he has paid his toll, and actually *done* his duty. Not that his action will save the world; probably no one will ever hear of it again; but for him there is no other salvation.

Believe me, there is no more dangerous thing in the world than an ideal. More fateful to the universe were Shelly and Mrs. Browning than the invention of gunpowder or nitro-glycerine, for they who have read their poems and recognized the truth in them, will never to all eternity consent to let themselves loose from hell till they have lived up to their truth, and the penalty is disease—actual physical suffering. To the sick the advice, therefore, is: look carefully into your life to see what ideal you may not have lived up to; carry it out, and daily meditate over it. The divine approval will be health.

"Idleness is only the refuge of weak minds, and the holiday of fools."

"Whoever is in a hurry shows that the thing he is about is too big for him."

"To be pleased, one must please. What pleases you in others will in general please them in you."

"A man's own good-breeding is his best security against other people's ill manners." —*Chesterfield*.

The best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh them with new.—*Cato*.

THE CAUSE OF POVERTY AND DISTRESS.

BY C. C. G.

Poverty is a disease. Modern philanthropists acknowledge this when they say that a case of need must be investigated, as a physician diagnoses a case of physical disorder. They admit that it is *like* a disease, but it is more than this; it *is* a disease. It has even been called "a disease of the body politic," but it is more than this; it is an individual disease, as much as malaria or diphtheria.

Mr. Warner, in his book on "American Charities," seems to consider it extremely foolish for any one to think there is any *one* cause of poverty. He says, "the causes of destitution must be indefinitely numerous and complicated; and the man who comes to us saying that he has found one single cause discredits himself as promptly as the physician who announces that he has found a single universal and all-sufficient explanation of bodily disease." The flaw in this illustration seems to be that there *is* a universal explanation of what we call bodily disease, for whatever different laws are broken to produce different natural disorders or diseases, it is natural Law that is broken. And whatever may be the outward or visible causes of the spiritual disease of poverty, it arises from the breaking of Spiritual Law.

In searching for the causes of distress some people lay great stress upon heredity, others on environment. Some attribute it entirely to intemperance and sensuality, others to the industrial situation, considering the whole trouble political, owing to a defective legislation, wrong government.

Mr. Warner says, "Ministers frequently inform us that all poverty comes primarily from vice and immorality . . . The temperance lecturer . . . assures us that 99 per cent. of all poverty comes from the abuse of intoxicants. The propagandist of the White Cross League tells us that it is undoubtedly the abuse of the sexual nature that leads to most of the social degradation and consequent poverty of our times."

There is no doubt that all these things are most important factors in the existence of disorder. But heredity and environment, intemperance and immorality, all the causes set down as being both the chief and the subsidiary causes of poverty are really *all only secondary* causes. There may be a complication of these, reaching far back into the past and pressing in upon him from every side, but they are none of them so powerful but that any grown individual can overcome them for himself and his children, if he will, by getting "into the current of the Divine forces," by putting himself into the right attitude toward the Giver of health, harmony and happiness. The one primary cause of suffering in every individual's case is that he does not do this. The one cause of the suffering of the race is that it is out of order, and does not try to get back into order.

There is much dissatisfaction with the modern methods of philanthropy, the general opinion seeming to be that in most places the city charities are only cold, hard business enterprises, conducted on the same heartless principles as those which in other business cause all the trouble there is in the world. And while the city charities have taken a long step forward in discovering that indiscriminate alms-giving is not charity, and that the way to help people is to help them to help themselves, it is true that they are making one very serious mistake— they are working mostly on the surface.

There is very little hope in merely "cleansing the outside of the cup and platter," in improving the social condition of the people by teaching them how to better their environment, for there can be no real and permanent improvement through such means. The root of the trouble must be reached by teaching them that it is the want of principle in business matters among all grades of society, the greed and dishonesty and disregard of others which spring from self-love that cause the discomfort in which they find themselves, and that the only way to improve the general conditions is for each one to learn to act from high principles, in his own work, and in all his dealings with his fellow-men.

Swedenborg says that true charity "is to act justly and faithfully in the office, business and work in which any one is, be-

cause all the things that a man does so, are of use to society, and use is good. The reason why this is charity," he says, "is because this may be defined that it is to do good to the neighbor, daily and continually, and not only to the neighbor individually, but also to the neighbor collectively." As charity means *love*, the lowest and the highest must be *honest* and *faithful* and desirous of his neighbor's good in all he does, if he would either have the benefit react upon him or advance the civilization of the race. A man may give abundantly of his means to the poor, but if there is one little fraud in his own business methods, if he is making goods that will not wear, or in any way defrauding his patrons or his employers, or overworking his employees he is causing more suffering than he is relieving. To teach the poor how to support themselves and how to live comfortably is good so far as it goes, but the effect upon the poor of this merely external teaching, this working only on the outside, seems to be simply to awaken a false ambition and a false intelligence, making them each desirous of improving his own outward surroundings and getting as much as he possibly can, by whatever means, from his richer neighbors, and thus simply engendering more selfishness and more fraud.

Until it is understood by all that poverty and distress spring from self-love, from "man's inhumanity to man," from the selfish desire to get "something for nothing," or for as little as possible, which is so prevalent, there will never be any great uplifting of humanity. Indeed, there is *no hope* in trying to improve only external conditions. Any real uplift must come from within and work outward.

A hydra-like question which keeps coming before the public is the relation of philanthropy to religion. It seems to me that we must distinguish between theology and religion. Theology is what we believe; religion is what we feel. Theology is doctrine; religion is life. Putting aside all thought of the Vedas, the Koran and both the Old and New Testaments, the love of God is common ground upon which Hindus, Mohammedans, Jews and Christians can meet and work together. While, in going among those who, from inheritance or association may be supposed to favor different denominations, it would be ex-

tremely unwise to use any church influence, or to teach anything doctrinal. If the charity workers do not try to help to the *life of good*, the *religion of love*, they might as well not go. It would be like going to one dying of thirst with a tumbler in which there was no water. The city charities can not, of course, be sectarian, but their purpose is—not merely physical and social improvement, but—the moral improvement of the people, and this can be accomplished only as their members everywhere stand for that true charity—that love of the neighbor as opposed to the love of self—which, if *universally practiced*, would utterly do away with all need for the beneficent acts of charity.

How can they teach religion without teaching doctrine? How, without reference to human creeds, can they point out the cause of distress and the way to restore order?

The Lord says, "I am the vine, ye are the branches." Now, they need not mention the Lord, or even speak of the Bible, but they may describe a vine and its branches, and show how either any partial severing of the branch from the vine, or any diseased condition of the branch forming an obstruction between them prevents the reception by the branch of the life of the vine and then try to show that as we live from God, the only Life, so we come into disorder and suffering whenever we are in any degree separated from the Source of Life.

Are we not all in the condition of half-severed, or diseased, branches? It is not the poor alone who are responsible for the disorder of the world, nor are they alone the sufferers. There are many "clothed in fine linen and faring sumptuously every day" whose agony of mind is such that they sometimes fancy cold and hunger would be an agreeable exchange. We are so roused to sympathy by the clamoring woe of the poor that we forget to have any for that which is decorously hidden away. Yet it is for the whole inwardly groaning, struggling mass of humanity that our hearts must go out in pity and our hands be extended in help.

How shall we reach the heart of the trouble? God, the Vine, sends out His life and love to all. How shall we discover what are the obstructions in the general reception and transmission

of this life, which cause the misery of the poor and rich alike? Perhaps we can find the primal one in the fact that even many of the enlightened do not seem to realize that as children of God they are *really spiritual*, and not material beings. Not realizing their intimate relation to Him they fancy they are "of the earth, earthly," and so live on a much lower plane than they need.

Perhaps we can find minor causes by examining the results of some past efforts to help which we have been watching. For instance, the first effect of trying to uplift young girls, whether in mission schools or elsewhere, seems to have been to teach them an undue love of dress. Of course, a love of beauty is a good thing to arouse, but while real velvet and satin and expensive artificial flowers may be beautiful, cheap imitations of them are not. What can be done that this longing for outward adornment shall not be the first influence in the lives we would elevate? How shall these girls be taught to care only for the *real* things of life—the things that count?

Must we not ask first if the rich live only for the things that count, or are their standards of life also false? Physically, intellectually and morally or socially their standards may be of the highest; but, as a rule, is their *spiritual* standard any higher, any truer, than that of the poor? In an address given at a meeting of charity workers there was one false note struck. The speaker said, a worker who lived in a settlement could occasionally shut himself in his den for a quiet smoke, but usually he must live on dress parade. Can there be much real, or lasting good done by a life that is ever a "dress parade?" Emerson says, "If you would lift me you must be on higher ground," and can any one lift another to higher ground than that upon which he habitually, from spiritual principle, stands firmly himself? Can those who are slaves themselves bring others out of slavery? Can a young man teach a boy not to yield to the unmanly habit of smoking tobacco if he ever smokes himself? Can a young woman teach a girl to be truly, nobly a woman, if there is any foolish, frivolous love of dress in her own heart? There is one set of religious people who believe in beautiful dress as expressing harmony and thus honoring God, but I fear it is not this

feeling which prompts many women to array themselves in a way that calls out in poor ignorant girls a desire to possess things they cannot honestly have, even in imitations, and thus leads to much evil.

Is it not the same in everything regarding the outward lives of many who should be patterns for the poor? Whatever their inward aspirations may be, do not many of the more enlightened yield in outward things to a foolish and worldly standard of life? Do not many wink at dishonest or unloving business methods? Are not all more or less slaves to absurd fashions and tyrannical customs, without regard to the real value of such things, or the effect of them upon their own spiritual life, or that of their less fortunate neighbors?

It has been frequently said in the last few years that the prevailing cry of the churches is, "Back to Christ!" The cry of the city charities should be, Back to simplicity and sense, back to that "plain living and high thinking," that inculcating of noble principles which shall lead to a truly spiritual life, to the union of the branches with the Vine, the union of the race with Him in whom we should acknowledge that we "live and move and have our being."

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Some men can never relish the full moon out of respect for that venerable institution, the old one.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

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Those who would give up essential liberty for the sake of a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety.—*Franklin.*

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If a sparrow cannot fall without God's knowledge, how can an empire rise without his aid?—*Franklin.*

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Friendship may and often does grow into love, but love never subsides into friendship.—*Byron.*

IMMORTALITY.

BY JAMES W. FREEMAN.

There is no subject so near the human heart as immortality. The greatest question in the world, the most profoundly significant question affecting human life is: "If a man die shall he live again?" All else sinks into nothingness compared with this mightiest of all problems. For as a wise thinker has remarked—"If immortality is not true, it matters little whether anything else is true."

Many philosophers of the world have spent their lives studying nature, the human mind and every conceivable evidence that can throw any light on the question whether life is projected beyond the grave. No other subject has been of such universal interest and no other subject has received such profound and long-continued inquiry.

What is the result?

The great majority of the human race have faith in a future existence. This faith is generally based upon teachings which receive their impulse from alleged inspired revelations.

A few men and women have followed the work of the Psychic Research Society and have arrived at the conclusion from investigations of psychic phenomena by the representatives of the society, that there is an immortal principle in man which can exist independently of the body.

Others, depending upon spiritualistic phenomena, have accepted those proofs as conclusive.

Still others, reasoning from the nature, powers and aspirations of man, have arrived at the same conclusion.

These different roads all lead to the same end. They all lead to the conviction that there is in man an element that cannot die, an element that has existed for countless thousands of years and continues forever—the individualized expression of a divinity that moulds and controls the universe and even exists with infinite possibilities in every blade of grass, every flower

that decks the field, everything that lives and breathes and moves in all the wide domain of creation. Place a seed in the ground and from it springs a plant which in a single season may produce seeds in number sufficient to cover an entire field with vegetation. Whence comes this amazing abundance of life?

Turn loose a single pair of animals of a certain family and in the course of a few years the entire country is overrun with descendants of these animals, each of which possesses the attributes of the original pair and an instinct which protects it from enemies and leads it to its food. This tremendous flow of life passes along as the flow of a river, which increases in volume as it approaches the mighty ocean.

Life is constantly springing forth and cannot be repressed. An endless procession is coming into view, a procession whose individual numbers are beyond the possibilities of figures to express and whose origin is to many a mystery not to be revealed in this world.

Where does this procession go? Whither is it journeying? Are there other conditions where it shall reappear in newer and more gorgeous robes, or does it sink into oblivion, into nothingness, like the "baseless fabric of a dream"?

The teachings of "New Thought" are that all life is tending forever upward. This beautiful philosophy teaches that objects of our interest may pass from view of mortal eyes, but they move to higher realms, to new planes, where the light is too resplendent for the organs we are using on the earth plane. All experience demonstrates that scarcely any two persons live upon the same plane and the teaching of the new understanding is that these planes rise like an endless stairway to the stars, and beyond, into the amazing regions of infinity.

Here is a fact that can be proven: If we live the life directed by the conscience, each day we will feel that we are rising toward the stars. It becomes a personal experience as sure and certain as any act of life and as capable of actual realization. This is a personal demonstration and as the experience is realized hour after hour, day after day, week after week, the mind accepts the evidence, and immortality passes from the realm of doubt to the glorious realm of absolute conviction.

Living, moving, thinking and working here in the midst of our friends we attain, by easy and natural stages, without excitement or struggle, a positive knowledge of immortal existence and our whole life is transformed.

Thus to realize the sublime truth of unending progress is the supreme object of human experience.

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This bond of neighborhood is, after all, one of the most human—yea, of the most divine—of all bonds. Every man you meet is your brother, and must be, for good or for evil; you cannot live without him; you must help or you must injure each other.

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“Reason can tell us how love affects us, but cannot tell what love is.”

“Refinement which carries us away from our fellow-men is not God’s refinement.”

“The real man is one who always finds excuses for others but never for himself.

“The philosophy of one century is the common-sense of the next.”

“There are many people who think that Sunday is a sponge to wipe out all the sins of the week.”

“Some men are like pyramids, which are very broad where they touch the ground, but grow narrow as they reach the sky.”

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

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“I can do with my pencil what I know,
What I see, what at the bottom of my heart
I wish for, if I ever wish so deep.”

—*Browning.*

ALL THE LAW.

BY FLORENCE D. CONDICT.

You, who have become entangled by creeds and bewildered by doctrines, here is the solution of all things for you: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang *all the law* and the prophets." The time comes when the Bible seems too large for comprehension, when all the law and the prophets refute and deride each other and produce nothing but chaos in the mind. Put away your creeds and your doctrines and let these two commandments solve all of life.

The love of God shines upon men like the light of the sun. It is to God as the light is to the sun. To realize the sun man must go out into the sunshine. To realize God man must go out into the love-shine. The more thoroughly man yields himself to the sunshine the more beneficent it is and the more wonders it performs for him. And so with the love-shine—it will heal and renew a man in proportion as a man will relax himself to it.

Love-shine is the mightiest, most potent power in the world, for it is direct from God. All artificial light—gas light, electric light, candle light—is indirectly from the sun, but sunshine is from the sun direct. Ritual, ceremony, creed are indirectly from God; but love is God.

Love-shine is perpetual. It never changes in quality. It is always there and man may have it in as large a quantity as he can receive it. Go out into the love-shine and be thou perfect, as Christ was perfect. Christ received the love-shine into his being and became as God. He healed the sick, he cast out devils, he stilled the elements, he raised the dead. How? With the love-shine that shone into his soul. With God that flowed into him without resistance.

We resist the love-shine. We stay in dark cellars where

we remain sick, unhappy and unsuccessful. If we would but go out into the love-shine of God, all our ills would disappear. The dark cellars are selfishness, envy, malice, prejudice, condemnation. Let us come out of these and into the love-shine.

How can you come out into the love-shine? Thou shalt love the Lord thy God. Thou shalt love thy neighbor. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets—all the creeds and the doctrines. How can you love the Lord your God? How can you love your neighbor? Love the attributes of God which are love, life, truth, wisdom, and love these attributes in thy neighbor. Do you see that the two commandments resolve themselves into one? Love man, who is the image of God, and love God who created man in his own image.

Since God is love, man can realize God only as he goes into the love-shine, or, in other words, only as he loves. A mother loving her son begins to comprehend the Motherhood of God. A father loving his child begins to comprehend the Fatherhood of God. For our loving opens the doors of our soul and lets in the love-shine of God. He that hates his brother resists the love-shine.

The life-long battle that we must fight is the battle to keep ourselves out of the dark cellar and in the love-shine. Absence of love toward our neighbor is the devil that constantly besets us. When we hate we are in hell; when we love we are in heaven. And we are in heaven or in hell each moment of our life.

Love! That is all the law. Cleanse yourself of every resentment, of every judgment, of every condemnation, of every vengeance and teach yourself to see within every countenance the image of God. Teach yourself to hold toward every acquaintance that you pass in the street the thought, "you are good." Do not have one enemy. One atom of hatred toward one human being will bar you mightily from the love-shine. It will be like a cloud over the sun. It will leave a part of you cold and in the shade.

This is the work of a lifetime; to cleanse yourself of every mote of unkind thought. But is it not worth while when you gain more of heaven, which is perfect bliss, at every conquest?

I am trying it and it makes the whole world new. During a

day in New York City I guarded myself against a thought of judgment or envy or malice toward every man that I passed. My first inclination was to pronounce an inward "prig," "hypocrite," "villain," toward persons that I encountered, but I arrested this judgment and turned my thoughts to the truth that within every man is the divine spark and I pronounced an inward "good" upon every one. The immediate effect upon myself was marvelous. I was happy and smiling. I felt that God was everywhere and in everything and that nothing and no man could hurt me. Behind faces, that before I have turned from as purely carnal, I began to see capabilities. I began to see the divine spark that only needed to be lighted by the love-shine of God to flame into being and burn away the dross and recreate the whole man. In the most depraved countenances I saw good.

Try it. Here is a man who is sodden with drink, and your inclination is to condemn him. Pause, think, you do not know all. The French proverb says. "To know all is to pardon all." Why is he sodden with drink? What is the cause that has produced such a result? You do not know. There is some tragedy behind. He disgusts you. But close your eyes and remember that he is thus, because of some great human woe, such that makes the heart of God yearn, and then you will forgive. And as you forgive men their trespasses, then and only then will you realize God's yearning to forgive you yours. That is what the phrase in the Lord's prayer means. "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." God can forgive us only as we understand what is forgiveness through forgiving others, and can accept it. In your heart, pardon this man sodden with drink.

Here is a woman of the world whose face has hardened with vanity. Do you condemn her? Just in the proportion that you condemn her will you make her more callous. Why is she thus? Always go back of the result to the cause. And there, there is the piteous tragedy. Forgive her.

Here is an impudent street-car conductor. Do you deal with him according to his folly? Rather speak to the better man in him. He is tired. He has a sick wife. He has been imposed

upon all day. Let your tone of voice tell him that you understand. Nothing wins a man so quickly as finding himself understood.

The wonderful effect of your loving everybody is that every body will love you. And when you have reached that state that you have no enemies then are the doors of your soul wide open so that the love-shine can possess you fully. Pardon this man sodden with drink, this woman hardened with vanity, this impudent street-car conductor and the effect is wonderful. The love-shine so warms you that you are in a glow. You love all the world and everything goes right.

But the effect upon yourself is not the only effect. The great and noble effect is the result upon others. As you pardon a man and speak to the image of God in him (do it silently in your heart) just to that extent will he feel the beneficent influence and will the image of God awaken and arise in him. Like calls to like. God will look out of your eyes and speak to God in the man. The love in you will light the spark in the other and burn up his dross. Wherever you go you are silently preaching and summoning men's better selves. You are awakening the Infinite in every one that you pass. This is a missionary work that no one resents, that no society can contend, that no denomination can criticize. For no one refuses to be understood and given credit for his best impulses. And this is what you do, you go forth giving men credit for their highest intent and inspiring them with faith in the Infinite in them.

Which is most effectual, to hate the evil in a man or love the good? This may be answered by another question. Which is greater, love or hatred? Love. Love is the most powerful force in the universe. It is God. Whether you hate the evil or love the good in a man you are aiming toward the same design—the design of purifying the man. Why then not employ the more powerful force of the two, and the one that will perform the work the most quickly? Good and evil cannot both at the same moment rule a man's action. Either he will hate the one and cleave to the other or cleave to the one and hate the other. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Love the

good and the good will spring to such abundant life that the evil will be crowded out. There will be no room for the evil. You hate the evil and destroy it by loving the good. To attempt to encourage the good by condemning the evil is a back-handed negative way. Always love the good.

If you love everybody, of course everybody will love you. It is the natural law. If it does not work then there is something the matter with your love. Christ says, "love your enemies." He knew that if you loved your enemies you would have no enemies. Love destroys enmity. And when you have reached the state that you have no enemies, when you hold toward every one, love in the place of hatred, sympathy in the place of condemnation, compassion in the place of malice, charity in the place of vengeance, generosity in the place of envy, and faith in the place of suspicion, then is your soul open to the love-shine of God. "Every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God." Every one that loveth opens his own eyes to what love is. But you must love, not one man but all men. And you must love not a little, but enough to forgive even those who "revile you and persecute you." Then will you fulfil the law and the prophets and the yearnings of your own heart. If you love the Lord your God,—and your neighbor, perfect harmony will reign within you and all about you, for you will abide in the love of God which is heaven.

Those things which are not practicable are not desirable.—*Burke.*

"The people never give up their liberties except under some delusion."—*Burke.*

"Doctrine is nothing but the skin of truth set up and stuffed."—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

"I cannot live with a man whose palate has quicker sensations than his heart."—*Cato.*

NEW THOUGHT AND TEMPERANCE PROBLEMS.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

Though sometimes it may appear difficult to justify the term "New Thought" on all occasions when we are seeking to point out a righteous and successful means for overcoming flagrant errors in human conduct, yet when we address ourselves to temperance propaganda we encounter no such difficulty because of the distinctly radical opposition between methods long in vogue for extirpating inebriety and measures suggested by advocates of modern mental science. *Be temperate in all things* is a time-honored text and no better motto can be selected. But good and complete though this excellent piece of advice unquestionably is, its practical application to our immediate subject often needs elucidation. Temperance is one of the heroic virtues. It cannot be classed exactly with mercy, gentleness, or any of the mild graces which adorn the romantic and ideally sweet character. It is a plant which needs a hardy climate in which to thrive, and it expands more fully in its native element which is a frigid rather than a tropic region. Self-control is not generally easy of attainment but, like all great excellencies which are born from strenuous effort, it is well worth all the effort it costs to bring it to expression. On the very threshold of the vicious practise of inordinate self-indulgence in any particular, stands confessed weakness of will or mental irresoluteness, and until this phantom is dismissed nothing practical can be accomplished. It is absurd to merely remonstrate with a drunkard and tell him that he would be far better off without indulgence in alcoholic stimulants for he knows and feels all this, but when you attempt to urge him to exercise his will-power to resist the foe, he almost invariably undertakes to convince you that his will is so pitifully weak that it is like a broken reed upon which he can place no sure dependence. This assertion of weak will is very generally accepted, and not without some show of reason, by all pro-

hibitionists who declare, rationally enough, that it is far easier for a weak-willed person to resist two or three than twenty or thirty temptations, and as every public house or liquor saloon is a source of temptation, to reduce the number of such places is to effectively weaken the force of temptation, while to abolish them entirely would be to practically annihilate it. Such reasoning has often been employed by such truly philanthropic and cultured women as Mrs. Ormiston Chant, of London, and nearly all who follow familiar lines of temperance advocacy. Without attempting to deny the logic of so nearly self-evident a position, we desire to treat the subject from an entirely different standpoint, *viz.*, that of the inherent force in any individual which only needs to be called into requisition through the effective agency of right suggestion. All such deceitful measures as surreptitiously introducing a secret "remedy" into a common beverage with a view to break up a pernicious habit have no affinity with scientific suggestive processes, and though there is always a possibility that some drug or compound may induce nausea and prevent drunkenness temporarily, no such clandestine maneuver can ever arouse or strengthen the character of a weak-willed man or woman. Distracted wives and mothers who are acquainted with no better method deserve no condemnation when they resort to undesirable artifices to rid a home of the curse of inebriety and its attendant suffering, but the true educator of humanity must not be misled by short-sighted visions of temporarily ameliorated circumstances. Radical extermination, alone, must be the goal at which we aim. The problem of heredity or inherited predisposition has to be wrestled with in many cases, and congenital tendencies are often stubborn and take much patient effort to eradicate or to surmount, but in every human being there is a latent goodness, dormant strength, inherent intelligence, which can be awakened by the right sort of appeal. Suggestion is invariably the key-note to defeat or victory, and suggestion is properly divided into the following groups: (1) Ante-natal tendencies present in our subconsciousness, influencing our conduct by means of almost automatic predilections. (2) Direct suggestions made by

ourselves to ourselves based upon our present view of our constitution and its limitations. (3) Suggestions made to us indirectly through the agency of our environment. (4) Suggestions directly sent to us by particular individuals with definite ends in view. (5) Self-suggestions intended to produce definite results through conscious exercise of intelligence acting in company with volition. Other classifications may readily occur to teachers and students of psychology, but the five general headings just enumerated will suffice for all necessary outline illustrations of our present subject. With class (3) most temperance workers concern themselves industriously—many people think altogether too officiously—but with other groupings they usually deal far too little. Mental scientists rarely, if ever, advocate a policy of coercion. They are, consequently, not to be ranked with those hypnotists who employ a certain measure of coercive effort in accomplishing results. Hypnotism is an extremely wide word, and is a theme of endless controversy, therefore we had better not employ it when discussing a mode of treatment which does not rest upon any kind of sleep—natural or artificial—for its efficacy, and is very widely removed from any theory of human relations which attempt to justify one will dominating another. Though such an exclamation as "I would rather be a drunkard in freedom than a sober man in mental slavery" is not scientific and will not stand the test of close analysis, there is that in it which deserves eulogy rather than reproach, for though the phraseology is inconsistent, because no drunkard is a freeman in reality, the idea which one who utters it is seeking to convey is readily acceptable to all who value wisely the priceless prize of conscious individual liberty. The real meaning of such an exclamation is that it is better to err voluntarily with a consciousness that one can, if he please, give up a detrimental habit and live a life of intelligent sobriety, than to automatically perform exclusively respectable actions, at the bidding of another, while destitute of the sense of individual initiative. Every weakness indulged is primarily a concession to some belief in human sinfulness or powerlessness. "I could not help it" is at the root of every folly committed, no matter

when or where; it is therefore the paramount duty of every mental healer or adviser to aim immediately at the center of self-conscious dignity in himself or another when seeking to burst any bond of slavery in which he or another may be held. Among the most fruitful causes for intoxication to be found in the social customs of to-day is the habit of "treating," a practice indulged by many who inwardly disapprove of it because they deem it fashionable and consider it necessary to act as others act around them. The mental state thus expressed is obviously one of craven dread, for nothing but ignoble fear of being thought peculiar ever deters any one from upholding his convictions among people who either do not share them, or if sharing them are too lacking in moral courage to avow them. It is self-evident that a course of training in self-respect and self-reliance would soon put an end to such abject servility to a harmful fashion, and here again does the mental scientist score an unquestionable victory because of his claim that lack of those necessary qualities is the well-spring of all injurious outward practices. The organ of self-esteem is often too small where that of approbativeness is decidedly too large. It is the former which gives strength to character and makes individuals successful, while the latter is one of the chief impediments in the way of individual advance. The grand old story of Daniel and his companions is one of those heroic Bible tales which never grow old nor lose their applicability to existing circumstances regardless of changing time and place. The four valiant youths who proved themselves immeasurably superior to the bulk of their contemporaries lived on the most frugal fare in the midst of multitudes who carried gormandizing to a detestable extreme. Lives of great men very near the present day have equally illustrated the proposition that a certain measure of aloofness or apartness from the prevailing customs of a community is essential to true greatness. Peculiarity or eccentricity for its own sake can never be desirable, because a peculiar or eccentric person is not necessarily wise or temperate, but when a conviction is entertained it must be demonstrated, and in its demonstration consists a very powerful form of advocacy. When temperance workers display greater vitality

and endurance than others, and when this is coupled with unusual clear-headedness and freedom from nervous irritability, the case is demonstrably won for temperance because every one admires those qualities and inwardly wishes to possess and to exhibit them. But unless it can be shown that some of these modern Daniels have had temptations to conquer and have conquered them, their testimony may prove inadequate to meet all cases because of the common cry "Oh! but they have not our weaknesses to wrestle with." There is evidently a truth buried in the words of an old-time hymn which tells us that "vilest sinners are forgiven to raise the loudest songs in heaven." A rational interpretation of such a saying is that whoever has palpably conquered a deep-seated weakness can do more to help many faltering brethren than he who has had no such ordeal to encounter previous to reaching the heights on which he now appears. Though it seems almost cruel to say it, it is, nevertheless, a fact, that many strict total abstainers are in a very real sense victims of "King Alcohol." We know many excellently disposed women, some of them members of the W. C. T. U. and other prominent temperance organizations, who would not touch plum pudding, mince pie or any other confection, if they knew that even the smallest quantity of brandy or other liquor had been employed in its manufacture, who are, nevertheless, so deeply victimized by the woe they experience in consequence of the unsocial habits of members of their families that they are robbed of health, sleep and peace of mind to an alarming extent by the liquor from which they so rigorously abstain, but of which their relatives partake most freely. Now the fundamental step for these women to take is to overcome within themselves all fear of liquor. Let them resolve to master every tendency within themselves to dread the enemy, remembering that whoever fears a foe is likely at any moment to be forced to a humiliating surrender. We do not think such women as we are mentioning are likely to become drunkards, but we do see that they are wrecking their lives and doing their share to make homes wretched by the attitude they take toward the weaknesses of others. An uncompromising position must be taken and one whose fairness none can dispute. Every

rational thinker admits that it may be difficult for an inebriate to master a besetting passion, but we expect him to righteously set to work and do that difficult thing. Now is it not simple justice that we should show ourselves prepared to do something as difficult for us as conquering the liquor habit is for him? When both sides of a question are fairly presented it usually ensues that those who most loudly complain of want of self-control in others are themselves equally lacking in this most important ingredient of character. Many a drunkard, as well as many a person who takes opium, is a victim of a weakness which has an inherited base and which requires much self-discipline to conquer. The mental healer who would be a tower of strength to so weak a brother must be a highly developed individual, by no means easily disturbed by any distressing symptoms. Let the inebriated man come home at 2 or 3 A.M., let him behave unpleasantly and even riotously, but keep so calm yourself that in the midst of surrounding perturbation you are undisturbed. Refuse to lose sleep or to have your peace of mind shaken by the misconduct of another and you have traveled a considerable distance along the road which leads to full qualification as an efficient demonstrator of suggestive healing. When you have gained this victory over your own emotions it is no longer difficult for you to suggest quietly and forcefully to your unbalanced friend that he is capable of restraining all his appetites and breaking the chains which may have long bound him to a vicious habit. Confident that victories can be won by intelligence over depraved emotions and having your own feelings under direction of your will, the suggestions you make, whether audible or silent, carry that conviction which is always a concomitant of power. To attempt the treatment of the liquor habit as though it stood apart from other weaknesses which are frequently indulged by persons lacking in self-control, is a serious mistake and one which often prevents success in well-meant endeavors to improve the morals of society. Weakness of will, irresoluteness of purpose, invariably is to be found at the root of every objectionable practice. It is, therefore, by no means necessary to treat any special aspect of indiscretion or intemperance as a subject by itself.

Temperance advocates are often statisticians who recount the triumphs of "King Alcohol" over which they bitterly lament. Such a course is extremely foolish because it magnifies the evil it seeks to dethrone and by suggesting the awful prevalence of a destructive vice succeeds only in convincing many people of the enormity of an existing evil without suggesting any efficient remedy. Some years ago in Chicago, when Mrs. Emma Hopkins was a regular contributor to the *Inter-Ocean*, she wrote a splendid lesson on temperance which helped many people immensely. Her method of treating the subject was entirely unconventional and created considerable surprise because the ground she took was that of ignoring the evil and even denying the power of the temptation. To deny the power of a tempter is by no means equivalent to denying that tempter's actual existence; it therefore follows that we can deny *in toto* the ability of an error to overcome us though we frankly admit the existence of that error in our vicinity. It does us great good to contemplate the large number of sober persons of both sexes who pass a great many open saloons while going to and from their homes, schools, stores, offices and workshops, day by day. Let us think with delight how many there are among our fellow citizens who rise superior, hour by hour, to numerous seductions, thereby proving the power inherent in human nature to express its innate nobility even in very depraving circumstances. Nothing is quite so morally upbuilding as to take note of the sterling excellence of multitudes of working people who resist all kinds of temptations which confront them in the course of their ordinary life. Did we dwell more upon victories and less upon defeats, we should soon have many new victories of our own to chronicle. In the course of a very fine sermon preached some years ago by the Rev. M. J. Savage (then of Boston) that optimistic preacher told the story of a business friend of his who employed 200 assistants in his various establishments, and out of that number in the course of a year only one had proved dishonorable while 199 had conducted themselves creditably. The one who goes astray, even though he be the only black sheep in the fold of 200, is usually the one who is greatly talked about, and with what effect? Multitudes of easily in-

fluenced young people hear and read of everything undesirable—and the extent of vice is exaggerated in public print out of all due proportion—till they begin to grow lax and disheartened and persuade themselves that nearly everybody indulges in some vicious practise and they cannot expect to be stronger or holier than their neighbors. The experiment is never tried of giving vice an opportunity to die out through lack of recognition, therefore, we have no opportunity for testing on a large scale the wisdom of following the sage advice of a far-seeing apostle whose words are constantly being read but very rarely applied to practice. "Whatsoever things are excellent and of good repute, think on these things" was a very favorite precept with the eminent British statesman, Wm. Ewart Gladstone, and many young men in England gladly testify to the blessed effect produced in their lives from following the advice of that stalwart champion of moral fortitude. Did we put into practice in our homes, and in society outside, the noble lessons we often verbally advocate when expounding Scripture or teaching Mental Science, we should soon witness a great change for the better in public as well as in private conduct. It is often fully as hard to close our eyes against an evil manifested by another as it is for that other to conquer his vicious tendency and part company with a chronic intimate habit. Business men in their intercourse with each other can render service of inestimable value to their weaker brethren by overlooking and underlooking the weaknesses of their companions. To overlook, in the common acceptance of the word, is not difficult among the charitably disposed, but to underlook is a still more important practice. The kind-hearted, merciful overlooker of a neighbor's offenses is often a sweet but not generally a strong character; the underlooker is one who penetrates below all surfaces and finds a noble manhood beneath the disfigured garb of even an inveterate drunkard's personality. Modern psychologists are doing glorious service for the cause of human elevation by calling the attention to a "subjective" nobility in all of us despite every "objective" evidence of depravity. Whether we use Hudson's term "subjective mind" or whether we speak of a "sub-self" or of

"subliminal consciousness" is a matter of very small moment, provided we understand by whatever phrase we employ, something genuinely good which can be successfully appealed to behind every mask of error. When a philosopher such as Emerson says that our vices are "habitual" he evidently means what is properly intended by the phrase "habits are second nature" which signifies that they are no part of our real being but only attachments, excentive or otherwise. The greatest of all works to be performed in conquering a weakness is to fully acknowledge that it is foreign to the real being of the individual indulging it. Self-treatment and treatment of others are truly identical, because we cannot entertain strongly any views concerning human nature which we do not in some manner or degree communicate to others, nor can we send forth helpful suggestions to our neighbors without deriving benefit from the ideas we must entertain before we can project them. A careful study of physical measures to destroy the drink-habit or any other vice will always prove eventually that if the individual will of a patient has been strengthened during any kind of treatment permanently beneficial results may have been attained, but where there has only been a physical disgust occasioned by administering a drug, the seemingly good effects are evanescent. This experience admits of a simple psycho-physical explanation. We all know enough of physiology to understand that our external bodies are composed of molecules which are constantly shifting; consequently, there can be no real permanence in the constitution of any physical organism. A little study of psychology soon convinces us that there is a *norm* or psychic structure behind the physical and that from some psychic cause physical effects invariably proceed. To merely induce a physical change which renders alcohol temporarily obnoxious to an inebriate is to cause him to continue sober through physical distaste for liquor during a limited period while certain affected atoms remain in his physique, but character is not thereby strengthened and with inevitable physiological changes and the consequent disappearance of the doctored or medicated molecules from his organism, the man may return to his cups and feel again powerless as ever to resist temptation because

nausea no longer attends upon dissipation. If any physical potion is administered it should be cleansing to the blood and strengthening in its general effect upon the entire frame, taking rank as a food or beverage rather than as a medicine, and in this connection it is but reasonable to remark that underfed and overworked people often become victims of intemperance. The use of a simple chromopathic antidote such as pure water exposed for several hours to sunshine in a red chromo-lens, such as Dr. E. D. Babbitt recommends and furnishes, is thoroughly legitimate from all standpoints, for surely no sane person need object to pure water solarized. Suggestion can work very readily in concert with so simple and beautiful a physical administration which is entirely frank and cleanly and introduces nothing which a healthy person may not delight in handling. Plenty of sunlight, fresh air, simple nutritious food, palatable and attractive, together with cheerful home and business surroundings and a fair amount of amusement should be supplied in all directions. Every sanitary measure which deserves the name is an ally of temperance while all unsanitary conditions encourage drunkenness and all other vices. The "simple" life now so much in vogue, theoretically if not practically, is a great aid to temperance because it conduces to a well-balanced state of mind and body. All superfluities are intemperate and one form of intemperance is usually a near relative of other varieties. The over-strenuousness of the present age with its ridiculous hurry and consequent exhaustion of vitality, consumed for no good purpose, is responsible for a large percentage of unwholesome practices, including the morphine habit, which often result from broken nerves and jaded senses. Constant desire to be doing something is a symptom of disease. Nature sets us excellent examples of intervals of complete repose which is not idleness but rest. Fault-finding and condemnation can only make bad matters worse by further irritating already overirritated nerve-centers. An intelligent rest cure in some delightful country spot where mental treatment is intelligently administered will do more for the cause of genuine and permanent temperance than all other agencies combined, with the single exception of the

much-needed establishment of recreation palaces for the people at large in all centers of population where thousands of young people are drifting into pernicious haunts because of a simple tendency to follow any line which, for the time being, is the line of least resistance. To the religious world we specially commend increasing the efficiency of all ecclesiastical machinery by devoting church property to wider uses than those to which it is now put. Many religious societies like St. George's in New York, which is a notable example, are doing excellent educational work, free from all fanaticism, and it is worthy of notice that extremists in any direction are not usually those whose work tells most largely for the general good. Persuasion will accomplish what attempted coercion and fierce denunciation will never bring about. However strongly we may favor total abstinence we are entirely in the wrong if we harshly condemn every man or woman who takes a little beer or wine with meals in place of tea or coffee. From the standpoint of character-building we see nothing to commend in an attitude which counsels extreme fear of anything, because we all know that fear is an evidence of weakness and if we allow ourselves to be afraid of anything we are endowing it with fictitious power. The truly temperate human being is self-controlled and self-reliant beyond the average and is, therefore, among the least fearful of all the elements which go to make the sum of our social whole.. *Be temperate in all things* is a golden maxim, the wisdom of which we all need to lay to heart and head, to the end that we may live soberly and righteously in this present world.

We can not always govern our circumstances but we can yield to them in such a way as to be greater than if we could.

"What matter, I or they,
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said
And life be sweeter made."

THE MIRACULOUS ELEMENT IN THE BIBLE.

BY HENRY WOOD.

The miraculous and supernatural, as descriptive of events, and as terms of classification, are each used with distinct and differing definition. Further misapprehension is often added by their interchangeable employment. Much disagreement naturally results which would be preventable if men took more care to understand each other accurately. What is a miracle? From the simplest definition of the word, only a wonder, that which is strange or unusual to the observer. But as specifically used, it formerly conveyed the idea of some occurrence which is a result of direct divine interposition, and which is above or beyond the domain of orderly law. Although such a significance is rapidly diminishing, it still lingers as a sentiment in many minds.

What is the supernatural? In reality only the higher zone of the natural; that which belongs to a more subtle and refined realm, but yet which is as normal as that which is subordinate. It properly includes that part of the great Whole which is spiritual and unseen. In rank and relation it is above materiality. The supernatural—above the natural—depends upon what is meant by the natural. It is unfortunate for the cause of truth, and clear thinking, that the term, natural, has become limited to the realm of matter. We hear of the natural world in contrast with the spiritual world, and of the natural man as opposed to the spiritual man. But neither the spiritual world nor the spiritual man is unnatural. If the term natural were used only to signify normality, confusion would be avoided. But prevailing dualistic thought has not only divided the great unity into two sections, but it has set them in opposition. The material and the spiritual are not rivals but varying manifestations. Being divinely joined they should not be rent asunder.

Religion has been defined as "a plan of salvation," a system of repair, supernatural in its character and attested by miracles.

These have been taken as the proofs of its divinity and genuineness. As performed by Jesus and his followers, they were regarded as certificates from above, or seals that their teachings were more than human. Who would believe without the witness of something miraculous? "Show us a sign from heaven," has always been the human demand. Through the ages it has been assumed that Christianity and miracles were interdependent and stood or fell together. Said Lowell, in writing of the unreasonable requisition for signs:

"O Power, more near my life than life itself ;
I fear not Thy withdrawal ; more I fear,
Seeing, to know Thee not, hoodwinked with dreams
Of signs and wonders, while, unnoticed, Thou
Walking Thy garden still, commun'st with men,
Missed in the commonplace of miracle."

The universality of law is the climax of all modern discovery. Here and there, farther back, some rare prophetic soul has had a vision of an orderly nature of things, and such a one was Richard Hooker who lived in the latter part of the sixteenth century. In beautiful form, no less profoundly scientific than poetic, he wrote:

"Of Law, there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world ; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power."

The great principle that there is an orderly administration of the universe—reliable and unvarying in every detail—has been the general foundation for all the wonders of modern progress. Every one of the numberless concrete inventions and each application of nature's forces, and, no less, new recognitions of moral and spiritual truth which have enlightened and uplifted mankind, have their roots in the knowledge of the unfailing regularity of the divine order.

If any wonderful work has ever been performed contrary to orderly law, then God must be capricious and the moral order disorderly. But many marvelous transactions have taken place in accord with laws with which we have been, and still

are, unacquainted. Such an administration is reasonable, and confirmed in every direction; and it is entirely unlike the dogma, so long and universally held, that miracles are special and unique and given as signs. Great changes in opinion have taken place, but the newer and larger views, as yet, are held by many but tentatively. But every manifestation in the whole material and spiritual cosmos as at present interpreted by the scientific method, is subject to immutable law which is immanent. The Divine Mind and Life—the one ultimate Force—expresses itself through resident causation and sequence, and is an endless chain with no link missing. What a burden upon faith, and its hospitable reception, is the belief of a spasmodic interference at human request, by God with his own beautiful and eternally established methods! The apologists of the past have marred the religion which they earnestly endeavored to explain and defend.

But on the other hand, we should not dogmatically deny the occurrence of many unusual things that are said to have happened, because we are yet unaware of the laws through which they were possible. We have as yet explored and mapped out but a mere fraction of the universal order, and must beware of fixing its limits in any direction. Deeper research will yet disclose an unbounded realm of natural law stretching out over the physical, the psychical and spiritual universe as well. The next great step will be toward a more general recognition of the latter as well as the former. How many have yet fathomed the tremendous possibilities of mind and soul working in coöperative harmony with the Divine Mind? How many have yet touched the mere fringe of the phenomena of spiritual healing, suggestion, faith, telepathy, visions, trances, and obsessions? There is truth in every realm which has some fitting and beneficent use. In proportion as man becomes acquainted with divine method and his own hidden forces, he will wield numerous powers which are yet unrecognized and idle. The violation of those laws which are unknown, as well as those which are known, is subject to penalty.

Who can pronounce judgment upon the miraculous occur-

rences which are on record in the Bible? It would seem that there are two classes of minds which are incompetent in that direction. First, those who literalize, and believe in special divine intervention. The other class, which is as illy equipped to deal with the miraculous, includes those who at once deny the validity or historical accuracy of any unusual event or condition, because it transcends their own scanty knowledge of law, and is contrary to their own limited experience. Here are two opposing and extreme forms of dogmatism, and it is not easy to decide which is more unprofitable. The first shows an ignorant and credulous faith which is not according to knowledge, and the second a blind unbelief and materialism which perhaps is more barren and depressing than the surplus of superstition.

Any study of the supernatural elements of the Bible from the cold and matter-of-fact standpoint of to-day, must be inaccurate and superficial. The ancient Hebrews were indeed "a peculiar people." They were not only superior, as related to the surrounding nations, in their devotion to monotheism, the worship of Jehovah, and through their gifted seers and leaders, to an unusual ethical and spiritual perception, but also in their remarkable development in mysticism, occultism, and psychology, theoretical and practical. The strange phenomena of mind and spirit, which have little attention and which interest but a few at the present time, formed a great leading pursuit and interest of life. In this they were not unlike the surrounding peoples, except that their visions, wonders, and other psychical experiences were purer and more distinctively spiritual than the prevailing occultism of the time. Such things were then universal. Intercourse with the subjective, and the unseen objective, was sought and cultivated. Visions, magic, demonism, clairvoyance, witchcraft, and marvels were common and of all grades in moral quality. Forces, which to the modern Occidental consciousness seem weird, and, with many, absolutely unreal, to them were so general as to be almost axiomatic. The "wise men" of the ancient time were not educated in the modern sense, but were magicians in various orders of higher or lower degree. Signs and wonders mainly

made up the ancient curriculum. Few conventional readers of the Bible appreciate how fully it is crowded with mysticism and occultism, and that fact makes it seem to the average reader a far-away book. In the human consciousness of to-day it has been detached from real life. Spiritual forces have come to seem nominal and even unreal, instead of substantial, and closely correlated to those of the material realm.

Both in the Old and New Testaments, there is recorded a constant series of "miracles," greatly unlike in moral quality, and in reasonableness as compared with the usual order of nature. Some of them seem beneficent, some cruel, some literally probable, and some impossible. How has the skeptic, and he who would be a destroyer of the Bible, poured contempt upon the book because the literalist has felt it incumbent upon him to stand up for the historical accuracy of the miracles which seem immoral and impossible! How have the broader, and some of the "shining lights" of the Church evaded, and reasoned all around an issue which cannot longer be postponed! Every day of the deferment of some serious attempt at adjustment, brings additional discredit upon the Scriptures. A persistent dodging of vital issues cannot longer be regarded as friendly to the written record. Any effort which is here made at clarification, however far-fetched or even unwise it may seem, has for its object a vindication, a defense, and nothing less. As a concrete illustration of principles, let us take the record of one of the plagues of Egypt. Exodus vii, 8-25 reads as follows:

"And the Lord spake unto Moses and unto Aaron, saying, When Pharaoh shall speak unto you, saying, Shew a wonder for you: then thou shalt say unto Aaron, Take thy rod, and cast it down before Pharaoh, that it become a serpent. And Moses and Aaron went in unto Pharaoh, and they did so, as the Lord had commanded: and Aaron cast down his rod before Pharaoh and before his servants, and it became a serpent. Then Pharaoh also called for the wise men and the sorcerers: and they also, the magicians of Egypt, did in like manner with their enchantments. For they cast down every man his rod and they became serpents: but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods. And Pharaoh's heart was hardened, and he hearkened

not unto them; as the Lord had spoken.

"And the Lord said unto Moses, Pharaoh's heart is stubborn, he refuseth to let the people go. Get thee unto Pharaoh in the morning; lo, he goeth out unto the water; and thou shalt stand by the river's brink to meet him; and the rod which was turned to a serpent shalt thou take in thine hand. And thou shalt say unto him, The Lord, the God of the Hebrews, hath sent me unto thee, saying, Let my people go, that they may serve me in the wilderness: and behold, hitherto thou hast not hearkened. Thus saith the Lord, In this thou shalt know that I am the Lord: behold, I will smite with the rod that is in mine hand upon the waters which are in the river, and they shall be turned to blood. And the fish that is in the river shall die, and the river shall stink; and the Egyptians shall loathe to drink water from the river. And the Lord said unto Moses, Say unto Aaron, Take thy rod, and stretch out thine hand over the waters of Egypt, over their rivers, over their streams, and over their pools, and over all their ponds of water, that they may become blood; and there shall be blood throughout all the land of Egypt, both in vessels of wood and in vessels of stone. And Moses and Aaron did so, as the Lord commanded; and he lifted up the rod, and smote the waters that were in the river, in the sight of Pharaoh, and in the sight of his servants; and all the waters that were in the river were turned to blood. And the fish that was in the river died; and the river stank, and the Egyptians could not drink water from the river; and the blood was throughout all the land of Egypt. And the magicians of Egypt did in like manner with their enchantments: and Pharaoh's heart was hardened, and he hearkened not unto them; as the Lord had spoken. And Pharaoh turned and went into his house, neither did he lay even this to heart. And all the Egyptians digged round about the river for water to drink; for they could not drink of the water of the river. And seven days were fulfilled, after that the Lord had smitten the river."

There are doubtless many who still accept this as literal history, for the reason that it appears in the pages of the Bible. There are others, destructive critics, who will utterly deny it, and a few of them will glory in their denial. But some examina-

tion may show a wiser way than either. There are many liberal and broad-minded students of the Bible, writers and clergymen, whose lives have been given professionally to exegesis and interpretation, who avoid the leading question. It were far better for the Bible and its future influence for good in the world, if men were more courageous in the use of their reason. Is it possible to throw any light upon the transaction, the account of which has been quoted, by any study of the period at which it occurred, or by some comparison with known facts of the present time, or both?

The modern Occidental hypnotist is but a novice in occultism when compared with some of the adepts of India. But even the former is often able to make one, or several subjects together, see objects and experience sensations which have no objective reality. The wonderful demonstrations of necromancy and enchantment which occasionally are exhibited in the Orient show that there are extensive realms of the occult yet unexplored by the Western World. The fuller knowledge of these powers seems to be closely confined to certain secret orders, but there is abundant evidence of their exercise. Visitors and long-time residents of India, of the most undoubted veracity and penetration, have many times witnessed these wonderful illusions. An adept will, to all appearances, make a good-sized tree grow from the hard ground in a few minutes before an assembly. He will toss a rope in the air, and climb it out of sight. Objects of size will disappear and reappear before the eyes of keen observers, when the circumstances make sleight-of-hand impossible. The most rational explanation is, that by the wonderfully trained psychic power of the adept, the lookers-on are put under a temporary hypnotic spell. The transactions, or visions of them, are entirely in the mind, subjective rather than objective. We of the Western World have comparatively, but an infantile recognition or understanding of occult forces. The East is the home of skilled magic, and especially was so in the ancient time.

Is there not a possible adjustment and correspondence between ancient and modern phenomena? Back to the very dawn of history, the Acadian, Chaldean, and Assyrian

occultism, symbolism, visions, trances, demonism, and necromancy, were the leading accompaniments of life. There was little objective, material or mechanical thought, but mystery was everywhere. Even government was by oracles, psychic revelations, unseen messengers from above and below, seership and priestly interpretation. Life was shadowy, and language symbolic and mystical. Out of such an atmosphere in Ur of the Chaldees came Abraham, the great progenitor of the Israelite race. His visions, compared with those of the people by whom he was surrounded, were purer and on a higher plane of consciousness. To him, God was the great overshadowing reality and material things were subordinate. The Hebrew race which descended from him was bred amidst angelic and ecstatic visions which became like a native atmosphere to them. They lived a dreamy, subjective life, and nature was but a veil for the unseen. Among them were many magicians who practised wonder-working, from the corruption of black magic up to the white magic of a pure spiritual seership. Men saw divinity in everything around them, but its moral grade corresponded with their own standard of character.

Bearing in mind the peculiar development of the age, which has been briefly indicated, may we not reasonably attempt an interpretation of the Scripture which has been quoted? To literally turn the Nile into blood, with the rivers, streams and other pools, together with all the water in vessels of wood and stone throughout the land of Egypt, is so extremely opposed to the whole course of nature, as we know it, that literalism in such a case seems utterly unreasonable. But we need not deny that the account has a meaning, and in the line of what has been noted, one of much depth with such a people. Each time that Moses brought one of the plagues before the mind of Pharaoh, we read that the magicians of Egypt "did in like manner with their enchantments." If Moses had already turned all the water of the land of Egypt into blood, how could it at once be done again by the partisans of Pharaoh, and, were it possible, why would they do anything so destructive to their own people? Everything in the narrative goes to show that, both in the case of Moses and the other magicians, what took place was an

occult demonstration before Pharaoh and his court, a vivid dramatic mental picture with no objective reality. For a limited time all the elements of reality were doubtless apparent. We need not speculate as to the exact mingling of hypnotism and other related occult arts, but undoubtedly it was of that character. The "wisdom of Egypt" was vast at that time, and Moses was "learned" in it all. But his nobility of purpose and recognition of the one God, gave him, as an adept, a superior power over the "enchantments" (note the word) of the other magicians. The serpent which was produced from his rod, or that of Aaron, swallowed their serpents. His enchantments, or psychic illusions, which were given before Pharaoh and his servants, proved their greater power, and probably a deeper realism. Each time, however, after the wonderfully tragic vision wore off, Pharaoh changed his mind ("hardened his heart"), because to him things resumed their normal condition.

It is not easy to put ourselves into the life of an age so radically different from our own, but even modern occultism, and especially hypnotism as demonstrated in India, may furnish a key. To our matter-of-fact turn of mind, visions and enchantments may seem purely fanciful, but they have occupied a large space in the world, and they may furnish the substantial basis for a narrative. The greatest obstacle to an accurate biblical interpretation lies not so much in inability, as in utter lack of effort to take on the local color of the period under consideration. We have well-defined obsession of various qualities to-day, and our asylums contain large numbers of its victims whose peculiar malady is generally unrecognized. Doubtless it is the same in nature as was the possession by evil spirits in the days of Jesus, but the Bible is so distant and unnatural to our modern sense, that little identification is thought of. Life, ancient and modern, is the same so far as conditions are alike, and the intelligent and sympathetic study of the experiences of one age would shed much light upon those of others.

In the narrative which has been quoted, the Lord is represented as having a detailed and constant conversation with Moses. Doubtless many still believe that it was by means of

an outer voice which sent its vibrations to the physical ear. But divine communications to men must remain enigmatical until we are inclined to some study of a subjective spiritual philosophy which teaches that the divine and the human may have contact in man. God is orderly, and the truth of one age will be true in every other. It is conditions and not principles that are in a state of flux. Until the Bible is brought near and used as a mirror, its interpretation will continue to be formal and cloudy. The principles suggested in the solution of the Egyptian plague of blood may be applied in numberless other places in the Old and New Testaments with great advantage.

The Hebrew records often refer to the prevailing sorcery, demonology, charms, and enchantments of the neighboring polytheistic nations as being lower in character than the occultism of their own. But there were striking correspondences.

That which is mystical wears that aspect because of our ignorance of the psychical law under which it is produced. There is an infinitude of truth, especially in the esoteric prerogatives and practices of the soul, to which our eyes have not been opened. If we ourselves cannot induce a vision or ecstasy, shall we ignorantly affirm that none ever existed? How many give any deep attention to the cultivation of "spiritual gifts?" How many ever feel the vibration of the secret Logos, the Divine Voice in the garden of their consciousness? How many worship in the inner temple and kindle a flame upon its sacred altars! Beyond all other needs, in this modern period of the rule of sense, is that of spiritual illumination.

The Hebrew nation was led for centuries, not by objective worldly wisdom, but by oracular communications, visions, and subjective guidance. The prophetic element, so strong in the chosen people, was never without eminent exponents, leaders who were channels for psychic and spiritual direction. Does it seem likely that the pillar of cloud and the pillar of fire which went before the children of Israel in the wilderness were visible to the senses, or were they symbolic of spiritual guidance? Perhaps the latter, as a higher directing force, might be no less unerring and beneficent than the former. Modern material-

ism mistakes the substance for the shadow, and *vice versa*. Does the beauty and validity of the transfiguration depend upon the altitude of the soil upon which it is symbolically located, or was it an unusually lofty and vivid inner experience? Was it the physical or spiritual bodies of Moses and Elias which gave evidence of their presence on that occasion? The woes of the world are mostly due to the prevailing unbelief in spiritual reality. To the ancient Israelite, visions were not only common but they had a deep meaning. A saint in retiracy may experience a vision without an external correspondence, but hardly so, a nation for many centuries. An ideal, in proportion to its intensity, seeks outward expression and correspondence. It craves embodiment, or to be "made flesh."

Students of occult lore claim that for centuries Greece was influenced and mainly ruled by the deliverances of the Oracle of Delphi. It is also thought that the Jewish Ark of the Covenant was modeled after the Egyptian Holy Chest of Oracles. There is a negative and seeming reverse side to every true principle. Sensuous and degrading charms and enchantments are abuses of the normally pure spiritual illumination. The counterfeit or the base alloy proves the existence of the genuine.

Among the leading events of the New Testament which seem to be contrary to universal human experience are the virgin birth of Jesus, with his physical resurrection and ascension. These are incidental, and in no real sense do they affect the solid basis of vital Christianity. They belong to the realm of dogmatic interpretations which are, at least, non-essential, and they may be left for further light without any positive denial. These claims are not unique, for they have clustered around the personality of the messiahs and founders of other great religious movements. If the narrative of the nativity be spiritually symbolic, without a natural outward correspondence, it is not easy to see the relevancy of the genealogical line of descent which is so carefully given in Matthew. To make fundamental spiritual truth, which the world needs and is hungry for, utterly dependent upon a single interpretation of an outward event, is a dangerous dogmatism. Eternal truth

cannot be bound up with creation in six days, the story of the talking serpent, the arrested sun, or Jonah and the whale. It has an infinitely broader and surer basis. It is fair to say that but few now go to such an extreme.

The credentials of truth are found in the soul of man. Truth stirs and awakens the religious nature, and the sayings of Jesus, even before he uttered them, were there deeply inscribed. But He was the transparent medium through which they flowed and were made personal in expression. The perpetuity of the whole cosmos is dependent upon laws which some suppose are set aside by what miracle has been used to define.

The miracle, as the definition of what is wonderful all about us every day, is very fitting. How mysterious, as well as beautiful, the daily changes and phases of nature, the moods of the sea, the aspects of the sky, the golden sunset, and the simple opening of a flower! How marvelous the orderly action of the subtle forces of electricity, and of the etheric medium in which we live, and their employment in, and adaptability to human service! What a miracle to the untutored mind would be the express train, the electric car, the telephone, and many other things of daily use! "Familiarity breeds contempt." In all cases the wonder about phenomena depends upon the stage of development. The simplest thing is wonderful, but to be so to our consciousness it must be unfamiliar. In reality there are no miracles. The sequences of the moral order may be relied upon. Even were the great Exemplar of law and truth able to be unique, it would seem natural that he should honor the law by entrance upon, and exit from this plane of existence in the usual way.

But tradition has woven a fabric of mystery and miracle around the personality of all her saints, prophets, and heroes. Nothing is intentionally misrepresented, but expectation fulfills itself. The objective falls into line with the subjective, for imagination is creative. The adorer of the marvelous paints his ideal in his own high color and does not omit a halo. Many of the wonderful works of Jesus are losing their strange aspect as the knowledge of the higher law broadens. In our own time, remarkable cases of healing are becoming common. The

potency of mind over matter, of the systematic holding of ideals and of the assertive possibilities of the spiritual selfhood, are even yet but faintly appreciated. Who can fix any final limits to the power of the divine and human coöperation?

With every enlarged concept of nature and the cosmos has come a grander and more worthy ideal of God. Oh, the faithful preachers of the word, within whose minds has raged the conflict between the light which "lighteth every man that cometh into the world" and the supposed loyalty to ordination vows and obligations! Did Jehovah ever capriciously perform miracles to please his partisans and destroy their enemies? How would that correspond with the direction of Jesus, to "love your enemies?" Some of the modern apologists are reversing their former ideas about miracles. They are no longer the credentials of Jesus, but he is their credential. If he were "very God" we are told that all things should be expected. But it is not explained why many of his followers, who were ordinary men, performed the same works after him. "Greater works than I have done ye shall do." If God's laws and methods which work through man, were available in the first century, they should be equally so in the twentieth. When the higher law commands one which is lower, there will always be surprise to the common consciousness. It is not a violation but only an orderly dominion. The forces of the spiritual realm are superior to those of the psychical, and the latter to those of the material. It follows that the soul should dominate the body, and any inversion of this order causes disturbance. In all the zones of the whole cosmic order, from the lowest elemental to the supreme spiritual, there is a beautiful and normal subordination of each to those which rank higher.

At a certain age, the growing curiosity of a child causes him to take delight in the imaginative realm, where giants and fairies dwell, and, in a way which is somewhat correspondential, when the sense man first enters into the spiritual consciousness the new explorations have a strange and miraculous color. Laws of which he has been unaware are unveiled. To the immature comprehension, wonders are continual, but the higher the development the less the surprise at the unusual. Igno-

rance mingles the miraculous with its spirituality and religion.

Nearly all the great religions, in their primitive days, and as taught by their founders, were simple in their purity. Only as they became corrupted and in decline did they take on superstition and fanaticism. But the followers of these great original souls have grouped wonders about their names, real or imagined. The undue desire for the phenomenal and the passion for astral or psychical marvels, tends to obscure the simple truth. If one tries to pose as an adept, or occultist, or to captivate by hypnotic power, it is wise to avoid him. The occult is not necessarily spiritual, and may be lacking in purity. Beware of the professional miracle-worker! The works of Jesus were characterized by simplicity and naturalness.

In modern mysticism there is much that is alluring but not always profitable. Does it tend toward greater goodness, purity, love, and other divine ideals? There is that which is called spiritual which may be unspiritual. The hypnotist who puts his subject on exhibition for spectacular purposes, gain, and the gratification of the instinct for the marvelous, is using an undoubted power for ignoble ends.

Intelligence and spiritual earnestness will shape matter in conformity with its own ideals. Who can fully explain the process? How could Jesus perform wonders of healing, or pass with his post-resurrection body through closed doors? Not by the employment of any laws which the materialist will admit, for the knowledge of Jesus and of every lesser prophet belongs to his own level. The miraculous is purely a relative term and has no absolute significance. Lower sequences are not repealed but simply directed. The latent and legitimate powers of the soul have hardly begun to be discerned.

We have occasional glimpses of transcendent powers and capabilities. In proportion as we make ourselves at one with the higher law, it lends us its potency. Gaze steadily upward, and the strangeness which is first apparent will gradually wear off, and beauty and contentment take its place. The miraculous quality is not inherent in events, things, or the Bible, but in the vision of the beholder.

THOUGHT AND THE ASTRAL LIGHT.

Proportionately as we are able to think we partake of the Divine. We all think more or less. We all think as we choose to think. We are all capable of thinking more and higher than we do.

Thought is a divine power; let us take heed how we use it. We can see the effect of thought on ourselves. Our very characteristics are due to habits of thinking. Our faces and even our bodies grow in obedience to the irresistible moulding force of thought.

Says a fine writer: "We find that a man of noble appearance; by becoming a miser, gradually adopts the sneaking look and the stealthy gait of an animal going in search of its prey; the lascivious may acquire the habits, and perhaps the appearance of a monkey or a goat; the sly one the features of a fox; and the conceited the looks of a donkey."

We know that we refer to the appearance of a person for general indications of character.

The power of thought is shown in later day experiments in telepathy and hypnotism.

A strong thought thrown outward by a forcible mind affects all minds of similar quality.

A man conceives and commits a fiendish crime. In quick succession other similar crimes are perpetrated, and an epidemic of wickedness seems to prevail. A potent, earnest thinker, planning some noble means of alleviation for human ills finds kindred sympathies and activities awakened and ready to respond to the impalpable vibration of thought that he has set in motion.

These facts argue indubitably that there exists an universal medium through which thought passes from mind to mind. This medium has long been suspected in modern science, and is timidly acknowledged by the more advanced scientists of to-day. Among students of the different psychological schools

it is an established fact, as old as the earth; and by occultists this medium is called the Astral Light.

I will not say of the Astral Light (which is a theme to fill volumes) more than that it is a tenuous state of matter, rarer than the earth's atmosphere and very magnetic, and impressible by mental emanations. The mind exhales and inhales thoughts as the body does air; and the Astral Light is tinctured by the good or evil quality of such thoughts. The Astral Light is the atmosphere of the Soul, and is universal to the solar system. Its magnetic currents link affinities of all sorts, and react on the earth and its life-forms according to the average quality of the thoughts that are sent forth by human beings. Therefore terrene conditions may be directly modified by thoughts both individual and general, and so, the first work in any sincere reformation begins in ourselves. We must help ourselves before we can help others, and in helping ourselves we are unavoidably helping others; and it follows that we cannot permit ourselves to deteriorate mentally or morally without vitiating the soul-atmosphere and perpetrating a widespread injury. A realization of this natural fact would do away with sentimentalism, the bane of sincere endeavor.

The action of the Astral Light in its bearing on human thought refers to climatic extremes; cataclysms; fertility of soil; the nature and form of flora and fauna, and, in short, to all the natural conditions of good and evil.

Love is the inspiration of existence; from gods to atoms it thrills and trembles into Life. Therefore Life is Love.

In proportion as we love we are alive, that is, conscious.

Love is the beginning,—through Love was brought forth the world of forms;—through Love that world shall return to absolute beinghood, divested of form.

Love is the turning point of all endeavor, of all aspirations; its divinity redeems its action even in the grossest manifestations of it. Love overmasters and gives knowledge. He who cannot love cannot know. Love is Life, and Life is Love, and both are one, are God.—*J. H. A. Marshall.*

But often in the world's most crowded streets,
But often, in the din of strife,
There rises the unspeakable desire
After the knowledge of our buried life;
A thirst to spend our fire and restless force
In tracking out our true original course;
A longing to inquire
Into the mystery of this heart which beats
So wild, so deep in us—to know
Whence our lives come and where they go.

—*Mathew Arnold.*

And many a man in his own breast then delves
But deep enough, alas, none ever mines.
And we have been on many thousand lines
And we have shown, on each, spirit and power;
But hardly have we, for one little hour,
Been on our own line—have we been ourselves—
Hardly had skill to utter one of all
The nameless feelings that course through our breast,
But they course on forever, unexpressed.
And long we try in vain to speak and act
Our hidden self, and what we say and do
Is eloquent, is well—but is not true.

—*Mathew Arnold.*

Only,—but this is rare—
When a beloved hand is laid in ours,
When, jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear
When our world-deafened ear
Is by the tones of a loved voice caressed—
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again.
The eye sinks inward and the heart lies plain
And what we mean, we say and what we would, we know.

—*Mathew Arnold.*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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HEALTH OF BODY AND MIND.

It seems to me we can not too often nor too thoroughly consider this subject of health in its various phases. In reality, in its entirety, it comprises all there is of life. Health of body and health of mind are so related that one is not possible without the other. The mind must be well balanced if the physical health is to be normal. Abstention from various articles of food, the observance of many outward conditions, are all good in their way, but the thoroughly poised mind will attend to these details in a perfectly natural manner, without effort—even unconsciously. It is useless, however, to strain after physical health through conformity to outward regulations alone. Every effort to regulate the life from the outside must fail because that is not the way God works; it is contrary to all the laws of man's life. The inner life is continually pressing upon the outer for expression. Life is a constant adjustment to environment and to people. All of us have experienced the feelings, first of like and then dislike, or *vice versa*, toward some individual. Now, very likely the individual was the same in both instances and it was only our own mood that changed. It is this mood, this phase of mind, which we must learn to control. Once under our control, we can love as readily and as widely as we hate or feel indifference—more readily, indeed, because it is really in accordance with the deepest, most vital laws of our being that we love. There are many things necessary to establish perfect

mental poise. These are also necessary to the harmonious physical and spiritual life. The activity of to-day is largely on the mental plane. The condition of a man's mind toward his environment and his fellow man is chiefly responsible for his life. The mental pictures we make of things are the most important factors in the ordering of the things about us. If we allow ourselves to be disturbed by trivialities or even by the seemingly greater things of life, our mental disturbance and unrest colors all our imaginings. If we are happy, all our concepts of life are joyous.

One of the most important elements of harmony in this life is patience. We give all too little consideration to this quality and yet it often seems to me that none other is quite complete without it. We allow ourselves to become impatient over little things and then when greater trials come we have no endurance or strength with which to meet them. But one may say, "why should we be patient? Why not change our conditions and those of the people about us?" And my answer is because such desire to change is born chiefly of impatience which is intolerance and shortsightedness, a shallow and unloving judgment, and we would almost certainly destroy thereby the very work we, in our hearts, are trying to accomplish. When we try to force things to please ourselves we lose all that had previously been gained. It is in the nature of things that all permanent success must come through *natural* effort. Nothing forced or strained or tense is true in method or result. When in our impatience we would force an issue, we say and do what is not born of loving and mature thought, often that is not, in the deepest sense, even true, and we lose our own poise and peace of mind. To be patient does not mean to be inactive or without hope or desire. It merely means to see things in their true light and just proportion, to be content for to-day

with the things of to-day for so and so only are greater things possible for to-morrow.

Then there is the element of perseverance. When things do not "go our way," when we meet with resistance or obstacles in environment or from those about us, we must not give up in the face of the first difficulty and consider ourselves defeated. There is no defeat for earnest, untiring, sincere effort. Think of the farmer in the time of seed sowing. But for former experiences, how long it would seem before any reward for his toil is visible! How many days of darkness and unreward he lives through before the first tiny blade of hope appears to crown his watchfulness! Because he has sowed and reaped in other years he has patience—he knows. Because the man of spiritual insight *knows*, he has patience and he perseveres. It is only in the spirit of hopefulness that any true work *can* be done. This is as applicable on the spiritual as on the material plane. We must go right on persevering and never doubt and in the end even greater things than we had hoped will be our reward.

"If only we strive to be pure and true
To each of us there shall dawn an hour
When the tree of life shall burst into flower,
And rain at our feet a wondrous dower
Of something grander than ever we knew—
If only we strive to be strong and true."

Then we need courage. Sometimes we mistake the meaning of courage—we think it is the speaking out of whatever comes into our minds or carrying a certain point in despite of all opposition. Often the truest courage requires of us that we wholly give up our own way, our own preferences, rather than bring about inharmony and discord. Courage is needed *not* to act as often as the reverse. Unthinking violence is not courage. True courage requires a calm and unprejudiced judgment to direct it and then whatever one's best self dictates, we must

abide by. The way of hasty judgment and impulse is the easier way often, but it is seldom the better. A hasty action may require but a moment for its performance but the consequences following in its wake may fill a lifetime. Keep the mind poised—unprejudiced and receptive—and then whatever comes to us from the silence will give us the true direction. It is not when we are working most strenuously to accomplish a certain end that we see the most clearly—that we can most readily hear God's word in the depths of our souls. Once we know this inner silence then will we speak only when we have something of value to impart, then will our words carry weight and all we say will leave its lasting impress.

Truthfulness is another element in health. This means far more than accuracy of speech and adherence to facts. One can never be wholly true to another or in any situation until one is true to oneself in the uttermost detail. We can never be more to another than we are to ourselves. We may seem to be, but falseness can breed only falseness and truth only truth. Only in so far as we know for ourselves, we can give to others. We may, of course, give the initial impulse from which another works out something grander than our farthest conception. But this is due to the other's greater powers, not our own. And on the other hand whatever you have you *must* impart. This is the law. It is in the nature of things that what we do not share and share continually, we lose altogether. To each is given some specific gift—not to keep but to give out again, freely, ungrudgingly, unquestioningly, as the sun gives its light. With some it is the gift of healing, with others that of material assistance or the uplift of spiritual insight. To be true to ourselves we must give what we have—give as it has been given unto us, and let who will, take and enjoy. There is always some one needing just what we have to give—just at this

moment, maybe, needing it direly, importunately. Only as we share what we have can we make just and true use of it ourselves—can we understand our gift and understand ourselves. This, too, is part of the truthfulness of life.

It is not always the truth or a desire to be truthful that is the motive at the bottom of much of our so-called candor and frankness. Many an unkind thing though true to fact is said or done in a spirit of unkindness. The telling of a truth depends wholly on the spirit in which it is told, whether our motive is to help or to hurt, to heal the bruised spirit or to probe an old wound. There is nothing in the spirit of truth that would wound. Let us in all honesty ask ourselves as to our motives both in what we say and what we do. A very good thing you know may be done with a very mean motive and on the other hand a poor and tawdry action may yet have the spirit of kindness as its mainspring. In everything it is the impulse, the motive, that counts. We are given to too hasty and superficial judgments. It is not what we think but what we feel that counts. If we are right at the heart of things, the outward will take care of itself. Few people express their ideals in the initial effort. Over and over again we must try, hopefully, without discouragement. And when to-day's ideal is realized there will be yet another and a greater one to strive for on the morrow. No one ever gives a final expression of his ideal. It is the ideal that forever haunts us—that alone convicts us of sin. Other people can not convict nor even condemn us; failure is no criticism, death no denial, if only the mind be at peace with its ideal; this is the only test, the only criterion. And we must never lose heart as to this ideal, never be discouraged however distant and unattainable it may seem. A thousand years may be as a day and that which seemed impossible to-day may be realized with the dawning of to-morrow. This rests with each of

us. Each can bring it close, make it near, immediate, if he will. Your ideal is part of your life. The very fact that you see it so clearly and desire it so unceasingly is the pledge that it can never fail you. There is no power on earth that can defraud you of its realization, you alone can defer it. No other can make true your ideal. It is for you alone, for you unalterably and forever. And its very strength and impelling, torturing, force are the seal and the prophecy of its fulfilment. These are some of the things that make for health, and chiefest among them, including all else indeed, is this fidelity to one's ideal.

Among the things that do not make for healthfulness is a false concept of life, a magnifying of the little trials and difficulties of the passing days, or a shirking of their adjustment. Now nothing comes to us that is too difficult, nothing that is not needful for our progress, we are never overthrown by any outward circumstances, we never fail unless we consciously cease to try. As our days, so shall our strength be. If the things other people do or say in regard to us, distress and wound us, it is because there is some remnant of these impulses still within ourselves. There is yet some point of contact, of lodgment, else we could not feel them in any personal way. When we let our minds dwell on these little trials and annoyances, they sap our vitality and destroy our usefulness. The only failure in life, is the failure to do the best we know, to strive and strive unceasingly after our ideal. Even when others with design and malice try to injure us, they are powerless if we choose that they shall be, if in ourselves there is no reflection of the motives that actuate them. It is within ourselves that we conquer outward conditions. There is no way of overcoming evil but with good.

Faultfinding, either with ourselves or with others, is another phase of mental activity that does not conduce to health. If it

seems to us that others are in fault let us first look within and see if we may not be also responsible. But better yet, let us get a new view-point, a new adjustment and look for the good and not the evil, and the fault will disappear of itself. When our mental vision is focused, so to speak, on the evil in life, this shadow side of things possesses us, obsesses us, indeed, and the subconscious mind becomes so filled with pictured evil that even a helpful suggestion from another mind brings out an evil and unwholesome response, whereas, if, on the other hand, we keep constantly impressing the conscious mind with pictures of what is beautiful and health-giving and uplifting, the subconscious will prove a veritable storehouse of benefaction and blessing, welling up into the life of activity in strength and beauty and harmony. Then it will be *easier* to do right than wrong, easier to see good than evil, easier and a thing of course, and only natural to realize outwardly, throughout the life, the inward health and beauty. We make life as we live. Life to-day, for each of us is just what we planned it, consciously or otherwise, yesterday. And to-morrow it will be after the pattern that we are fashioning in our thoughts to-day. Other people are NOT responsible for our lives. We alone have brought about every circumstance and condition. If we are not satisfied in our own souls, then the acclamation of the world would be of small avail. The world of Jesus' time found nothing too bad to say about him, and yet in the peace of his heart there was no room for despair—that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. Now let each one of us who realizes the truth of this begin to-day—go systematically to work to fill the mind with concepts of health and beauty, make over our lives from this moment, thought by thought, impulse by impulse, act by act. Then everything that comes to us, will, in the alchemy of this resolve, turn to good for us and all with whom we come into

contact. Let none be discouraged. Remember, the past is past, but out of the present, to-day, this moment, we are building the temple of the future.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

The following books have been received and will be reviewed in the next issue.

Extracts from the Writings of Clement, of Alexandria. Theosophical Publishing Society, London and Benares; Chicago, The Theosophical Book Concern; New York, John Lane.

My Little Book of Prayer. By Muriel Strode. Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago; London agents, Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

Healing, Mental and Magnetic—What It Is and How It Is Done. By R. Dinsdale Stocker. Fowler & Wells, 24 East 22d St., New York; L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, London.

Homoeopathy Explained. By John Henry Clark, M.D. Homoeopathic Publishing Co., 12 Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row, London.

Phrenometry, Autoculture and Brain-building by Suggestion—What It Is and How It Is Done. By R. Dinsdale Stocker. Fowler & Wells Co., 24 East 22d St., New York; L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, London.

"And God Said," an interpretation of the Book of Genesis. By Ursula N. Gesterfeld. Exodus Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

"I report as a man may of God's work—all's love, yet all's law!"

"I say but that this love of Earth reveals
A soul beside our own, to quicken, quell,
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—George Meredith.

"I have lived, seen God's hand thro' a lifetime and all was for the best."—*Saul*.

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—EMERSON.



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THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

BY L. PALMER.

The world to each human being is what he knows of it. The limitation of his knowledge surrounds him as with a wall, and through the more or less narrow window of his experience and comprehension he sees his world, as a prisoner gazes day after day upon the bit of landscape visible through the bars of his cell. In his progress through life man sees his field of vision widen before him, and the world assumes a new aspect. Where he once saw chaos he discerns order. Where formerly darkness reigned he sees light appear. Joy and sorrow exchange places, the complex becomes simple, and new perplexities arise. Even the workings of nature seem scarce the same, so much more meaning do they convey and so much more clearly does he perceive the forces controlling them. Yet there has been no change save in himself. It is his mind which has grown stronger, his perceptions which have grown keener; and he has fitted himself to comprehend that which was hidden before only because of his want of capacity to understand. Nature has built up no barriers about her wonderful laboratory. The ways of God are open as the day, and the obstacles to human knowledge and progress appear infinite only because they consist of the scales over our own eyes. The universe is infinite, and what it ap-

pears to be is measured wholly by the perceptive faculties of the observer. Each grade of sentient life thus has its own world, and these are as infinite and varied in form as the multitudinous phases of life themselves. To the protoplasmic cell, imbued with the first feeble spark of life, the leaf upon which it exists, or the drop of water in which it floats, is an infinite universe, too vast for its comprehension. It has no thought; it is stationary; its intelligence reaches only to its atomic self and the needle point of space which it occupies. It is the simplest form of life, and its capacity is limited to the comprehension of only the simplest and most limited portion of space, the point.

But there is evolution, and higher forms of life exist. Here is a worm; it is of a low order of animal life, yet it is composed of many cells, and is many steps higher in the scale of life. It has perception and volition, and in intelligence ranks correspondingly higher than the creature which forms the foundation of organic life. It moves from place to place, yet its world is bounded by the path of its slow, narrow, tortuous and ephemeral journey through life. Its intelligence comprehends only the brief road it travels, and its reasoning, if such it may be called, reaches only from one point to the next. Its world consists of a line.

But let us go still higher and look at the more developed form of life, the quadruped. To it the idea of a point is too simple to be thought of, and the recognition of a line between two points is a matter of course. It reaches out and observes on all sides of its line of movement, which serves merely as its base of vision. It has a sense of direction, and comprehends that space extends in many directions. Its intelligence reaches to the extent of encompassing space; it recognizes length and breadth, and its world is the plane.

Man has taken yet another step in the growth of intelligence and reason, and to him alone it is given to comprehend the third principle of space, depth. He alone can at the same time grasp the simple idea of the point, infinitesimally small, without dimension, and with no quality except location; follow in logical sequence the relation of the point to the line, the line to the plane, and the plane to the solid, and trace the rules that

govern each. He has reached the point in the evolution of life where the wall of limitation is pierced on three sides, and though the individual may see but dimly a narrow view in each direction, yet the higher plane of intelligence on which he stands enables him to more fully comprehend that which he sees and gives him strength to gain further knowledge.

And what is the next step? What new truth is waiting for the gaze of man in his next stage of development? Is there anything beyond this arrangement, this system, by which man measures matter? Is there no other dimension to space? Many great minds have reasoned that there is; that there is not sufficient in the knowledge of man in this direction to account for the phenomena of nature, and that a new principle must be discovered to enable man to comprehend and properly study the world as it exists. The fourth dimension has been for ages a theme of speculation and study, and many have hoped that its solution would open the door to a higher, broader and deeper knowledge of nature and its Creator. It occupies in the field of mathematical science the position the philosopher's stone has filled in chemistry, and even now science has not abandoned the hope of its discovery.

Whether this idea be correct or false, it still remains, which is, after all, the vital point, that the wisest and most learned realize the existence of something beyond their knowledge—something to be studied and investigated, and by means of which they hope to gain a more complete control over the forces of nature and turn them to man's use. Whether their search produce what they expect, is not material, but it is essential that it should be true. It may be that this knowledge is not attainable by man in his present stage of development, but he can at least look forward to a higher life, one of higher power and intelligence, in which it will be possible for him to learn and understand that for which his powers on the earth plane do not suffice. And yet even with all its limitations the field of human research on earth seems infinite. The wonders of nature swarm about us and clamor for recognition, while we are wont to gaze out upon the horizon and reach after those things which belong to another sphere of life, longing for that

which is distant yet neglecting the means which are at hand for preparing us to reach it.

And yet it is good to know and feel that there is something yet to come, something to be attained, even in addition to the wealth of knowledge which so bountifully rewards those who strive for it, here and now. And that there is something reserved for the future is no more to be doubted than the existence of what we have, little as we may anticipate its nature, though we may perhaps form some faint idea of what it should be from what has gone before; and in some respects we have assurance of it from those who have imparted to us their more advanced knowledge. We have seen the primordial form of life, barely conscious of its own existence, occupying simply a point of space, its knowledge confined to the one isolated *fact*, without even the intelligence to know that it is a fact. Next we see the worm, moving from point to point, capable of connecting two facts and of comprehending a cause. A step farther and we have the quadruped, with intelligence of measurable degree sufficient to profit by observation and experience, its scope of mental faculties including the understanding of a reason. Man goes farther and studies the relation of facts, of causes and of reasons, and from them he derives, proves and reduces to scientific precision, principles. And not only does he extend his investigations into all the processes of nature, and by the knowledge gained of them make them minister to his wants, achieving results in science which make even himself wonder at his own power, but he has been granted a look into the future and promised that in another life he shall rise to a higher knowledge and learn the *laws* which govern the universe. What these laws may be are beyond the power of even surmise. All that is given now is such knowledge as will best teach us how to do our work on earth in a manner that will prepare us for that which is to come. The rest must be an unknown country to us for the present, which we can only imagine as filled with such pure ideals and perfect knowledge as the hope of our souls may be able to conceive, as the ancient geographers, reversely, peopled their *terrae incognitae* by the savage beasts and headless monsters, of their fear and ignorance. Even

that which we have been told, we realize must have but an imperfect representation, because told in the "little language" of the earth, which holds no expressions for the grander and better things of spirit life, and we must be told only such of it as we can understand.

A naval engineer constructs a piece of steel armor. He follows its manufacture from the beginning, and superintends each process. He applies every test and enforces every condition necessary to its perfection, and when it is finished he knows its exact weight, composition, density, resistance, and every quality it possesses. The laborer who assists in manipulating it perceives that it is heavy; the workman who helps in finishing it notices that it is hard, and the foundryman who was engaged in its casting may know from its appearance something of what materials are in it; but the engineer alone knows *all* its qualities, and even were he to explain to the workmen the reasoning and processes involved in its making, it would be largely without meaning to them, nor, probably, could he tell it in language comprehensible to them. We are but beginners in spiritual learning, and know not even the alphabet of the greater language of spirit life. The same law that governs on the material plane holds good in the spiritual world. There as here the great obstacle is the limitation of our own powers, not only of penetration but of comprehension. Information is not knowledge, and it is not enough to be told of the laws which govern all the universe alike. No amount of teaching could make an ape understand the atomic theory, and there are even some human beings who, perhaps, would never be able to comprehend the binomial theorem. In like manner we must not expect to understand spiritual things thoroughly on the earth plane, though such spiritual development as is possible in this life is its most important object. And this development must come through slow and patient effort. There is no dividing line between the so-called higher and lesser knowledge. Nature does not classify her school into fixed grades, and none can say that here the door opens between the knowledge of fact and of cause, and there intelligence completes the junior course of reason and enters upon the senior course of principle; nor

can man expect, on leaving the earth plane, to graduate at once into the life of law. As the line is composed of a multitude of points, as the surface includes innumerable lines, and as space, to the scientist, comprises an infinity of surfaces imposed upon each other, so the scale of intelligent life consists of countless stages, each but a little higher and broader in its scope than the other, gradually ascending from the depths of absolute materiality and death to the heights of complete life and supreme power. The way is infinite, but it is traveled a step at a time, often so short a step we scarcely know we have taken it; and while we may measure the brief portion of it which we know by comparing distant parts with each other, and thus see the progress that has been made, yet God has set no milestones to mark the path, and made no landings to divide one stage from another.

It must not be forgotten that the way of knowledge is growth—not the gathering in of truth, but the growing up into it. As the student of one science is not taught in the terms of another, but must learn the technical language of the science he studies before he can understand its principles, so in order to learn of spiritual things one must cultivate a spiritual understanding. The soul must grow and its powers be developed in order to comprehend spiritual truth and place upon it the right interpretation, and not drag it down to a material construction, and therefore a warped and illogical one. The revelations made to us of life beyond are at their best necessarily weakened by reason of the necessity for translating them into earthly language, and only an earnest effort of the soul to lift itself to the higher plane of thought can serve to partially grasp the true and important meaning. The seance and the society meeting are too often conducted on the plan of holding communion with the higher intelligences on our own plane. We restrict them to the length, breadth and depth of our own natures, while they strive to raise us to an understanding of the higher law which they have learned and teach us to develop the faculties of the soul so that when the limitations of material environment are removed and it is borne into the realm of spirit it may have gained on earth the end of its existence here, the

power to comprehend the deeper principles of nature, which are now too great for its intellect to grasp. It is hard at best for those who can help us to reach down to the earth plane. Let us at least aid them by standing on tip-toe to reach them.

Yet while we strive for higher knowledge, we must be mindful that it cannot displace that which we have gained. Correct understanding of material principles qualifies man for the study of spiritual law, and the latter renders still more plain and verifies the former. A fact is not less true because a cause has been discovered, and both exist coincident with the reason evolved from their comparison. The grouping, classification and differentiation of reasons evolve principles which depend for their demonstration upon the correctness of those reasons, and which in turn form the basis of the pursuit of higher and more comprehensive knowledge. The growth of human intelligence is synthetic, and the entire structure depends at last upon the truth of each isolated fact. The principle which supplants the reasons on which it is founded accomplishes its own refutation. The child who begins his studies at school with the first lesson involving the addition of one and one, and the drawing of a straight line between two points, may pass through all the branches of mathematical science and become the expert capable of grappling with the most abstruse problems of engineering and calculating the course of the stars, but he will never learn anything that will demonstrate that the multiplication table he memorized in his childhood was in error; and should he forget his first lesson in the measurement of a simple line he would be helpless. True learning involves a range of knowledge, the addition of the cause to the fact, the reason to the cause, the principle to the reason, and the law to the principle. Mental and spiritual development does not break down the wall of limitation on one side and build it up on the other, leaving the vision to occupy the same narrow scope. It acquires the new but does not relinquish the old, and by retaining all, best comprehends the whole. Each step in advance depends upon the one before, and each must be taken before the next can follow. In this view our material duties are even more important than the spiritual, because the spiritual

depend upon them; and the assurance we have of what is to come but serves to point the direction of our efforts. The fourth dimension of law may be reserved for another stage of evolution, but we have been taught enough of it to know how best to perform our work within the bounds of our present capacity. And here let us emphasize the great and important fact which underlies the whole of spiritualism, that it is the mission of those occupying the higher spheres to guide man and point out the way from the material to the spiritual plane; not to reveal to him all the wisdom of the spheres, not to establish communication between the earth and the source of all knowledge, but to direct his efforts for his own development. The lessons of the past are only a partial guide to the future, and we need something placed before us to point the way, as a traveler directs his course not by the object he leaves behind but by one which he selects before him, toward which he journeys. Our ideal may be vague and our conception of it distorted, but to have it in view aids our progress toward it, and with each step it comes into plainer view and our knowledge of it becomes more complete. The present duty is to keep it in sight, and to make the most of every present power, to perform each duty and learn each lesson that now confronts us. Every material condition constitutes an element in development, and the duty rests on all not only to maintain the best possible physical health but to give due heed to the development of physical powers and senses, that through them they may grasp the countless facts, causes, reasons and principles, the material world offers for their enlightenment; and this duty is second only to the one of aiding each other to do likewise, and so developing the powers of the soul through the exercise of the spiritual faculties of kindness, justice, charity and love. Material powers and conditions may be used to arrest spiritual growth, and it is in the power of man to make of earth life a step backward and build up around himself additions to the disabilities under which he labors in the acquirement of knowledge. This is the inevitable result of a material life, in which the spiritual has no consideration; for as the higher knowledge is only reached through a correct understanding of that which precedes,

it, so true wisdom in material affairs cannot neglect that which is to follow, and cannot be complete without following it until it merges into the spiritual. The spiritual is now the goal of man. Its acquisition is the next step he has to take in the process of evolution—the one which he is now taking. Help is present to take it, help which is within the reach of all who will accept it. Even on the earth plane the soul is capable of development and self-consciousness, and of growth beyond the material. That this step of development is a fact is not a matter of faith, but of knowledge—not well understood perhaps, but still a certainty. What is to come beyond that we know not, nor are we capable of being told. What learning is to be acquired after the fourth dimension, what wisdom is to strive for after we have attained the realm of law, what stage of development follows the spiritual, we cannot even conjecture, except that we are assured that the law of progress which we have seen to run through all life continues to govern in the higher spheres, that all the life to come is but a continuation of this, and that from the lowest form of life to the source of life itself all constitutes one complete and infinite plan, each part equally important. There is no superfluity and no vacancy in the universe, and what we call higher truth is so, only because it has not been learned by us. To the all-comprehending Creator nothing of His is insignificant or unimportant, even comparatively. Each part is dependent upon the other. The atom of matter may seem to our limited intellects of no importance, yet the atom is the very foundation of the world, and is as essential an element in the plan of creation as the law which holds the planets in their courses. Without the atom no law could exist, and without the law no atom could exist. So the fact, cause, reason, principle and law are but varying forms of the same truth which runs through all and is felt by all—higher than all and governing all, because it is that principle of God Himself which gives life to the universe which He created—the divine principle of infinite love. Each step of progress is an advance toward a broader comprehension of that love, and each gradation of life measures a greater or less knowledge of it. It includes all the wisdom of nature and all the learning, all the intelligence, all the virtues of all the spheres

—all the complex principles of life as we now know them, and all the infinite, higher laws of which we have not even a conjecture, simplified into the one grand truth, comprehensible not only to man but to every form of creation, and in the strength of which “everything that hath breath praiseth the Lord.”

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The NOW is the sum of the past, its average of motive. The NOW is the symbol of the future, and its average of motive shall be our destiny. Apart from theorizing and speculating and weighing of blind beliefs (which are not beliefs, since they are not based on actual knowledge), what can we do to help ourselves and so help the world according to our degree of power?

Perhaps first of all we would better teach our lips to say openly, always, that which is in our hearts. So we would not only avoid the destroying effects of dissimulation, but would learn to look to it that our hearts should hold only clean things. We would anticipate Karma in a degree by bringing directly upon us the effects of the evil by openly uprooting it, and, coming into realization of its noisomeness, learn to avoid it, and purify our hearts until their inherent divinity shall shine forth as in the beginning, and by its light we shall see God and be able to walk in His footsteps.

Which one among us but is ashamed to speak of his hate for his fellow-being? Tear down the veiling shame; take forth the evil thought and behold it in all its miserableness. Then you will be able to slay it with love; and in its place will grow a great strength.

Sometimes the secret thought in our hearts is a good thing which general humanity has seen distorted to evil in the lurid glare of ignorance and fear. Proclaim it and show it; there will be those who will throw stones, but a truth will always make its own way, for it moves by its own light, and sooner or later it emancipates him who upholds it.—*J. H. A. Marshall.*

TUITION AND INTUITION.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

The two words that head this essay are so thoroughly familiar that little definition of their meaning seems required. It is, however, an unmistakable fact that very few people, comparatively speaking, stop to analyze distinctly their respective meanings. Whenever we have the right to employ the latin prefix *in* in one connection, we must have an equal right to employ the corresponding prefix *ex* in an antithetical situation; we should, therefore, at once suggest that the word *extuition* be employed as the diametrical opposite of intuition so as to render obvious the dual standpoint from which we seek to discuss the problem of education. Broadly speaking, we all of us learn both from within and from without. We are educated or instructed by means of outward observation and also through the agency of introspection and other interior processes, but though the simple word, education, may cover a very wide field, including the territory of both the above-named processes, the kind of information obtainable through one channel is not to be gained through the other. Living, as we do, on the surface of a globe and deriving our physical sustenance from the exterior crust of the planet which is our present home, we are naturally predisposed to attach great importance to everything which directly concerns our external welfare. This extreme devotion to the outside of life's expressions has led, unquestionably, to a decidedly undue valuation of the five bodily senses which are often alluded to as sole criteria of judgment to the entire neglect of that subtler perception which, in common belief, is possessed by women far more largely than by men enabling the gentler sex to arrive, oftentimes, at correct conclusions while the sterner sex with its boasted superior reasoning abilities is vainly wrestling with many a perplexing problem. The old idea of extreme sex-dissimilarity is being greatly modified in consequence of the rapid advance now being made in the good work of coeducation, and in all

places where men and women are placed on an entirely equal footing it is coming to appear that the presence or absence of any faculty characterizes individuals but not sexes. The old-fashioned woman is distinctly a home-body, while the old-fashioned man considers himself fit for a sphere of external business activity, which, in his conservative opinion, should be forever kept sacred to a single sex; and wherever these views are rigidly maintained in practice, introspection comes to be regarded as womanly and superficial reasoning as manly. The modern woman and the modern man are, however, rapidly growing very similar in pursuits, and in consequence of this change from the old standard of occupation, men are in many cases developing much more intuition while women are developing much more intellect than of old. This is as it should be, for what the world most needs is balanced judgment, which is a thing impossible whenever one side of human nature is overdeveloped and another side undercultivated in any human being. The successful business man or woman of to-day is a very versatile individual, equipped on many sides to encounter obstacles and surmount difficulties. Never was proverbial "seeing through a stone wall" quite so much needed as at present, and to accomplish this feat, whether figuratively or literally, requires a development of a singularly practical variety of clairvoyance or clairsentience. In the conduct of daily business one needs to have command of all one's wits, and many of these useful faculties belong entirely to the psychical domain. We must be able to virtually read thought and penetrate motive or we are liable to be deceived or to fail in accomplishing our most cherished hopes. And just here it is essential to draw the sharpest possible line between intuition and suspicion which are removed from each other as remotely as the poles. Suspicious people are never intuitive, consequently intuitive people are never suspicious. To suspect is not to know, but it is in nine cases out of every ten to give some neighbor the injury of a doubt and to harass oneself almost to the point of insanity. Suspicion must not be tolerated if we seek to exercise our faculty of intuition, for anything like prejudice (prejudgment) is fatal to that serene mental attitude,

that imperturbable repose of spirit, without which our spiritual discerning power is held in abeyance and cannot rise to the surface of objective consciousness. External training alone leads no one to look deeper than physical appearance, and though phrenology, physiognomy and chiromancy are by no means desppicable sciences, and even outward mannerisms may be studied with some slight degree of satisfactory result, we are continually misled if we judge principles by any exclusively outward signs and tokens, so often do these fail and so easily are many of them counterfeited. When seeking to develop intuition so that we can confidently rely upon it, we must accustom ourselves to pay very little heed to what people say or do. Shakespeare in "Othello" has convinced the multitude who make a study of his plays that appearances are often the exact reverse of truth. Desdemona, seemingly guilty, was indeed innocent; Iago professedly a devoted friend was a secret enemy. The Moor of Venice, judging only by what he hears and sees, cannot do other than believe his wife unfaithful though Emilia never once distrusts her friend. We all know that swindlers in every field of operation usually succeed in being extremely plausible and they make an excellent appearance. Judging by outward signs alone one is readily deceived even though he prides himself upon his shrewdness. Nothing short of some subtle psychic insight can serve to discriminate between real and unreal when a clever mask is worn and an assumed part is costumed to perfection. The first great step in genuine character-reading is to trust one's own soul, to depend upon the first testimony borne by the inner witness regardless of all outward testimonials. Letters of introduction, attractive manners and every sort of reference must be waived aside, or not demanded, if intuition is to be given freedom to do its unique, uninterrupted work. First impressions and original intuitions are by no means identical. Much confusion results from confounding one with the other. Impressions are derived entirely from without and they are accurate as far as they extend, but they begin and end with exterior observation. Our senses are not false witnesses but they can give evidence only in an outer court and what we most need to know we can

only learn from penetrating to the very centre of a situation. Our bodily sight tells us truly how a person is dressed; our physical hearing informs us correctly what he says; but it is exactly at this point where sense testimony ends and where intuitive discernment commences. A mental exercise successfully practiced by some of our perceptive friends is cultivating the habit of taking the measure of a new acquaintance without looking at him or even listening to his voice. Simple psychic proximity reveals much more than can be discovered by all possible outside examinations. Mystical and romantic though the theory may appear, it is a demonstrated fact that we are, every one of us, surrounded by a psychic atmosphere which is sometimes designated *aura*. This it is which never belies us for it is the inevitable outcome of our interior condition as truly as the fragrance of a plant is a revelation of its chemical constituency. It is surprising how quickly we can accustom ourselves to detect this aura, of which indeed most of us have long been dimly aware to a greater or less degree even though we have seldom paid that attention to our feeling which its importance should entitle it always to receive. Recent teachings concerning psychology have done much to pave the way for a more general acceptance of intuitive perception as a guide to conduct, for notwithstanding the inadequacy of such terms as "sub-consciousness" and "subjective mind," when "super-consciousness" would far better express the idea which certain authors are evidently endeavoring in many instances to convey, the simple acknowledgment of an indwelling enlightener and monitor, which is often referred to as our higher self and the source of inner light, will do much to prepare the way for a fuller elucidation of the mystery of our interior selfhood. Whenever we are quite sure that we want to know something very much indeed and we are at the same time thoroughly convinced that it is useless trying to gain that information through external channels, we do well to enter into silence and allow ourselves to be enlightened from within. There are two elements in this process which we must attentively heed. First, the determined nature of our quest. Second, the serenity of our mental poise. Positive and negative aspects of consciousness are always duly

adjusted when we are in the right attitude toward our true unseen preceptor, that mystical daemon acknowledged by Socrates to whose inspiring guidance that glorious Greek philosopher turned in every time of difficulty for a direction which was never sought in vain. Though nothing can be truer than that self-reliance and self-confidence are heroic virtues, we must distinguish thoughtfully between two very opposite varieties of these necessary qualifications for success. What is often termed, and not inaptly, "bullheadedness" is one form of self-confidence which is found useful to a limited degree when we are dealing with a hard, external type of intellect, coupled with strong physical propensities, such as we often encounter in the commercial world, but that far loftier phase of self-reliance which Emerson has eulogized comes much nearer to the ideal condition of temper which leads to deep intuitive discernment. Whenever we are quite decided as to the object of our spiritual research it is well to close our eyes and rest for a few moments completely before embarking on any undertaking. When it is important that we should decide a matter concerning which we externally know nothing, a wise course to pursue is to take to sleep with us a fervent desire coupled with serenely confident anticipation that our difficulty will be settled before we wake. The higher or inner self sees far more widely than does the calculating intellect, and though the latter can be made a useful vehicle for external work, illumination received intuitively is always the fount whence wisdom originally flows. It is surprising how quickly many people get used to this relying upon intuition after practising a few simple exercises for shutting out the troublesome uncertainty with which many are afflicted when called to tread upon untried ground or to face a situation which seemingly presents almost insuperable difficulties. When circumstances are such that it is not practical to take any outward steps to facilitate concentration, such as closing our eyes or retiring into privacy, we can accomplish quite as satisfactory a result by resolving to shut out from consciousness all distracting sights and sounds. At such a time it is often helpful to make an affirmative declaration such as *I am now*

being clearly shown the wisest course for me to pursue. The chief obstacle to be overcome in a majority of instances is an inherent longing to do something or to go somewhere accompanied by an equally decided unwillingness to do something else or to go elsewhere. Some of these predilections and antipathies may be hereditary, while others have been but recently acquired. In the former case they are less easily overcome than in the latter, but no prejudice is ever so invincible that it cannot be mastered if we set resolutely to work to vanquish it. We may reasonably consider intuitive perception in the light of both discovery and revelation which are, after all, but reverse sides of a single central proposition. To reveal is to uncover and to discover is to unveil. We never need concern ourselves about the divine side of any subject. God is ever more ready to bestow than we are to receive. Nature is constantly exhibiting marvelous beauties on every hand but we are often totally blind and deaf to many of the loveliest effects and most charming sounds in our vicinity. "We need but open eye and ear" is a line from one of Whittier's most delightful poems which exactly expresses our necessity, and the question is how may we obtain that which we often lack so sorely? A certain timidity or distrust invariably accompanies employment of new experiments, but continued perseverance will soon embolden us. Take for example a man of business who is suddenly required to enter into some important negotiation with an unknown person from whom only a letter has been received. A simple study of chirography may be of slight assistance, but handwriting is easily disguised and typewriting in these days very often does away with penmanship entirely except as concerns a signature. Take the letter of the unknown writer with you into your calm repose and take note of the feelings which arise within you as you are contemplating it, then in nearly every instance, if you are not excited, you will find your judgment proves correct. No matter how many people may be talking or moving about in the same apartment with you, you can by a simple act of resolution draw around you veritable curtains of silence and become as much alone with the object you are seeking to examine psychi-

cally as though you were in literal retirement. However many theories may be put forward to explain the facts before us, the facts themselves are indisputable. We do get reliable information through insight which we never can obtain through exterior modes of observation, and it is of the utmost practical value to us all that we cultivate and use this fount of knowledge that is within us. Telepathy is a problem by no means fully solved as yet. Kindred minds do certainly converse one with the other apart from outward means of intercourse; it is therefore quite conceivable that we often gain much information telepathically when we are in a receptive state, but this admission detracts nothing from the value of the knowledge we receive, it only throws some degree of light upon the manner in which we may receive it. But there is an appreciable difference between telepathy and intuition which may be compared with the distinction we readily admit between seeing and hearing for ourselves and accepting the verdict of our neighbors concerning what they have seen and heard when they are relating their experiences to us. Intuition is a faculty of the spiritual individual and can never be truly accounted for unless we take a view of ourselves which leaves every materialistic notion far behind. In order to enjoy the use of intuition as fully as possible we must live quiet, temperate lives. Our appetites must be subdued, our passions mastered and all tendencies to fret and worry completely vanquished. Clear judgment is a concomitant of health, alike of mind and body. All such pernicious practices as having recourse to stimulants or narcotics to induce a lucid state must not be tolerated, for the alleged lucidity brought about by such usages is as misleading as an *ignis fatuus*. When a philosopher of old exclaimed "*Eureka*" while bathing, he bore witness to the coexistence of physical tranquility and mental enlightenment; not while vexing himself over a perplexing problem, but while enjoying a refreshing bath did his inner self convey instruction to his outer comprehension. During profound natural sleep we receive oftentimes the enlightenment of which we most greatly stand in need, and it would be a priceless boon to the nerve-wracked multitudes to-day if some rational view of the

educational uses of slumber should be disseminated broadcast. Though sleep may be the resting time of objective consciousness, rest is by no means synonymous with deadness or inertia. Often when we are quietly resting in a field or garden, or even in a picture gallery or museum, we gain far deeper insight into the natural or artistic objects with which we are surrounded than at other times when we may be straining every nerve to drink in information. Restfulness *vs.* restiveness is the keynote to receptivity and to have become receptive, not mentally dull or indolent, is to have reached the ideal state. Probably the rest which genuine sleep has brought has rendered us far more than ordinarily receptive while we are awaking, therefore the visions we enjoy when we are returning slowly from the sleeping to the waking condition are frequently extremely vivid and fraught with more than common interest. It is important to note how perfectly wise directions given for ordinary refreshing sleep on the one hand and for spiritual illumination on the other, agree. When wooing sleep at night we are told by experienced hygienists that we should relax entirely, mentally as well as physically. This complete relaxation is like removing overgarments and by divesting the body of all superfluous apparel, subjecting it to health-giving influences supplied by unrestricted atmosphere. We all know how very much more than ordinarily we see, hear, taste, touch and smell when we are simply quiet, repose alone enabling us to use our faculties to the utmost without exertion. But "letting go" seems the hardest work in the world for many people who keep themselves keyed up to almost the breaking point of tensity. The society of the restful is the readiest and most effective of all antidotes for so abnormal a condition, and it is never difficult to prove that restful people act from intuition to an extent undreamed of by others. In the case of usually excitable individuals, who sometimes evince considerable insight, examination will reveal that their enlightenment is most in evidence when their excitement is reduced to its lowest, or when enthusiasm possesses them unaccompanied by anxiety or fear. The intuitive faculty is often remarkably alert in children and many fine animals manifest an instinct

which keeps it very close company. When a matter of conscience or moral rectitude is at stake, intuition can invariably be relied upon if we are but faithful with ourselves and wishful only to know and do whatever may be best. By relying upon the soul within more than upon the senses without we become towers of strength to our less self-reliant neighbors whom we may in turn direct into the very paths we are serenely treading. "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength" is as grand and true a quotation as can be culled from any literature, and it is an especially appropriate motto for all who are seeking to experience more of inward peace and certainty. Established precedent must often be revoked, and often it is non-existent. Fresh experiences are constantly confronting us, our memory therefore cannot always be summoned to our aid. Intuition is our guiding star, our certain light when traveling through unknown countries, and it is a universal light derived from the essential logos of whose illumination we are all partakers. Simple integrity of purpose united with unflagging confidence in the wisdom of the Infinite will suffice to guide every pilgrim safely over any road on which it is now his mission and privilege to travel.

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LIFE.

BY JULIETTE M. MINK.

A dewdrop lay on the breast of a flower,
A new leaf was stirred by an unseen power,
A cloud-dimmed star strengthened out on the night
 The fire in a jewel's heart flashed in the light.
Hark! the bird's song, 'tis a matin lay,
 A blaze of glory, a new-born day.

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"The flame of every soul burns upward; we must make allowance for atmospheric disturbances."

GOD, THE TRUTH-SEEKER.

BY V. COOPER-MATHIESON.

The Infinite mind and intelligence acquires all wisdom through man. So, in proportion as we become truth-seekers we are one with the Father, for the eternal life principle of the universe, which we have named—God—is seeking greater and still greater wisdom, and more perfect expression through man. Therefore, that which *man* in and beyond his highest mental and spiritual development, his greatest achievements, *does not yet know*, God, the Infinite Intelligence, *has not yet discovered or learned*.

Mankind is the medium or agent through which the one life, wisdom and intelligence, expresses itself, its desires, its ideas, and learns its own almighty, and this knowledge, so gained, is as great a revelation to it (or God, if you prefer the name), as it is to the man who acquired it, so that the Creator learns through the creature.

The goal is wisdom and oneness, and while there is anything more to learn, anything greater to achieve, anything more wonderful to reveal in the progress of this great life force through its self-created universe, this primal energy will continue to push through us to more complete manifestation, and each human entity is one of the means of expression necessary to this pluperfect manifestation. It is through man it works and without this conscious being it could not act any more than I could express this idea of mine to you without the aid of these various words, which each contain separate letters; but these are only channels for my thought—the *idea* itself is under all, or so enfolded within them every one, that you cannot divide them, they are intertwined and so linked together that the seeming two are one.

Desire was the goad which brought forth the universe in its first cosmic state. Desire of the unexpressed to express itself, of the invisible to become visible, and of the great love principle to love and be loved, “We love Him because He first loved us.”

This desire, then, has created man from the very essence of life. From the first movement of the fire-mist in limitless space, *man* was there in embryonic state, man was the desired end. That fire-mist contained the life of all life, or God, it was God, and in that essence with God and in God was what we know now as *man*.

When primal energy first started on its long upward life-journey it had no conception of the possibilities contained within itself, it had not the faintest idea of its present development, could not possibly have had such, for it had not then evolved a brain with which to think, so had not the power of consciousness; consequently an idea was impracticable to it at that initial stage. The idea had to evolve out of what it then was and this gradual degree of growth took millions upon millions of ages, and all through those countless æons of time, God and man were united as one, but unconscious of their own existence. "The Son (man) was in the bosom of the Father (God)." The word had not been spoken.

Primal energy was still working onward and upward by slow yet sure degrees and each new phase of its development was a glorious revelation that would have astonished it, could it then have possessed a faculty capable of feeling such a sensation. Each degree of progress was an epoch in the unfoldment of the great life principle and each one revealed hidden powers unknown till they appeared, and so gave promise of others still greater. "There cometh after me one mightier than I," cried each newly evolved creature, and to the surprise of the silent yet ever active power the prophecy was eventually fulfilled.

At length out of this mass of material a strange creature appeared which in itself contained all the natures, qualities and attributes of those which had preceded it, and out of and through which it had come. This creature was surely the very sum of all things, the essence of all that was, and had been from the beginning. Nothing greater could follow, for though less in bulk than any of the others, it held within itself that which was infinitely more, superlatively grander—*it knew*. Yes, this strange new creature was a conscious being, it knew, and more than that it *knew that it knew*, for it beheld itself, and this power to know told it that it *was itself*.

This was *man*, primal man, crude, certainly, but still vastly superior to anything else in creation, for at that period of the God growth, he was the very summit of all life, and therefore very God. Being as he was the expression of the one life made visible to himself he was the outward visible form of the inward spiritual essence, and was called man by himself, as with the power to know he also had the power to express himself and so named other and lesser creations which another faculty—the power to see—revealed to him.

Thus primal energy excelled itself, when it saw, perceived, knew and realized that this outcome of the ages was itself and though this self was expressed in many forms, the many were but one, and there was no other. Then the creative force rested as it knew now that within itself—within this conglomerate essence of all things, man—was contained all the necessary materials for further progress, and with them the still more potent power of knowing how to use them, so that where previously primal energy had worked up blindly yet persistently through myriads of ages; now that it had brought forth a conscious being, it felt confident that this stored-up force would enable it to evolve from itself the power for greater and grander development, which would result in a more complete manifestation. Now the coarser must be consumed or discarded so that the finer may stand revealed. Matter must yield to fire, substance to spirit. As the beginning so is the end.

When the great life principle became embodied in the flesh as man called Adam, it is said to have fallen, but this is only a fall to rise to greater fulness of perfection. The supposed individual fall of the man Adam being his mistaken idea of his outward, visible self, as all; in the ignorance of early self-consciousness, he looks upon the flesh in which the real self—Himself—dwells, and confounds the outer with the inner, and believes the outer to be his true self, his only self, and that which he does not understand about himself he calls "God," a separate and distinct person, whom, in his infant consciousness, he fears, "and when he hears the sound of his own voice from within himself, he thinks it is the voice of this strange un-

known being, and so he hides among his own foolish notions—or the trees of the garden, because he is naked, or bare of understanding, only having sufficient knowledge to know that he knows.

Then this strange being whose voice he hears within and around him, clothes him with "coats of skins;" these are the ideas he has of himself, the ignorant conception of his own being, and with these "coats of skins," mankind is continually clothing himself to-day, for by his thought he creates himself, and in this order and manner is that composite expression of primal energy or God, which is known and seen as man, now creating Himself, bringing His innate powers to greater perfection and unfolding those stored forces, gathered through the long journey down the dark ages, and stored in the potent receptacle of His own soul, the great Over-soul, as Emerson so well names it, of which every human soul is an expression, and a most necessary portion of the harmonious whole.

Not alone to man is this wondrous unfoldment a source of surprise and delight of continuous amazement, since, as he is the only channel through which the Infinite mind can think and act, God then is also experiencing the exhilaration and ecstasy of this glorious revelation of His own almighty power, His transcendent power and glory upon glory.

Every new discovery or reform in the fields of science, literature, art, commerce, morality, government or religion is as new to God, as it is to man for God can only know, see or understand through man. Man is God's medium for acquiring wisdom, and through man He manifests and expresses the wisdom revealed by Himself. In the same way that we can see, hear, taste, feel and smell only by means of our five senses and understand or attain to knowledge through these and their action on the little complex instrument known as the brain, so mankind is equivalent to the five senses of God; and that which dwells within the form of man on this or any other plane of existence is absolutely all there is, the very essence of all there can be of that Infinite and eternal life principle, known to its outward expression as the mysterious something within and which is called God.

To stand revealed to itself as the All, is the object of life, and this is explained by the example of a mathematician or scientist of any special school who is engaged in working out any great problem; he will devote all his energies and strength to the solving of that problem till he has mastered it to his entire satisfaction. Then he proclaims his answer or conclusion to the world, but he does not continue to work and re-work the sum, rather will he occupy himself with still greater achievements.

Neither would the creator, if, from the beginning, he knew the end of all things, have wasted all this energy in working out the problem of life for mere pastime or amusement; rather does the present marvelous development of creative power afford its author as much real satisfaction as the correct answer to the sum does the mathematician. Mankind, therefore, represents the figures used by the master mathematician in working out the great life problem, which is the wonderful mystery of His own unfoldment through man's finite existence. In this degree then the finite is necessary to the Infinite, the creature essential to its Creator. As man achieves, develops, and discovers his own powers, forces, attributes and possibilities, on all planes of existence, he is opening up fresh ground within himself, "The Promised Land" which he has to find, conquer and explore, ere he can have full and complete dominion over all things. Since all beyond the present stage of advancement which includes civilization on the material and physical plane, morality on the mental plane and spirituality on the spiritual planes, all beyond the highest point to which any or all of these have reached is strange or undiscovered country to God and man, for the one, I repeat, can only know through the other and we must always bear in mind that they are *one* and inseparable, at no one point of the process of growth, or evolution known as creation, are these seeming two ever divided.

The insatiable desire for more and still more knowledge within the heart and mind of man, is the promise that more is possible. This same keen, unquenchable desire which brought the universe, and later the race of mankind, to its present degree

of perfection will still continue to work up through its highest production to an end (if there ever be one) which is inconceivable to the mind of God or man even now; but truly what we are to-day is a promise of what we shall be, and that promise is but speculative and as deeply enfolded in mystery as was the first movement of primal energy when involved in the enshrouding fire-mist it started out on its endless journey through the vast regions of Infinitude.

That man, even as we know him, should be the result, was never dreamed of, never conceived possible nor probable, to even the wildest flights of Infinite imagination (allowing that Infinite life at that or even later degrees of growth possessed an imagining faculty). The outcome of this excursion into the great unknown is a magnificent and astounding revelation to omnipotence, omniscience, and omnipresence itself.

To-day man is beginning to realize that the prophecy called a promise in the Bible story of creation—"Have dominion over all things"—is quite possible and the words of the allegorical serpent—"Ye shall be as Gods"—are perfectly true, for, according to the revelation of what had already been achieved, even up to that crude stage of human evolution, the great life principle working within man as harmonious and unalterable law was perfectly justified in expecting still greater wonders of creation out of its own illimitable powers. In like manner can we to-day prophesy a yet more wonderfully grand and glorious destiny ahead for that product of spirit which we recognize as *man*, since man is God expressing Himself and working in and through the flesh—as life—in which it dwells consciously, till it be revealed in perfect visibility to Himself—itself.

This flesh, or mankind, is the vehicle for the incarnation of Divinity; and as man is in this sense God, mankind, or the race (a "kind" after man's idea), is the human car or vehicle in which this life principle travels to its next goal. Each and every one of us, every human entity, is a part of this wonderful mystic car (or movable temple as it has been designated); each atom is a complete part in itself, and yet incomplete except as it forms a portion of the stupendous whole, and that whole

is the one universal and immanent life. Therefore, one is inseparable from the other, all are linked together by invisible bonds, and those bonds are the cords that bind our heart strings to the one great universal Heart of Infinite Love. Every part or fraction of a part is essential to the completion of the whole and neither can it be lost or parted, for the apparently separate are conjointly one. A duality in unity, and these two are the *all* in the *all*. The God in the man, and the man in the God. The Father-Mother God (two in one), and the masculine-feminine man (one in two). The two in one, invisible spirit; the one in two, objectified persons. Yet the first, though invisible, is the real, and the second, though visible, is the illusory. Then again in this unity we see a duality which reveals to the far-seeing eye of the spirit a mystical trinity, and here is the sacred mystery of the Divine marriage, of which the form on the objective plane is but the shadow; the Lord and His Bride Soul o'ershadowed by spirit till the two are wholly one.

God, the Lord, is the spiritual man invisible, and *man*, the Lord God, is the spiritual God, incarnate or visible, for God incarnated in man reveals the perfect man, or the highest type of mankind, and man perfected is God manifested to Himself as well as to mankind.

Jesus is the type which reveals this divine-human, at that particular degree of soul-growth and he predicted a greater than Himself, although he being in the form of God thought it not robbery to be equal with God, II. Phil. 5:5. He predicted another, who as the Son of man should appear later, one like unto Himself only still more powerful, and who should be glorified, for he should come out of the clouds of mystery which enshroud all things, out of the "darkness which is over all the earth," and he should be accompanied with glorified legions, others of the Sons of men who should ere then have realized their sonship with the one Father, and manifested their own divinity and claimed their birthright and eternal inheritance.

Why did Jesus make this assertion nearly two centuries ago? Because as the promise to Noah given by the bow in the clouds, which revealed the unchangeableness of universal law, and

again to Abraham which was perfected in himself, so was Jesus, who attained the dominion and power over world, flesh and evil. This, then, being so far verified by the degree of past achievements, the test upon law was thus made and found not wanting.

The ten commandments given to Moses on Mt. Sinai, were promises or prophecies which were fulfilled in this same Jesus, who proved to the race the fact, that *when* they reached a certain stage of growth, they would have no desire or inclination to do those things which were there forbidden but rather would they incline to the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount, and also follow in the steps of that teacher. This too was a prophecy on the part of that same teacher and as he saw in himself the law so far fulfilled to the letter, "every jot and tittle," he was quite safe in predicting that at a later stage of development the race might expect to see one even greater and mightier than He. Jesus was the Christ for that day and generation, but because *He was*, he gave promise of still another, and that other, more glorious.

Verily, they should see the Christ arise out of themselves and He would be the way, the truth and the life, or the doorway to the eternal and everlasting life for only the perfect one, who is the Christ, goes to, or into, the Father; for the Christ state of humanity is the epitome of wisdom attained to by God through man; therefore, this perfected humanity and the Father-God are one and the same.

There is no other; though we seek throughout the universe and travel down the aisles of time and into the vistas of an endless eternity, we shall find no God but Him who dwells in our own souls, within the Holy of Holies of our being. There He was from the beginning and there He shall be unto the end, for there was no point in that long journey when He could be separated from us, or we from Him. "Thou shalt have no other God but me," said the voice that spoke through Moses amid Sinai's thunders, but that same voice is heard to-day in the silence of our own souls and lo, it whispers, "There is no other God but *Me* and no other shalt thou find, and that God is He who says, *I am*."

BRAIN CELLS DO NOT EVOLVE MIND.

BY WILLIAM HEMSTREET.

A recent article in a prominent magazine claims that brain cells alone are the parent of consciousness; that there cannot be any individual mind without the body and that when the body dies the mind dies with it. This is both stunning and mischievous. The thesis shows a creditable amount of scientific search but its psychology is so at variance with the experience, common sense, logic and faith of mankind that it deserves reply. This new fad about brain cells is bewildering and seductive, especially to minds predisposed to irreligion and contrariness. Many are giving this "new psychology," a superficial adherence, and it is responsible for part of the moral disintegration of all society. It revives the old discredited and degraded materialism—necessitarianism—fatalism that holds man's life to be like that of a tree or a brute. The author's statements are entirely dogmatic, for the discovery of the brain's wonderful ramifications no more proves that they are the origin of ideas than did the old and common knowledge of the *corpus-callosum*. A million cells are no more an argument than one cell. Not until we can *see* mentality in the brain, *see* the mechanical operations of the will, of the emotions and the intellect can we say the brain is the parent of consciousness or soul, any more than we can say the physical universe is the parent of God. We have experienced that the soul is so disparate from the body in its source, activities and evolution that we must use more reasoning about it than that from physical data alone. The body of man is only a speck of dust, limited, variable, persisting, but the mind is illimitable, persistent, continuing.

Let us regard consciousness, mind, soul, memory, personal identity, all, as one and the same thing. The magazine article in question opens with the following bald and blunt statement—"All stimuli (to the mind) come from without; were there no material universe around us there would be no consciousness

within us; if there were no matter there would be no mind." The author has no consideration of the world's long and careful study, the tenets of all religions, the basis of all human law, free agency, the moral bonds of society nor the clear and cogent systems of the old mental philosophers. He takes his great jump from the mere *correspondences* between mind and brain cells, stripping mankind of all spiritual character and making us the helpless victims of mechanical antecedents and environments, like a wound-up clock. He challenges intellectual growth while the anatomy is at a standstill. The sciences and arts are cumulatively built up by successive mental toil, and the mind takes them all in as they come while our physiology does not advance. The cells are practically limited in capacity and number while the mental operations are infinite. Brain cells and intellectual evolution have not advanced parallel.

We all agree that cells are *media* between the soul and the outer world, and also between the soul and its adumbration—the present memory, but like the eye which is not the sight and cannot see, the sight being in the soul, so the cells are only the *agents* of perception and reflection. We also agree with the author that consciousness—soul—mind—must have some kind of material foundation or backing besides itself, but that foundation or backing may be something *else* than the mere physical elements that make up the grey matter in the brain. The character and power of the mind are too consistent, permanent, progressive and mighty in social upbuilding and human will with its achievements to depend for their existence upon a pint of albumen, fat and water. Professor Ladd is responsible for this:

"The phenomena of human consciousness must be regarded as activities of some other form of real being than the molecules of the brain."

What is that "other real being" that inhabits the brain? We know there is such a basic element as the luminiferous ether and that its phenomena are called electricity.—(Lodge.) We know that the brain and nervous system are a complete telegraphic or electric system. The ether has been called

"fluid adamant;" it is the raw material out of which the atoms are formed by the hand of God. Out of this ether the elements that make up the brain—carbon, hydrogen, phosphorus, sulphur, nitrogen and oxygen—are constructed, a mere composite, secondary, evaporative and disintegrating mass. This cosmic ether is indestructible, a fit body for the omnipresent and omnipotent God and our immortal soul. We are but detached bits of God, in sympathetic relation with Him and one another. Intelligence naturally inheres in this ether as attraction and cohesion do in the atoms, two mysteries, but familiarly known. This is the stuff that contains consciousness and ideas while inhabiting brain cells. This assumption of an astral soul, superior to the brain, is sustained by many analogies and prevents all the psychological stultifications of the materialists. It saves to us free agency, the dominion of mind over matter, explains human sympathy, telepathy, and social relations, explains the image of God in which "created He man," vitalizes the body and drives it with its cells to desperate endeavor even unto death. It animates and builds up the cells. Unless we accept the postulate of an etheric soul, the claim of the cell-materialists is as far as rationalism can go.

"For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form and doth the body make."

—Spencer.

The author of the article referred to makes some plain mistakes in his premises; one is that the body and soul are synchronous in development and decay. He cites the mental weakness of the babe, the maximum strength of middle life, and the senility of age. We see a general appearance of parallel conditions of mind and body, but that appearance is quite superficial; there is more back of what we see; we are mistaking the mere *expression* of the soul in the aged for all there is to their soul. Back of that expression to us, back of their own consciousness, reposes the soul in the maximum of its growth and power like a bank deposit, or a deep well from which to draw up present mentality. The most, if not all, that we see of the souls of others is through bodily expression, but within

ourselves there are intuitions that apprise us we have something latent that is not present perception and consciousness. If the aged express only one acute memory, or love, they may have more. We do know that their sensibilities of love and sorrow are as lively as those of youth. Indeed their spiritual contemplations are stronger. But they have an inefficient way of manifesting them to the outer world because of the wearing out of their organs of manifestation. Though their eyes have become dim and their tongue palsied, their memory of past visions is bright. Though they say little and weep none at death-beds, their love is as abiding as ever. Dr. Upham remarks:

"There is no exact correspondence between the mental and bodily states. Often when the body is resolving at the hour of death into its original elements, the mind, in undiminished strength, puts forth the beauty and energy of its past days."

And Dr. William A. Hammond is responsible for this:

"If there is anything that has been taught us by the most advanced stage of science, as applied to the anatomy, the psychology and pathology of the brain, it is the fact that the utmost degree of mental aberration may exist without the slightest change being perceptible in the normal structure of the central organ of the brain."

In our modern electrocutions, where the soul has entirely disappeared, autopsy has shown in many cases that the molecular texture and circulation of the brain was intact. All the cells, dentrites, axones, and cilia are found to be perfect, but where is the mind or soul? It were as consistent with the mechanical theory to say that the electric current has *driven* the soul out of the brain and nervous system, somewhat as the embalming fluid drives blood out of the capillaries. As to moral concepts, note the case of the fiendish criminal and murderer, Vacher, of Paris, executed a few years ago. He was supposed to have a malformed brain but upon autopsy "It was found to be perfect in form and molecular texture." Was there the degree of difference between his brain and that of the holy curé who attended him that there was between their characters? No rational mind can conceive of any coördination of physical structures that would make the colossal will and

mentality of Napoleon and Caesar, of Bacon and Shakespeare. "Genius is handed down directly from the skies."—*Lew. Wallace*. Is there as much difference between the brain cells of Roosevelt and a country professor as there is between their activities? Human characters vary more than their brain cells vary.

In view of the above facts the materialist will fly to the alternative that it is the "motions" of the cells that differentiate ideas and originate mind, the number and form of cells being limited while motions are unlimited. But this motion theory is only an assumption. They never saw nor proved any motion at all and have not defined the kind of motions, whether circular, perpendicular, lateral, parabolic or eccentric. While we instinctively admit there are motions during and corresponding to intellections, they are motions that are communicated by the mind to the cells, not from the cells to the mind. If there were no motions there would be corresponding death. But motion, as the parent of consciousness, must be cut out of the argument because each abstract motion ends or dies with itself, which would break the continuity of memory and personal identity. If the form and number of the cells are not ideas but, rather, the motions of them are, then to keep up continuity of thought the motions must have some *other* basis or backing. What can it be? The materialist must stand consistently throughout on mechanical laws. If brain cells are the parents of all mental concepts they cannot be the children also. To illustrate: The concept of ambition drives the student to brain fever and to the concept of pain. Now if the cells, or their motions, are ambition, or the causes of ambition, and also if the cells and their motions are the causes of pain, then the cells self-inflict pain which is antithetical to, and a different concept from, the pleasure of ambition. That is a mechanical contradiction and impossible, except in a fantastic and disordered conjecture.

There is no correspondence at all between the constitution of the soul and brain although there is a temporary correspondence between their action. It is a common experience that a strong and cultured will has maintained its poise and

vigor through the most distressing brain trouble and disease. This writer knows full well that he saved his own life in the crisis of typhoid fever on the field of war, in spite of a drunken surgeon, by tenacity and fighting off the approach of coma. Doctor Brown-Sequard relates that he has seen patients in the last stages of cholera, when the blood was decayed, retain their mental brightness to the last. In what state of health, structure or activity could the brain cells be with decayed blood?

No, the soft and vanishing brain substance is not related to life-long heroic purpose and final victory over difficulties, disease and opposition. Some feeble wills give up and die where others strive on. Shall the world now surrender to this "new psychology" its noble system of moral philosophy and intellectual evolution—to the most transitory of physical conditions—to a quart of soap suds? The powerful souls of explorers, of suffering pioneers, of heroes in war and heroines in kitchens, and the noble army of religious martyrs, depend upon something more sustaining than wasting matter, something more elemental and persistent. All matter is as evanescent as the down on a butterfly's wing, while there is nothing surer or firmer than intellectual growth and the mastery of the will over the material development of the world. If the soul is composed of ether we can understand its immortality as kept together in form and identity by love, hope and righteousness.

"And thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter and the crash of worlds."

—Addison.

We dispute another premise of the materialists, that all stimuli (of the mind) come from without. The suppression or control of the appetites has been the time-long fight and improvement of the race. "I find a law in my members warring against the law of my mind."—*St. Paul*. How could there be a war if mind and body were one, if mind followed obediently the laws of body or brain cells? Under the cell theory there would have been no Paul; he would have been an obedient marionette and done no preaching. The law of his members

would have been the law of his mind and there would have been no conflict, but all harmony. This is the whole story of mankind. Paul was an apostle of free agency. A sinner is converted in a few minutes, but his brain cells have not changed in that time in number or form, although they may have taken on different motions from the incoming and outward grace. The materialist who clothes physical matter with divine attributes of mind is the most egregious of all idolaters who "bow down to wood and stone." The moral change of the converted sinner is beyond all known laws of matter or physics. Social law is based upon free agency. The judge on the bench says to the convict before him, "The law requires you to control your impulses." Now who is the "you?" It is the soul, not the animal appetites and impulses. This familiar dictum of the judges is the gathered experience and wisdom of the world, that needs neither scalpel nor microscope to demonstrate it.

God be praised that, for our own happiness here and hereafter, there are higher and more laws than those of mere anatomy. Brain cells are no more the origin or abutment of mental energy than the soft copper trolley wire is the origin or abutment of the tons of cosmic force that are conducted through it without disturbing a molecule of metal. The cells are the point of contact, the nexus, in media in man between the infinite and this planet. Save the materialists from their own short-sighted folly, although they are ungrateful for their Christian heredity and environment that, possibly, has kept them out of jail.

"Open a school and you close a prison."

"Man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a Heaven for?"

—*Browning.*

HYPNOSIS OR THE WORLD OF DELUSION.

BY NORTON F. W. HAZELDINE.

"The earth is the first principle, the heavens the second principle, their interspace their junction is, by air they are conjoined."—*Chand Upbd*. The objective mind is the first mental principle, the subjective mind is the second principle, their interspace (the interjective or the mind of affinity) their junction is, and by air or the Divine or absolute mind they are conjoined.

Thus each mental principle is a law unto itself, though often working in conjunction with one or more principles.

To segregate the mind through hypnotic manipulations is a valuable agent in mental analysis. The dividing of hypnotic phenomenon into two fields of activity which we will describe as the active or positive, and the passive, negative or moral, will afford students a great opportunity to study mental phenomenon, from both the finite and infinite standpoints.

Positive hypnosis or that form of hypnotic phenomenon which is induced by verbal direction is the A to a great alphabet.

Everything that is external to ourselves is but a world of suggestion. Nothing can be performed in this external world that does not suggest something to the mind wherever it looks.

This external universe is but a huge hypnotic mirror which attracts these moral eyes and holds them fixed before it. All individual progress is caused through this hypnotic influence, derived from the reflections of that hypnotic mirror, which reflections so impress the objective mind that finally it responds to that universal action which is the great suggestion hatched out or completed.

Hypnotism is a universal law, it has been in existence since Time recorded the first notch upon the Post of the Ages.

Environment is a form of induced hypnotism, nationality is another form of induced hypnotism, everything that we learn from experience leaves its hypnotic impressions, and there is nothing which is physically animated that is not subject to its laws of action.

The subjective mind is likened unto a lake, the objective or the circumscribed mind, the trees and foliage that surrounds this lake, the interjective mind or the interspace, the realm of mental affinity; these mental principles are by the divine mentation conjoined.

Now how shall we discriminate between these different mental attributes? By self-imposed meditation and concentration.

Our occidental thinking is all objectively directed, we have been so educated to externalize all sensation and emotion that we have, as it were, perverted our mental powers of analysis.

There are four seats of mental-physical consciousness—the navel, the tip of the nose, between the eye-brows and at the opening at the crown of the head—these consciousnesses can be awakened by properly directed physical and mental exercises.

By contracting and drawing in, and up, at the navel, you learn to control the action of the diaphragm, which, in turn, controls the circulation of the blood and physical inspiration and expiration.

This mental-physical attitude immediately produces a point of objective mental concentration which will give a sound foundation to direct our thinking from. Assume a comfortable position, the head, neck and chest in a straight line, now draw in and up at the navel through a physical-mental force of contraction, then close the eyes and you will find that it is impossible to think of more than one thing at a time, and also the mind will refuse to entertain any thoughts of a negative or personal nature. This gives us a common ground for action where all can begin alike; this self-induced hypnotic condition should then be clothed with some form of thought, principally of some scientific or researchful character as this attitude is more fitted to intellectual experiments than psychological.

The second point of concentration is at the tip of the nose, and its action is induced by contracting the muscular structure of the nose tissues; this attitude you will find has cut off all physical sensation or consciousness below it, and the mind then becomes reflected upwards instead of downwards as in the concentration at the diaphragm. This is what is termed sub-

jective concentration and should be practiced to ascertain the qualities of the senses and their relationship to our being.

The concentration between the eye-brows is induced by visionary concentration at that locality, thus the eyes are forced to look upwards into the region of the brain. This is the interjective point of concentration and allows of the union of the divine mind with its mortal attributes. And lastly, we have the supreme seat of concentration at the crown of the head which produces the consciousness of out-going, a feeling of continuity between itself and its creator or divine mind.

Why should such exercises be practiced?

One should not be contented by merely knowing that he is capable of thinking, but should learn the source of all mental phenomena by individual analysis, to the end of its subjugation. The mind is the greatest of mysteries, the very subtleness of its nature adds to its mystery. What but the mind can search out the mind, and what but the self can be lord of the self? The mind cannot be analyzed by any material or mechanical appliances, vivisection or microscopic inspection, for it stands not forth in vision's open field, nor by any material reasoning may we hope to grasp it. The knowledge of the mind must be evolved from the within not from the without, hence the sages discovered these four localities of physical and mental contact which allow the manifestation of the functions of our subtler senses.

The next question to be answered is—how and under what circumstances should these exercises be practiced? First, be sure that you have a good, strong, healthy body with an abundance of vitality, a good lung capacity and strong heart action. The mistake of most students has been that they have commenced the wrong way first, by placing the spiritual before the physical; this has produced, and always will produce the reverse results of those aimed at. "That which is first is natural" and the body should receive our first care, and the mind and all that pertains unto it, the second. Practice first for a good strong and subtle body, before you commence the cultivation of the mental or psychological body, for only

subtle thoughts can be born of a subtle body, and the stronger the body is, the stronger our thoughts will become, and our powers of endurance increase. It is well to remember that every psychological organ has its own specific mental consciousness, which consciousness is the manifestation of its function on all planes of action. Thus the physical function of the stomach is digestion, its ethical, benevolence and its psychological, distribution. The physical function of the lungs is inspiration and expiration, its ethical, aspiration, and its psychological is concentration and expansion. This will merely go to illustrate the importance of first perfecting the body and its physiological organs before commencing to practice for psychological development. For if you are incompetent to take care of your physical body, how much more so must you be in the care of your spiritual body? Exercise physically both before and after performing the practices of meditation and concentration, and you will never receive injurious results. On the contrary, the body will gain in health and strength, the mind will become clear, the will firm and the memory perfect.

The next important subject for our consideration is diet. The diet for one who practices as suggested should be vegetarian, and this should be of a nutritious, stimulating character, easy of assimilation and varied. It should include the use of all the herbs, savorys and their like, all fruits and vegetables that grow above the ground, with eggs, milk, cream, cheese, olives, spices, salads and cereals. Food should be made tasty and served but twice a day; it should be eaten slowly and when the mind and the body are at ease.

Hygiene is another important factor in our spiritual development. A sweet bath once a week and a tub bath every day without the use of soaps made from animal fats and oils are conducive to development. To cleanse the body when necessary, take the juice of three lemons and add two quarts of hot water, then go over the entire body with a sponge washing it thoroughly, this removes all excretions and leaves the skin absolutely clean. To commence with, the duration of practice should not exceed ten minutes at a time; increase this from time to time at the dictates of reason and the inclination.

The last step in the path is right thinking. Never practice physical or mental concentration for phenomenal results or experiments on others. Always apply good, strong positive thoughts to whatever you undertake, learn to self-reason, force your senses inward instead of outward and you will soon find that the world of phenomenal hypnotism is but the extreme edge of a mighty mental world of action, consisting of individual realities, of whose existence hypnotism can only shadow the real. Therefore let me advise all metaphysical students not to waste time on trying to perform phenomenal hypnotic effects but rather discard all such practices. Enter in to your own temple, worship at your own altar, perform your own services and acquit your own duties, then you will learn that you are the real world of delusion and that it is only possible to dispel such delusion through the right knowledge of one's self and not through the knowledge gained from experiments practiced upon others. Practice upon others requires effort out of all proportion to the result obtained. When one practices upon another it is, as it were, experimenting with an atom, but when one practices upon himself, he indeed practices upon a mountain. Selfishness can never reach the goal, for what we do unto another, we should be willing that another should do unto us. To practice upon others is about as useful as the results of vivisection are towards the understanding of physiological life. Know thyself by thyself, practice to help thyself, learn the mastery of thyself and stop not until the goal of perfection is reached. The real is within, the delusion, the without. When one ceases to desire the changeable objects of life, true illumination begins. Practice to become good, strong healthy and moral citizens, and your griefs and pains will soon come to an end.

This is the age of reparation, not the age of remorse and inaction. What you have been, others have been before you, and others will be after you, it is never too late to make amends for past errors. It is not philosophical to waste one's life in dreaming over the "has-beens," and the "what-might-have-beens;" remorse dries up the blood, action produces blood. Therefore practice concentration to the end of right thinking,

right living and right action that we may not only become fit citizens of earth but that we may become fit citizens for the life that lies beyond.

By such practice and with such thoughts in action, you will soon learn to work for the love of work, but not for the results of work, to do good for the love of good, not for the results of such action, and thus you will come to the end of life's journey freed from the dominion of pleasure and pain.

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Environment is bound to limit us, for it is the concrete expression of our relativity. Our only escape from its bondage is to create an individual rather than a personal environment, and this we must needs do in solitude.

A personal environment is of the lower nature, and hinders; an individual environment is that of the higher nature, the real man, and facilitates.

To retire to solitude is not necessarily selfish. When such retirement is resorted to for the sake of inner development it is altruistic, for, he who so retires knows that so he may work with and for, others to greater advantage, because in thought-labor we exercise on the thought plane and touch more directly the thought of others. The thoughts of men meet and greet each other more than the physical brain is aware. And that physical brain transmits these messages of the super-consciousness in proportion to the degree it has acquired through evolution. Therefore if one retire from the world which no longer interests him either pleasurable or painfully, he may labor for that world more directly, sending down his own soul perceptions to its soul, and arousing it.

It is when one abandons the world merely to escape it that such retirement is selfish.

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Do not be too afraid of stepping on the Christians' toes. If you hurt them you only give them a chance to discover how unchristian they are.

WHO IS INFIDEL?

BY E. A. CANTRELL, D.D.

Who is infidel? That will depend—will depend on the person using the term and the age, country and sect to which he belongs. The Jews and Samaritans called each other infidels and had no dealings with one another. Many a Jew, like Shylock thinking of Antonio, has clenched violent hands and hissed, "I hate him because he is a Christian," while the Christians, in unspeakable barbarity, with the words "Apostate" and "Christ-Killer" on their lips, have put the Jews of the European Ghettos to the edge of the sword in the name of the Jew who said, "Love your enemies." "Infidel dogs," exclaimed the Saracens. "No quarter to the infidels," shouted the Crusaders, at which the streets of many eastern cities ran with blood, and rivers were clogged with human carrion. The very children of continental Europe, catching this contagion of fury and hate, pressed into the crusades and thronged the highways to the Holy Land as if some demoniacal Pied Piper were luring them to destruction.

To the good Catholic, Martin Luther is the arch-infidel of history, while the Protestant sects, "as numerous as summer gnats at sundown," with their differences of tweedledee and tweedledum, have not only called the Catholic, "Infidel Papist," but have bandied the word back and forth between themselves. A preacher, high in the councils of his church, said to the writer, "The worst form of infidelity I have to overcome is that of Methodism." And now, in these days, among the schools—among people of the same denominations, we hear the word of reproach. The scientific study of the Bible or the proposition to revise a creed is met with the cry, "Infidel Criticism" and "Infidel Critic."

Popularly speaking, the infidel is the man who differs from public opinion. "If you differ from me in politics," says Mrs. Grundy, "You are a traitor—you are an anarchist and deserve cold lead or the electric chair. If you differ from me in religion

you are Pagan or Apostate and deserve the fires of hell." This is not hyperbole nor exaggeration. The Great Souls, who have dared to live ahead of their time, have always been accounted infidels by their generation. The story of these martyrs is a long, sad story. Abraham is stoned in the land of his fathers, Socrates drinks the hemlock, Jesus is nailed to the cross, and Paul makes an inventory of his sufferings that we read to-day with tears. Galileo feels the tortures of the wrack. Huss is burned at the stake and his ashes scattered to the elements. Sir Thomas Moore, who caught a vision of the Messianic society, was beheaded. Copernicus and Newton drew the fire of the theologians. Victor Hugo was exiled from his native country. John Hancock and our Revolutionary Fathers had a price put on their heads. Darwin is ridiculed and reviled and Tolstoi is ex-communicated for preaching peace among his fellows. But were they really infidels?

Who, then, is the infidel? Shall I apply the term to any one after knowing the blunders of history? I hesitate to do it. I know who are called infidels by the unscrupulous and unthinking. I have heard the term applied to young men and women of our schools, who, through the study of geology, have come to doubt the orthodox interpretation of Genesis. I have recently heard it applied to a young man of the pulpit for denying the historicity of Hebrew mythology and the infallibility of his church's creed. But are these infidels? Was Dean Stanley an infidel? Were Henry Drummond and Robertson Smith and William Ellery Channing and Phillips Brooks infidels? Are George Adam Smith and Heber Newton and Lyman Abbott and Dr. Thomas and Jenkin Lloyd Jones infidels? Are the young men of our seminaries infidels for believing in the composite character of the Hexateuch and the two Isaiahs or for doubting the credibility of the book of Jonah or the immutability of certain religious organizations? And are they to be labeled with a badge of infamy to become, throughout life, targets for the hate of ignorance and superstition?

Let us get at the heart of this matter. A definition will help us. The etymology of the word infidel suggests the idea of unfaithfulness. Unfaithfulness to what? To traditions?

To legends and myths? To forms and ceremonies? To organizations that enslave and institutions that have ceased to minister to the growth of life? To literatures and creeds that have been juggled with to the heart's petrifaction? Not a bit of it! Infidelity is unfaithfulness to the constitution of things; to the moral basis of life; to the word of God written in each man's soul as the sovereign law of his life.

The old Greeks, in their love for the beautiful, were very nearly correct. They emphasized beauty as a fundamental principle of life. To them caricature, distortion, and ugliness (unfaithfulness to the principle of beauty) were the climax of infidelity. The Hebrew prophets were more comprehensive still in their doctrine of righteousness. To them goodness was the supreme consideration of life. Any unfaithfulness to the moral code was infidelity to the Most High. Later the scholastics came to put emphasis on the mastery of the Truth. They sought to compass the Truth with extensive formulations. Infidelity, to them, was the rejection of dogma. Now we are coming to more adequate philosophy of life with a synthesis of these principles. Beauty, goodness and Truth are fundamental principles in the soul's economy, and no man can afford to live unmindful of their claims. Their every demand comes with all the power of a divine ultimatum. Follow us, learn of us, translate us into active character, they say, and we will make you to be beautiful, good and true. And such character is the ultimate of life.

If I were to apply the epithet "infidel" to any one, I would pass by the traditions of the schools and place the emphasis of my scorn on the moral leper—on the man who disregards the primal virtues of the soul, without which life would not be worth living. I would say that man is infidel who is unfaithful to the laws of his being, in which and through which God expresses his will. That man is infidel, indeed, who offends good taste and common decency by perpetrating some monstrous picture on the public—whether on the bill-boards of our cities or in the Academies of Art. That man is infidel who wrongs his fellows; who denies sympathy and helpfulness; who violates the sanities and sanctities of the common life. That man is infidel who is untrue to his own truth; to his own convictions of right; to the

ever-broadening ideal of the Divine. A man says, "I know God is a hard master and will require an account of all that he has given me. I will hide my talent of truth in this napkin (institution) and at his coming he may have his own without loss." Thou foolish and unfaithful (infidel) servant: know ye not that the talent should be put to use, so that there may be increase? Now the talent that thou hast shall be taken. "For to him that hath shall be given; but from him that hath not, even that which he hath shall be taken and given to him that hath."

TO A BROTHER.

BY T. SHELLEY SUTTON.

Remember this: Whate'er the day may bring,
 There is no evil in the plans of God—
 This nettling now shall some day lose its sting,
 When soul and self are risen from the sod;
 And all that seems adverse to thy design
 But proves the error of thy heart's desire;
 God's will be done. 'Tis not for thee, or thine,
 To cool the breath of that alchemic fire.

Remember this: The failure you have met
 Is but a crown to progress; every fall
 Is but a lesson, which the soul must get
 Ere it can heed the higher, nobler call—
 Ere it can know the mission of its life,
 The wondrous part that each and all must play
 When we have conquered, by incessant strife,
 The dread desires that haunt our upward way.

Remember this: Whatever love seems lost,
 Whatever good brings not its just reward,
 Is but a part of triumph's final cost
 Which all must pay, although the price seems hard;
 That no good deed is wasted on the soul
 Though time may bring no recompense on earth—
 That goodness makes thy after-being whole
 And yields its glory to thy higher birth.

THE THOUGHTS OF THE HEART.

BY MABEL GIFFORD.

"The thoughts of the *heart*,"—that is, the thoughts the love in the heart engenders—these are the living vibrations that fashion a man's life. If the door of man's faith in the infinite is open, the vibrations of the infinite mingle with his own and vivify and refashion them. If the door that opens to the infinite is closed, and man sets up a God of his own making, which is, of course, such as the man himself is, then he becomes bewildered in his own ignorance; truth and falsity are mixed together so that falsity is mistaken for truth and truth for falsity. In this condition man looks to his own intelligence and learns by investigation of the external world around him. This develops his mind, and his loves are determined by his mental intelligence. In this way man progresses, but slowly and painfully, learning by the failures of his experiments until he at last tries the right way, the way that is in harmony with God's law.

It may be that only after ages he discovers that it is when he reaches his *heart* and changes his love that he meets with success. When by long, long years of experimenting he learns the law of fire at last, yet he is not safe, but in great danger still. When he compels man by man-made laws to observe the law of fire, he is not safe, nor yet when he attempts to control man's action by fear of the results of fire, and an intelligent understanding of its dangers; not until he *loves* to obey this law because it is good and for the good of his fellowmen, will he be safe, and ready for the greatest development.

Mental vibrations can beget only vibrations on the mental plane, *viz.*, knowledge of the intelligence, which knowledges are applied to material and spiritual things in the form of theories, and so tested, to ascertain whether they are true. They can be proved only by illustrating with material things on the earth plane, and by spiritual things on the spiritual plane. While man early learns to seek material things to

learn of material things, he is slow to seek knowledge of spiritual things by seeking spiritual things to prove them. The reason of this is that he is living in the physical plane and his senses are centered in it, and the spiritual is closed to him.

Knowledge of any plane of life must be sought on its own plane. After a working knowledge of any plane is secured, then every other plane is seen to illustrate it. Man cannot find God in nature, but after he has found God, he sees and hears and feels his presence in every phase of nature. Man cannot find the Kingdom of Heaven within him by examining his body or mind, nor without him by searching society or nature, but after he has discovered the Kingdom of Heaven, then he sees and hears it and feels its presence in every man he meets and in every society of men, and in everything in the universe.

Physical development does not wholly develop man, nor yet mental development, but the growth of the love in his heart.

Physical and mental development have to do only with the external man, the perishable part of his body and his mind; only the thoughts of his heart are living, and by these he grows and by these he finds out truth. Before the "thoughts of his heart" enlighten him, the lower planes, the mental and physical, may lead him astray, but after he has developed consciousness on the love plane, the spiritual plane, the mental and physical aid his development.

As man descended from God—by choosing his own way—into the mind plane, and thence into the physical plane, and into the lowest physical plane, so he ascends by a return through these planes in the same order.

In all ages there are a few who find wisdom by development on the spiritual plane, and they teach it to men. But it is to men as if these wise ones spoke in an unknown tongue. Or dimly perceiving the truth, they cry out "This is too hard for us!"

All forms of life are but the varieties of love expressed through man in such forms as the thoughts of his heart are capable of expressing through the mental and physical conditions of man's life. All conditions of man and his surroundings and experiences are but these expressions of the thoughts of his heart.

To change anything of his spiritual, mental or physical life, he must change the "thoughts of his heart." Any thought to be living must have love in it, whether it is high or low, and the action of it is determined by the height of it. It cannot express itself in an outer form that is higher than the inner form.

Every change of the thoughts of the heart causes a change in all the planes of a man's life. To make a thought living, persist in it until the feeling it suggests is excited. If one would change his thoughts for the better, if he wishes to develop wisely, instead of through hard experience only, he needs only to open the door to the Infinite and receive illumination from thence.

To give man the faith, then, that shall lead him to open the door to the Infinite, is the way to help him change his life on any plane of his being. The form of this faith depends upon the faith of the helper. The less dogmatically this faith is expressed the better chance the Infinite has to flow in with His own forms of truth unperverted. To give this faith by instruction is the greater work, for time spent in instruction, written instruction, reaches thousands, and by oral instruction and healing treatment but a few can be reached. But all are needed, and each should work where he feels he can do his best. Some, like Jesus of Nazareth, can happily combine all three, teaching and healing those about them, while giving to the world such truths as should reach all peoples and all times.

When one changes a thought of his heart, the form and nature of the living vibrations that constitute a thought form are changed. Move your hand through a sunbeam and see what a disturbance and changing about there is of the living forms, the vibrations of life in it: so sensitive is the thought of man, when a new thought touches it, and so sensitive are the vibrations of the mind and the body.

If no counter-currents interfere, doubt, prejudice, present opinions, fear, other people's opinions, a new thought will change the old quickly and easily, and corresponding external changes will follow.

Some believe in the power of the Infinite to change the heart, but disbelieve that he works in the external life on this

same plane. This shuts the door that opens outward so that life cannot flow out and fashion the external. This explains why many loving-hearted people have sad and painful lives. There is not harmony between the inner and outer. Faith in the necessity of the condition of external things prevents the perfecting of their lives externally.

"He that speaketh the truth in his heart" the same shall be saved from the degradations and misfortunes of false ways, and by the power of truth which calls about him those who love the truth, and the truths of those who love, whether on the visible or invisible plane. These are the "angels" who will have "charge over thee, and keep thee in all thy ways."

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— "Fate which foresaw
How frivolous a baby man would be—
By what distractions he would be possessed,
How he would pour himself in every strife,
And well-nigh change his own identity—
That it might keep from his capricious play
His genuine self and force him to obey,
Even in his own despite, his being's law,
Bade through the deep recesses of our breast
The unregarded river of our life
Pursue with indiscernible flow its way;
And that we should not see
The buried stream, and seem to be
Eddying at large in blind uncertainty,
Though driving on with it eternally."

—*Mathew Arnold.*

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Morality should ever be regarded as an effect of doctrine, never as its cause. But the term is a wide one, susceptible of ascendent meanings, and cannot be limited by a definition, or a local adaptation.

SCHILLER AND NEW THOUGHT.

BY ELIZABETH KINGSBURY.

The life of Schiller, the great German poet and philosopher of idealism, was a constant struggle of the spirit against the limitations of the physical. One hundred years ago this past May the struggle ended after a life rich in the fruits of the spirit and heroic in achievements wrung from fate in the face of pain and long-threatened dissolution.

Schiller's parents were pious people and Schiller himself was at first intended for the ministry. His deep religious nature disclosed itself in his youth in poems about God and his glory of His works. As a student he wrote two theses which, although not especially original, were remarkable for the breadth of the philosophy of life therein contained, as an expression of the views of a mere youth; for, founding his system on a belief in God as a wise and loving creator, he affirms the eternal progression of the soul through the power of love toward unity with God, which is the goal of mankind.

In the second thesis the dualism of human nature is emphasized. "Man had to be an animal before he knew he was a spirit. Through sensation he learns to think; from material beauty he is led to spiritual beauty," a view which, by the way, is beautifully developed later in "The Artists." The second point of this thesis is the discussion of the influence of the spirit on the body, even to conquering bodily ailments and rising superior to death. Philosophy, or rather a courageous spirit elevated by religion, Schiller says, is able to weaken animal sensation and to tear, as it were, the soul from coherence with the material.

Faith in God and in the immortality of the soul mark the poet's earlier poems, and a favorite theme of his early manhood is the representation of love as a spiritual bond linking souls together in eternity and leading them to ultimate union with God. This idea appears in the first thesis already mentioned, in the poem Friendship, in the Laura Odes, in the Ode to Joy, and finally in the Theosophy of Julius.

As, however, Schiller entered the storm and stress period of his career, the clash between matter and spirit created many a discord; doubt and pessimism crept into his life and were reflected in his works. This dualism is represented in the conversation Under the Lindens, in the Hamlet-like Soliloquy of Karl Moor in the Robbers, in the Letters of Julius, and in the Ghostseer, while Schiller's final rupture with orthodoxy is generally supposed to be marked by the "Gods of Greece," which, in its present form, I think must be regarded as an aesthetic, rather than a religious presentation of Greek paganism. 

In the Letters of Julius we see the depressing influence of critical rationalism on a religious enthusiast. Julius calls reason a torch in a prison, waking the prisoner from pleasant dreams and showing him his narrow confines. This letter is followed by the Theosophy of Julius, which presents his former faith and which in spite of platitudes and "Schwaermerei," is rich in gems of thought. In the Theosophy he says: "The universe is a thought of God. I read the soul of the Artist in his Apollo." As the prismatic rays unite into a white beam of light, so all the parts of nature combine into a Divine Being. Absolute truth we may not know, for our thoughts take on forms drawn from this planet. But man's concepts would not be likely to be more beautiful than the ideas of the eternal Creator, *i. e.*, truth is undoubtedly more beautiful than we can picture it.

Here we already see the poet-idealist, but his idealism, emerging from all religious speculation, gradually assumes the form of a philosophy of the beautiful, which Schiller defines as the unfettered and harmonious, and perfect freedom and harmony of spirit he makes the attributes of a beautiful soul and the goal of existence. As in earlier works Schiller had shown the power of love in soul progress, so in "The Artists" he represents the province of the beautiful as that of leading mankind on to perfection. In a series of letters to Koerner "About Beauty," Schiller says, "Mere organic beings are honored by us as creatures. Man, however, as creator, must shine by his own light," thus following Kant and anticipating

Emerson who says, "The light by which we see in this world shines out of the soul of the observer." In Letters about Aesthetic Education the poet expresses the same idea: "Man defines matters from inward conditions. As soon as light is within him, there is no longer night outside; as soon as it is silent within him, the storm in the universe is allayed,"—a very clear statement of the basic principle of the "New Thought."

In an essay on the sublime, Schiller says that man does not gain strength by fleeing from disasters but by becoming acquainted with them, and the free spirit within may look calmly at the turbulence of nature around him; "the relative great without is the mirror wherein he perceives the absolute great within." Fraeulein von Wurm, again reports Schiller as saying, "Our pain and joy, fortune and misfortune, often depend upon the mood of our spirit and upon our culture. Upon wicked men even the most beautiful has an evil effect. Better and clearer souls know how to find a bright side even in evil." To Lotte von Lengefeld the poet writes: "Never before have I felt so deeply how little the universe can give forth of itself and how it receives all, all from the soul. The charm in which nature clothes herself is only the reflection of the charm in the soul of her admirer."

The same belief in the soul as the real power in the universe, is affirmed in the "Words of Illusion," wherein the poet warns us not to seek the good and true in the outer world but in the soul within, and he personally bears witness to this belief in several letters to Charlotte von Lengefeld, in one of which he says: "I feel that a soul lives in me, capable of everything that is beautiful and good."

As to Deity in man, Schiller says in the essay on Grace and Dignity, that love alone is a free emotion, for its source is the seat of freedom, our divine nature. It is the lawgiver itself, the God in us, who works outward upon the world of sense. Again, in the Letters on Aesthetic Education, after treating of the nature of Deity, he says: All condition, all limited existence arises in time, and therefore man as phenomenon must begin, although the pure intelligence in him is eternal. Although an endless being, a Deity, cannot begin, man yet has in

his own personality the potentiality of Deity; the senses present him with material for development and growth along the path toward divinity. Of the same purport are the strong words: "It is an awful, nameless feeling, when the soul recognizes its own power, which becomes clearer and clearer within, and our spirit uplifts itself with firmness and strength. Within us we feel the All, our powers strive toward Heaven and find for themselves no limit."

Schiller believed that the destiny of the soul is good. In Hope he says, "We are born for something better," and "Theckla, a Spirit-Voice," points to an immortality rounding out the imperfections of the earth-life. But true to his high idealism he gloried above all else in thoughts of perfect spiritual freedom. He planned an idyl on the ideal and wrote to Humboldt: "Think of the pleasure in a poetic production, from which everything mortal has been eliminated; nothing but light, freedom, possibility; no shadow, no limitations—to represent a scene on Olympus—what highest of all enjoyments!" The same joy in picturing the unconditioned triumphing over the conditioned is, I believe, the secret of Schiller's wonderful portrayal of the Maid of Orleans.

Schiller's definition of a beautiful soul is a logical outgrowth of his philosophy of moral freedom. A beautiful soul, according to him, is one which follows duty from the harmony of its nature; a soul in moral equilibrium where the inclinations of nature are in harmony with the laws of reason, *i. e.*, an unfettered soul, a soul acting in perfect freedom.

The same lofty doctrine of spiritual freedom Schiller applies as a test to the Christian religion, of which he says in his celebrated letter to Goethe in regard to the "Confessions of a Beautiful Soul" in William Meister, "I find in the Christian religion virtually the capacity for the highest and noblest. If one keeps to the peculiar characteristic of Christianity, which distinguishes it from all other monotheistic religions it lies in nothing but the suspension of law, of the Categorical Imperative of Kant (the performance of duty for duty's sake), for which Christianity substitutes a free inclination. It is therefore in its pure form the representation of beautiful morality, or

the humanizing of the holy, and in this sense is the only aesthetic religion."

Finally, as the very epitome of Schiller's idealism, must be mentioned the poem "The Ideal and Life," wherein the power of the soul to rise above the limitations of earthly struggle in the realm of appearances (Schein) to the pure realms of the unconditioned and the real (Gestalt) is set forth in the inspired language of poetry. Man may throw off the bonds of sense and sin by taking refuge in the realm of spirit. This "New Thought" doctrine is the essence of the poem and characterizes the whole trend of Schiller's life. Goethe, who was more of a realist and had little sympathy with Schiller's idealistic views, said in a conversation with Eckermann: "In his riper years Schiller went over to the ideal, and I might almost say that this idea killed him, for because of it he made demands upon his powers which were too great for them," and Humboldt, applying the above poem to Schiller's life, expressed the opinion that of no one else might it be said, perhaps, with so much truth "that he had cast from himself all anxiety of earthly matters, had flown 'from this cramped and dungeon being into the realm of the ideal.'"

" If I fall far below my high ideal,
Flaws in my temper cause me keen regret,—
Unkindness to God's weak or weary creatures,
Fill me with sorrow till my eyes are wet
With unavailing tears: What is the teaching
Of my own weakness? Patience with my brother
Who fails like me and moans like me in silence,
God give us grace to bear with one another."

" This thought my fancy doth impart,
As birds strange music troll:
The blossom is the thistle's heart
And the white down its soul."

THE RELIGIONS OF THE EAST.

HINDUISM.

BY SARAT C. RUDRA.

The forefathers of the modern Hindus of India were known as the Aryans and their religion as Aryo-Dharma. Dharma literally means law, but now it has come to signify religion and acts of religion. The ancient Aryans in their limited community first expounded for the well-being of man the systems of social, moral and spiritual thought wherein the perfect order of nature's laws was explained. These ideas are included in the Vidyas which must not be confounded with the four sacred books namely: the Rig, the Syam, the Tajur and the Atharva. Veda means knowledge. The Vedas are systems of natural philosophy in which different branches of science and art are embodied and explained. To go into the details of these different systems of the Vedas, would be too long and out of place, but I will simply mention this that from the Hymns of the Rig Veda enough can be learned to find out that the early Aryans had a very keen observation of the wondrous objects of the visible universe and had the Sun, the Moon, the Air, Water, Fire and Ether, as their great objects of meditation. The Hymns were the outcome of subtle and poetical brains. The Syam Veda furnishes knowledge as to how the science of music brings about by its method peace and harmony to the investigating mind. The Tajur Veda shows by systematized methods the results that sound and its repetition have upon the minds of men. These repetitions known as the Mantrams should not be subjects of ridicule, they really are deep studies. The Atharva or the fourth of the Vedas had various systems of physical sciences elaborated in reference to their bearing upon the spiritual nature.

The majority, students as well as others, class the ancient Aryans as nature worshipers, which, in the estimation of theologians at least, seems to signify a lower order of thought

and spiritual attainment. Those ancient Aryans were nature worshipers, but their worship was of the character of an enthusiastic student, whose devotion was commensurate with the wondrous phenomena every day presented before them. The Vedic Period no doubt occupied some centuries, but it would be ungenerous as well as inaccurate to fall into the not uncommon error of speaking of this period as the dawn of the human mind. After a lapse of 5000 to 7000 years, the human mind has not yet become free from the same wonderful thoughts of the visible and invisible forces of nature which the early Aryans of India gave first expression to in their sacred books. After the ancient Aryans were successful in carrying out their work of the investigation and establishment of truth, as time went on, the objects around in nature from which truth was gleaned became to many unthinking people subjects of reverence and worship.

The Vedic Period leaves none of us in doubt that it was an age of great mental activity which continued in a greater measure during the next Epic Period named after the grand poems, the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. From the early Vedic Period the Aryans held strong convictions that all men have evolved out of the original source, the Brahmum. The invading Aryans in the Valley of Punjab held this view for centuries, and it was only after their kingdom spread and population increased and social responsibilities were added, that a change from the esoteric to the exoteric thought of life in all its bearing began to take place. The original inhabitants of India known by various names, such as Dassyus, Blacks, etc., after being brought into subjection and made friends and allies, became a part of the Arya community, but never allowed opportunities to be masters, always keeping as Dasas or servants. With the increase of wealth and luxury divided unequally, education became limited. It was at such a time that the theory of the trinity in its exoteric sense contributed to the establishment of the systems of caste described in my last article. Instead of monotheism which distinguished the early Vedic Period, elaborate systems of philosophy came to be established, in which Theism, Atheism, Pantheism, etc., were

all formulated and speculated about in the most ardent manner. At this period the sacrificial rites and ceremonies commenced during the Vedic Period were extensively performed. In fact when Gautama, afterwards Buddha, was born, the sacrifice of animal life for propitiation was so extensive that reformation in this direction was one of the first acts of his life.

From the time of Gautama Buddha to that of Sankaracharian, the Buddhistic Period, the reformed ideas and instructions of Gautama flourished in India. The subtle-minded Brahmins who were not opposed to the teachings of Buddha but were opposed to his Sangha (Holy Brotherhood) for selfish motives and to keep intact their spiritual privileges and authorities over the caste people, began to work steadily on elaborate myths and historical accounts of the creation of this world, its Gods, Angels, Heavens and Hells, etc. When Sankaracharian came to the world the Puranas were already in circulation. Puranas literally means "the ancient." There are eighteen Puranas now in circulation. The deep philosophies which are included in them are indeed of the highest, but since the ordinary people of the world do not care to get at the truth, the mythology contained in the Puranas became more attractive and that is how the myriads of natural forces symbolized in the Peurinic mythology became to the uninitiated absolute fact. At this unsatisfactory period in the development of the Hindu mind, a strong man was needed and Sankaracharian, like Buddha, came upon the scene of action. It was he who revived and established the old Vedantic philosophy, the culture of which since then has been kept up throughout India.

The above brief note of the past history of the religious thoughts of Aryan India may help readers to study more critically the modern thoughts of Hinduism, otherwise known as Brahmanism, which is a system of religion, metaphysical and devotional. These work harmoniously. The Brahmins and their sacred books teach that the human mind is capable of reaching perfection and before arriving at that state works separately and as distinct individuals. The Hindu views physical life and the body as the external manifestations of the

desire mind. They call this manifested world an illusion, not in the sense that it does not exist, but as owing to the misunderstanding of the unreal for the real. The real is the spirit, and since the body and the physical energy, the mind and its functions are not what is understood to be spirit, and since this is not the product either of the mind or the body, the ordinary acceptance of the reality of the manifested world can not but be an illusion. There is only one spirit pervading the whole universe. It is because of the limited knowledge of man that he sees and believes in separateness. For instance, the scattered clouds we notice in the sky are made up of the same substance as vapor for rain, hail or snow. As the separate forms of water and gas present to the uneducated mind impressions of distinctiveness, so are the thoughts respecting individual men, animals, vegetables and the apparently inanimate minerals. True, these are distinct transformations, but since their existence or manifestation is conditional, relative, depending on the desire mind of the individual Ego, and because they could be made to cease to exist, the Hindus teach us to view this world of manifestation without attachment. It may be asked, as indeed is often done, "why should a man try, even if it were possible, to stand aloof, as it were, from this manifested world?" The answer to this is very simple. The Hindus keep constantly before the mind the thought that the pleasures of this life are not unmixed; in fact, misery and pain are often more in evidence. From the time a child takes birth to the time it leaves the body—becomes lifeless—there are constant successions of pleasure and pain, hope and disappointment, illness and health. The natural craving of man is for happiness, but in wishing to acquire this, an individual falls into many errors and very often suffers unhappiness instead. The life of man here is short and the experience he gains is necessarily limited. It is the natural craving of man to strive for this experience of happiness even at the cost of much suffering, and as invariably happens, a single experience does not satisfy, and further trouble is unconsciously courted.

The Hindus thoroughly believe in the re-incarnating of souls in man. Since the word soul has a very wide meaning, I will

try to explain how it is viewed in India with the help of a few Sanskrit words. Life is equivalent to Prana. Jiva is the individual possessing life. Atma would correspond to soul, therefore every animal is possessed of a Jiva Atma or individual-soul (Ego) which however is only a part and parcel of the universal soul. Every object in the universe has a life and soul, minerals, vegetables and animals. The minerals show their energy in various ways. Chemistry teaches us much in this direction, physics also affords great opportunities along this line. The late achievements in this direction have been wonderfully illuminating. Among others, Dr. Bose, an Indian savant, professor of physics in the Presidency College, Calcutta, has conclusively proved by means of experiment that minerals, vegetables and animals have equal electric response.

The Hindus believe that every object in the universe is in its evolutionary path of progress, and since the evolution is the outcome of the will of the universal soul, no manifested object is possible in existence without the stamp of that universal soul. Soul can not be measured; that which exists in a moth is of the very essence and, in that sense, the same as the soul of a great human Ego, as both are of the same essence as the universal soul. The difference is in the life during evolutionary steps of manifestation. It is for this reason that the Pantheistic ideas of the Hindus are quite in harmony at bottom with monotheism. In fact, any one who has given deep thought to the subject, can hardly fail to realize the truth of the simple statement, that the universe in all its latent bearings is simply the expression of the unity in its multiplicity. Modern scientists are fast coming to the conclusion that in our physical universe there is one primordial element, and that the atoms and molecules of the different elements now recognized in nature are merely transformations of the original one, the changes being brought about by energy, motion, heat, cold, pressure, etc. So under the light of modern science we have approached very near, if we have not quite reached the oldest as well as the modern Hindu recognition of the universal soul (God) in every object, no matter where and how to be found. Even in the earliest stages of the operation of cosmic law the marks of order

and harmony are discernible in the development of matter from its incipient state, to its highest and fullest development, man. Cultured Hindus refrain from condemning a mind which, owing to its limited training, feels to bow down before a stone, a tree or a mighty river, and address it, full of reverence and worshipful spirit. When a Hindu prostrates before a tree and offers prayers to it, he knows that his prayers are not offered to the tree but to his God who is in the tree, around the tree and in the soul of the tree. Even the most illiterate Hindu worshiping a wayside rock, a village tree or an animal of the forest does so with the full consciousness that the cravings of his heart are directed, through the symbol before him, to the infusing, indwelling universal spirit therein manifested. The Hindus, through the experience of centuries, have come to the conclusion that no matter how great a mind may appear to-day and diffuse knowledge of truth respecting the self, universe and the soul of the universe, to-morrow, owing to the difference of understanding and intellectuality, the proclaimed truth may lose or alter its force, or may be reconstructed and re-interpreted as is suited to individual mental, moral and spiritual calibre. These are facts, and owing to this the Hindus have among them all types of the human mind; such are considered necessary in a great measure for the improvement and attainment of higher spirituality. Just as it would be found impossible to train an infant's mind with lectures designed for college graduates, so in the family of the human race all degrees of development in mentality are to be provided for. Every Hindu whether he is offering his prayers to a rock or manufactured representation of a God, or trying to commune with his own divine self, is cognizant of his existence both in matter and in spirit. It is a case of communing soul with soul; the answering of prayers depends on the intensity of the desire.

While Hinduism or Brahmanism does not enjoin in its essential teachings any possible form of worship, yet the devotional nature of a large section of the people is so strong that they have created in their desire-mind idols and ideals of their God, whose presence and company are all they desire for all times. This thought necessarily keeps human Ego separate

and distinct from the universal Ego. Minds such as these have created various imaginary personalities or clothed highly developed men with powers and qualifications which only befit the God Almighty. The underlying philosophy of these devotees is worthy of careful thought and study. The human mind is ordinarily incapable of comprehending the abstract God or the abstract self. But it has a natural partiality to some of the qualities of the mind, of which love is the predominating influence. God is without qualifications, yet he is represented as the fountain of love. Pure love—to love and be loved in return—being comparatively rare and short-lived, man has made for himself a fetish of the idea that God's love and compassion are everlasting and unalterable. This burning love towards an ideal God or his representation when presented constantly before the mind, consumes or suppresses all its other functions. The idea is to bring the mind in its purity, when alone it perceives clearly the self, and becomes one with it; but the purity of the mind is possible only when bereft of all functions and predilections. It frequently happens that this burning love with its flaming concentration finally attains the object.

Many of the Hindus may be classed as idol-worshippers but in the highest sense. Year after year they manufacture representative gods and worship them in reverence. They invoke their presence and invite them to participate in the festivities, and bestow blessings on the community. But the manufactured representations are not believed to be the gods, as is evidenced by the fact that they are presently thrown away after the divine services are over. Another proof that their idea of divinity is but superficially associated with the clay, wood or stone is the following: During the Dussahara or Doorgapujah, thousands of clay representations of Sakti-Doorga are worshiped in private homes, and in each figure the Sakti or Doorga is represented as coming and residing for the time being only. It is only the universal spirit that is omnipresent. Of course I must not let the reader suppose that all the Hindus are cultured enough to understand, interpret and follow rightly the philosophy of idol-worship, but it is nevertheless true that

the vast majority of the so-called idol-worshippers of India know intelligently whom they are worshiping.

With the exception of the pernicious systems of caste, which have been the causes of India's civil, political and industrial troubles for centuries past, the Hindu religion with its grand systems and practical philosophies is to my mind by far the most sublime and comprehensive that has ever been given to the world.

"To make up a great action there can be no subordinate, mean ones. We can never postpone a true life to-day for any future or anticipated nobleness. To require that our friend have a certain skill is not to be satisfied till he is less than our friend.

Promise to be great; promise a perennial springtime rightfully; we are to each other the gate of Heaven and redeemers from sin. But how we overlook these lowly and narrow ways! We rarely get so far in our intercourse as to reform one another gratuitously and use each other like the sea and the woods for what is new and inspiring there."—*Thoreau*.

"If a man could feel, not one day in the artist's ecstasy,
But every day, feast, fast and working day,
The spiritual significance burn through
The hieroglyphic of material things,
Henceforward he would paint the globe with wings."

Put forth thy hand, in God's name; know that "impossible," where truth and mercy and the everlasting voices of nature order, has no place in the brave man's dictionary. That when all men have said "impossible," and tumbled noisily else whither and thou alone art left, then first thy time and possibility have come. It is for thee now; do thou that, and ask no man's counsel but thy own only, and God's brother, thou hast possibility in thee for much; the possibility of writing on the eternal skies the record of a heroic life.—*Carlyle*.

LOVE.

BY FRANCIS E. ALLEN.

To love in full measure is to know God. To be in the love of all the universe is to be in God's presence. All manifestations of God (or creation) are expressions of love; but not all creation has learned to be responsive to the voice of God that speaks in manifestation, and therefore cosmic unity is not realized by all.

There is but one creation, and that is the creation of love. Love is not able to express in earthly condition its highest potentialities; many are the manifestations in the world of earthly conditions but so limited is the expression, that it will never be comprehended, until the limitations that encompass it, are lost.

To love in very truth, is to express the soul, for never in the mental, nor in the physical, can be expressed that which is man's true being. Love is the creator; to love is to create. Not only in the manifestations that are recognized by the senses is creation taking place, but also in the spiritual world—and here is man's opportunity; all may co-operate in this work of creation; but not without love may be created that which may endure, for life is love, and without love no life is there that can withstand the shock of change. All expressions are forever changing—all may endure in essence, if sufficient life or love is in their being. To *love* is the primal need of all manifestation, and in expressing God man *must* love. Now all love is in a manner divine, but not all is pure; love to be pure, must be in the universal, lost and found; love that can not endure the universal "merging" can not endure when the conditions which generated it pass away.

Love not less but more; let all who meet you feel that love is the law of your being, and that it radiates from you as a light which may illumine the pathway of earthly manifestation. Fear not that love may be misinterpreted; no true love could give other than blessing. Love is not physical attraction only, in the low degree that matter attracts matter. The

stone inanimate at your feet, the plant struggling to catch the rays of light and heat which call it from its prison-house, the bird on bough whose nature goes out in song to mate, the lioness even, protecting her young at the risk of her own life, all are expressing in some degree this glorious power—LOVE, but each according to its kind must manifest this attribute. Not man's to linger on the plane of physical attraction, when open to him are spheres of beauty and splendor unapproachable by life in its lower manifestation. Does he desire no higher consciousness than may be manifested on the plane of sense, then let him strive not for mastery of the lower expression of love; would he rise to heights of power, and see what is the glory of the God-man, let him on the highest plane of being, express all that love includes.

Love not *less* but *more*; but in the expression of your love enter into that realm of spirit where all may dwell. Forever is love impelling expression; deny it not, but seek to express it where God and angels evermore may present be.

Man is the perfect expression of love manifested in matter; to him has been given the privilege of expressing this love in such manner that new manifestation may occur. God works through all nature, all lower manifestation, but God speaks thus to man: "You are now to work out your own salvation—LIVE or DIE. It is no longer mine to mould you save as you will respond to my "breath," the spirit, which you may receive. Love is the fulfilling of the law; love-love-love. This is not a cruel arbitrary decree, but is the greatest privilege I can give to thee. Worlds are forming, worlds are loving, love thou, form all in accordance with the desire of thy heart; if it be pure and true it will endure all change, and in itself be able to create anew."

Now the angel of the Lord was with man in all his early strivings to live, guiding him in this endeavor, and in that aspiration. To-day he stands ready to inspire, and show the way to heights beyond mortal's comprehension. He stands, ever watchful of the dangers, ever mindful of the weaknesses which are his heritage through the material enveloping him in earth conditions; but also stands he ready to sustain, ready to

guard, ready to share with man the gift of life eternal. Oh man, be not blinded by the senses! Be open to this communion of spirit with your spirit; let its influence be the strongest that may come to you. A world of spirit is about you; enter it *now*, and awaken to your privilege; be love expressed in fulness; call upon all creation to respond; feel within your being the longing to be one with the universal life which pulsates through the great heart of humanity; desire to be in sympathy, too, with the life which manifests in nature, so beautiful to those who read her secret. Be more, be able to realize that not one expression in the vast universe but needs the love that you can give; that all are parts of this cosmic plan, and that *all* are needed, and *all* are passing on to *all*, that which they themselves do generate. Not all creation is visible—not all is even apprehended—but all is capable of being responsive to “the Son of man” become “the Son of God.” Now this is the law of creation, of response, of full expression—*love unutterable*, love manifesting in such countless ways man has not dreamed of, nor could he yet comprehend. Now in this love which man is called to express, comes the right to choose the nature of its expression. Without this choice, man would not be more than a puppet. He is free in all the myriad manifestations possible, to choose what shall be his gift unto the universe. Let him well consider—for immortality comes not a gift conferred—it must be bought with a price—and the value is high, and the coin is never dishonored. In all the universe it is the same—nor time nor space can change its value; the coin is *love*—love in its highest manifestation—love that in its embrace includes *all* creation, manifested and unmanifested—love that is willing and ready to give and to receive; love that changes not with outward seeming, but is always present in the pure expression. Now, could man learn to feel *this* love, all problems of earthly life would be solved—all work of heavenly ministration would be ended—for God would then come fully to His own, and His own would know him.

IN EVIDENCE.

BY HELEN CHAUNCEY.

"Drop out of mind your belief in good things and good events coming to you in the future. Come *now* into the real life, and coming, appropriate and actualize them now. Remember that only the best is good enough for one with so royal a heritage as yours."—*Ralph Waldo Trine*.

Nothing can be too great for you to claim
As yours already. You have but to name
The good you long for, and the Love Divine
Will turn the water of your hope to wine
Of realization, for God seeks to bless
Each child with gifts of bounty measureless.

CHAPTER I.

". the calm beauty of an ordered life
Whose every breathing is unworded praise;
A life that stands, as all true lives have stood,
Fast rooted in the faith that God is Good."

—*J. G. Whittier*.

There was a light in the face of Marion Wynne that no shadow could obscure. Even the little crossing sweepers noticed it, and would place themselves in her way that its radiance might fall on them, being sure, besides, of a nickel from the "Sunrise Lady" as they named her. "Seems like she made a feller feel good all troo," said Mickey Byrne one cold morning after she had passed.

"She's better'n a ile stove to pit the hate in yez," assented Jimmy Toole, returning to his work with a vague sense in his half-starved body that something beautiful had come that way. Many a weary clerk in the large department stores blessed her for the sweet smile and gentle words that imparted renewed hope and courage. Her very presence radiated love and joy, and strangers meeting her on the street felt an uplift of spirit that made the darkest day grow bright. What was this power she possessed? The question was often asked, but seldom answered save by those who knew the influences that had surrounded her from her cradle.

Left motherless in babyhood, her father had made her his companion almost before she could talk, and his serene and beautiful life was reflected in that of his only child. She had learned from him that Love is the keynote of happiness, and so perfectly in tune was she with the Infinite, that there was not a discordant note in her nature.

He had inspired her to have no fear of anything that possessed life and her collection of pets was unique. For snakes she had an affection that to many seemed abnormal.

"Dear little things, they are so cunning!" she would say. "Can't I bring one in my pocket to show you some day?" This to her teacher at the close of school one morning.

"No indeed!" was the emphatic reply. "I am afraid of snakes. How *can* you have one for a pet, Marion?"

"That is because you don't understand them," the girl persisted. "They are as harmless as cats or dogs if one is kind to them. But I must not forget Papa's message, Miss Miller. He would like you to lunch with us to-morrow, as it will be Saturday. Then I will show you my pets."

Hardly had Miss Miller lifted the brass knocker at Wynne's the next day, when Marion opened the door, exclaiming, "You must come in after this without knocking. It is one of Papa's hobbies to have the door on the latch for all. We never lock it."

"But you do at night?" said Miss Miller, following Marion into the library where Mr. Wynne was reading before a cheerful wood fire.

"No," he replied, as he rose to welcome his guest. "We feel that what we have is ours to share with others, so we keep open house night and day."

"Are you not afraid that some of these lovely things will be stolen?" asked Miss Miller, her eyes noting the pictures on the walls, while articles of value were scattered about the room.

"We never think of such a possibility. Besides, if they will do good to any poor fellow, he is welcome to them."

Miss Miller was nonplussed. She had heard her host described as a "visionary," and these views seemed to her so erratic she could hardly reconcile them with his strong, manly face.

Luncheon was announced, and as they crossed the broad old-fashioned hall to the dining-room, Mr. Wynne called Miss Miller's attention to a remarkable picture in sepia.

"It is the work of our much-loved friend, Joseph Jefferson, who usually stays with us when he is in town. You have seen him, I presume, in that greatest of all temperance sermons, '*Rip Van Winkle?*'"

"I have never been inside of a theatre," confessed Miss Miller, "nor have I ever seen a play. My rigid New England training forbids it."

"I know there is a good deal of prejudice against the stage among you descendants of the Puritans," Mr. Wynne replied, "but I was brought up at West Point, and look at the matter from another standpoint. I would like you to meet Mr. Jefferson, however, for a talk with him would disarm your criticisms. He is one of the whitest souls I have ever known."

The dining-room was full of interest to Miss Miller. Mr. Wynne told many an old tale in connection with the antique silver, India china, and Chippendale furniture, till she felt as though listening to some long-forgotten romance. She did not notice the food, save that it was daintily served and appetizing. But Mr. Wynne's remark as the dessert was brought on, "You see we do not eat meat," caused her to remember that there had been no flesh in any of the dishes.

"We never eat it," he continued, "for we could not inflict pain on any living creature. Some animal must have suffered every time flesh is eaten, and for this reason we prefer a diet of vegetables, cereals and fruits. Marion shows that it agrees with her, does she not?"

"She is the picture of health," said Miss Miller, her eyes resting with pleasure on the calm, sweet face of the young girl, where the clear olive skin showed the warm blood as it tinged her cheeks with the soft hue of a rose leaf. "So many of the girls at school have been ill with La Grippe, but Marion seems to escape it."

"She has never known an hour's illness," said her father quietly. "A pretty fair record for seventeen years, is it not?"

"Yes, especially in this age of high pressure. Tell me how

you ward off disease, and what preventive your doctor gives you?"

"We don't believe in disease, Miss Miller," replied Marion. "We think God intends that every one should be perfectly well, and instead of original bad, we hold that there is only original good. As for a doctor, there are several who come to see us in a friendly way, but not one professionally. Some day we will tell you all about it; will we not, Papa?"

"Yes, *when she seeks truth for herself*," he answered slowly. Then, as they rose from the table, he said with a smile, "We are a pair of cranks, Marion and I. But we seldom talk of our views to those who would not agree with them. One of our rules of life is not to antagonize. I must go to the art school now, but I leave you in Marion's care. Let our house be a home to you, and come at any time; you will always be welcome. If you do not find either of us, the daily papers are on the library table, and there are the best of companions on our book shelves. Use our belongings as your own, and you will give us great pleasure."

His whole-hearted manner, and the cordial clasp of his hand as he bade her good-bye, brought tears to the eyes of the hard-working teacher, whose only home for years had been a second-rate boarding-house.

"I shall never forget this visit, never!" she thought. "Their ideas are peculiar, but they are the kindest people I ever met."

"Come up stairs," said Marion, "and I'll show you what Papa calls my Zoological Garden, because some of my pets live among the plants in my windows."

Along the upper hall they went, into a room so full of sunshine that Miss Miller exclaimed, "It is just like you, my dear, so cheery and bright!"

But at this instant a sharp little hiss caused her to start with apprehension. "It is only Alexander," said Marion. "Here, Alec! Alec!" and following her gaze Miss Miller saw gliding over the carpet a small snake whose iridescent skin glittered in the sunlight. Climbing up Marion's dress, it coiled around her left hand, while she stroked its back as if it were a favorite cat.

"Isn't he lovely?" she asked delightedly. But the stony glare of the unwinking eyes gave Miss Miller a creepy feeling that soon compelled a request for Master Alec's removal.

"I love him so dearly that I forget others may not feel as I do," said Marion, and she placed the snake inside of a closet, carefully closing the door. "You will like my chameleon better, I hope;" in response to her whistle the lizard came rapidly down the window curtain from the ivy where he had been asleep. This seemed less objectionable to Miss Miller, but her prejudices were again aroused when she saw the horned frog and the pair of newts. She could not keep back the horrified inquiry, "My dear child, why do you have these strange pets? Why not have dogs and horses and cats and birds?"

"I have all those besides," Marion replied. "Here is one of my birds," and she drew aside the window draperies that concealed a goldfinch in his cage. "The others are flying about in the next room, for I let them out every day. And you cannot have forgotten Sport, my dear fox terrier, who so often comes to school with me. Then I have a lovely Angora cat, but I can't keep her up here, for the goldfinch and she do not agree very well."

"You see, when I was a little tot, Papa often told me about snakes. He said that people make them cruel by treating them badly and being afraid of them. I felt sorry for them and for the rest of God's creatures that have so little chance. I tried to make allowances for them, and from pitying I gradually grew to love them—as they love me, I know."

Miss Miller did not know what to reply, and after a pause Marion went on, "Papa says it is our thoughts of animals that make them what they are, and we are responsible for their hating and hurting us. O we should be careful of every thought, not only about people but of all that has life. If we think God's thoughts of love to everybody and everything, we help to redeem the world. Don't you see, Miss Miller?"

But the poor lady was so bewildered that she answered vaguely and took her departure in a few minutes. Yet for days afterwards the memory of that visit brightened her tread-

mill round of duties. She even found herself longing that she might realize in all its meaning the remark of Mr. Wynne, "*When she seeks the truth for herself.*"

CHAPTER II.

" Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid,
By some great law unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil."

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Not long after her visit to Wynnecote Miss Miller was notified by the Board of Education that the position she had occupied for many years in the high school would, at the beginning of the next term, be filled by a younger woman.

She had feared dismissal for some time, yet now that the blow had come she was overwhelmed. Her face grew more peaked and wrinkled than before. Even her belief in a divine being failed to sustain her.

She felt that God was chastising her in punishment for her sins, and every vision of the future was dark with the wrath of the Almighty. But it was not for herself alone that she was troubled. During the past six years all of her savings and every cent of her salary, outside of her trifling expenses, had gone to render comfortable her only brother who was a patient in the Hospital for the Insane. For him she had denied herself every luxury, and the loss of her income meant what was far worse to her than any personal privation, inability to provide Henry with whatever could ameliorate his situation.

Thus the month wore away, and but one week of school duties was left to her. It was Friday and she spent the afternoon in looking for a room that would give her temporary shelter until she found some other employment. But prices were high, and she returned to her shabby boarding-house utterly discouraged.

She longed to tell her troubles in some friendly ear, and she thought of Mr. Wynne and Marion as the only ones to whom she could go. Pride had hitherto sealed her lips and she had

borne her burden of anxious foreboding in silence. Impelled at last by inward conviction she hastened to Wynncote. Her hand was on the knocker when she recalled the injunction to "open the door and walk in." She hesitated and at that instant Mr. Wynne came up the walk, exclaiming, "You are just in time to welcome us home from Washington. You will find Marion in the dining-room."

His cordial greeting was like a refreshing breeze, and Miss Miller felt an uplift of spirit she had not experienced for days. Hearing her teacher's voice in the hall, Marion ran to throw her arms around her. "How lovely in you to come when Papa said we might be lonesome," cried the young girl.

"I am so glad it is you!" and she drew her in to the cosy room where the table was already laid for three.

"You see we expected you," said Mr. Wynne, smiling. "Indeed, we are always ready to entertain 'angels unawares.' Our friends know this and have a way of dropping in at meal times that we both enjoy. Now that you have learned another of my hobbies we shall look for you very often."

How soothing was this atmosphere of love and good will that surrounded poor, harassed, storm-tossed Miss Miller. Tears filled her eyes, as she replied, "No place has ever seemed to me so much like Heaven as this!"

Marion's soft gray eyes were moist with sympathy.

"Aren't you glad, Papa?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed," he answered, "for we live to find and perpetuate Heaven here on earth. Now let me tell you of our trip to Washington."

He saw that their guest was trembling with agitation and he diverted her so successfully that she forgot her anxiety for a time. But when they were seated in the library after tea, with the ruddy glow of the firelight dancing over walls and ceiling, she briefly told her story.

"I need advice as to the future," she said, turning to Mr. Wynne. "I am too old to obtain another school position, and younger women throng all the avenues to employment. I would advertise for a companion's place, but I know I should be crowded out by those who are better fitted than I. What can I do?"

Marion and her father exchanged meaning glances. Then he said, "It is one of the surprises of life to find how two needs dovetail into each other. Only this afternoon Marion was wishing you might come and live with us. I shall be away from home frequently during the ensuing year, as I am engaged to lecture in Washington, Philadelphia and New York. I could not leave Marion here alone and she would not care to go with me. Will you come to us, as companion and chaperon for my little girl?"

"To live?" exclaimed Miss Miller, "Oh, you cannot mean it!"

"Certainly I do," he replied. "When will your school engagement close?"

"One week from to-day."

"That is excellent as I give my first lecture in Washington that very evening. I shall go away glad and grateful to leave Marion with you."

"How can I thank you?" said Miss Miller, whose voice shook with emotion. "It is very kind in you to provide this beautiful home for me and congenial occupation."

"My dear friend, the kindness is not mine but God's; so do not thank me," answered Mr. Wynne. "Since the Giver of all Good has used us to bring this gift to you, I rejoice that we can manifest Divine Love and Bounty for your relief. I did not know what to do with Marion in my absence, although I knew the way would open before it was time for me to go."

The serene certainty of his words had a spiritual shock for Miss Miller.

"Then you never worry about the future?" she asked.

"Never! Why should I?" he replied. "Only good can come to us and I have implicit faith in the love of God. We never worry, for worry or anxious thought is like a beckoning finger to the very phantom of evil we long to escape."

"But how do you avoid it? For instance, if you had been in my place, what would you have done?"

"Simply believed that God had some better thing in store for me than the work laid down, something so beautiful and bright waiting for me 'round some corner in the streets of life that when I saw it my whole nature would rejoice at the loving kindness of our Father."

"We know this is true, dear Miss Miller," said Marion eagerly. "Those who borrow trouble often bring upon themselves the very things they fear, while those who trust in God as a loving, tender, generous Father have all their wishes gratified. I am sure we do," and she looked lovingly at her father. He only smiled in answer, but to Miss Miller their faces were a manifestation of perfect peace, the peace which passeth understanding. As Miss Miller rose to go, she said, "I feel that a door into Paradise has been opened for me. Yet I cannot help fearing it may shut before I am fairly inside."

"Oh, you mustn't!" cried Marion. "You must believe it is so wide open that it can *never* be shut."

"She means that God is holding it open for you and no force in heaven or earth has power to close it, *save your own thought*. Have faith in Omnipresent Good, and it will always be yours. But do not allow the faintest suggestion of evil to sway you from that belief, for only good is real."

Miss Miller prayed that night as never in her life before: not to a far off mystery of divinity, but as a child to a father who loves and cares for it; and she fell asleep repeating to herself,

" For warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He,
And Faith has still its Olivet,
And Love its Galilee."

CHAPTER III.

"Spirit is the central force from whence all beauty comes."

—*F. Edwin Elwell.*

"The only life—the life of all greatness and gain—is the life of the Spirit."—*Lilian Whiting.*

The week passed rapidly, and on the day before school closed Miss Miller met the pastor of the church, of which for thirty-five years she had been a faithful member. He greeted her with outstretched hand, and the commiseration, "I am extremely sorry you have lost your situation, for it will be difficult for you to obtain another. But you know, my dear friend, the Lord will be your strength and however much He

may chasten you, it is for your good. We shall remember you in our prayers that you may be resigned to endure patiently whatever our Heavenly Father may see fit to send upon you. 'The bud may have a bitter taste, but sweet will be the flower.'"

His mournful tones fell upon the buoyant spirits of his parishioner like a dash of ice water. But she checked the impulse to say that she was looking for the good alone and replied, with a glad smile, "Matters are not so bad as they seem, Dr. Simpson. Another field of work is before me. You know Mr. Wynne and his daughter?"

"I have met them," said the clergyman, coldly.

"Then you will rejoice with me that I am to be companion for Marion."

"No, I cannot rejoice that you are to be in the same house with a man of Mr. Wynne's mistaken ideas. The daughter holds them also, I have been told. But you may influence them to return to the good old ways. Remember your Puritan ancestry, and be loyal to the traditions of the past, as I am sure you will be," and with a formal bow the reverend Doctor went his way.

Miss Miller was grieved at his misunderstanding her friends, but she was too happy to be long disturbed. Even the parting with her pupils on the following day caused her little pain, for ever present to her consciousness was the thought, "Good alone is mine, if I will but recognize it. I will fear no evil."

A few hours more and she had begun her life as an inmate of Wynnecote. Marion gave her an enthusiastic welcome, exclaiming, "I can't begin to tell you how sweet it is to have you here! I have longed so often for an older woman to advise me. Papa is everything he can be, but a man doesn't look at things as a woman does. O I am so glad of you, Auntie dear. I am to call you by that name, Papa says."

A wave of thanksgiving at the God-given relationship flooded the lonely woman's heart. "It seems as if I were in a dream and that I shall wake up to find that it has vanished," she said. "I have not heard that dear familiar name since my only nephew died twenty years ago. That you are to use it as my niece is almost too good to be true."

"O no, Auntie dear. It is so good, it *must* be true. There is nothing too beautiful to be true."

She paused as if for reply, but Miss Miller only shook her head dubiously.

"Your room is across the hall from mine," Marion continued, "but before you unpack, come and see my studio. I love to show it to any one for the first time. It is such a surprise."

"And no wonder," said Miss Miller as she followed the young girl into an immense room with vaulted ceiling and long mulioned windows of stained glass. Charcoal and water color sketches covered the walls, with here and there a plaster cast or object of artistic interest—a Turkish yataghan, a Spanish guitar—in picturesque array. Rich Oriental fabrics were draped over chairs and sofas; from the ceiling were suspended several antique lamps that once hung in an Italian monastery; a hammock was slung in one corner; near it stood a divan heaped with pillows, while a dozen others were tossed about the floor which was covered with Eastern rugs.

"I hope you are not shocked at the litter," said Marion. "The girls from the art school have been here this afternoon, and as they prefer to sit on the floor, the pillows are pulled every which way. But ever since a friend of ours, who is a model housekeeper, told me she never could have been an artist for studios are so untidy, I have felt I must apologize to every new visitor. Not that I mind it! *I love it!* Here is my latest piece of work."

As she spoke she uncovered a picture that stood on the easel. It was a water color likeness of her father, so true to life that Miss Miller exclaimed: "It is Mr. Wynne himself! I did not know you painted so well, Marion. When have you had the time with your school duties and your music?"

"I hardly know," Marion replied, her glance following that of her companion to the violin on the open piano. "From my littlest girlhood I wanted to use a pencil in putting on paper the pictures that filled my mind. Papa guided me, and as I grew older he suggested the subjects for my pencil and brush. For the last two years I have confined myself mainly to portraits as I expect to be a miniature painter. We hope to go abroad in a

year or two and then I shall study in the foreign schools. But it depends on myself how soon I realize the purpose for which I came into the world."

They were strange words from a young girl and Miss Miller asked, "What purpose is that, Marion?"

The girl hesitated for a minute. Then she said, slowly and reverently, "To bear witness to the truth: to manifest the Christ within."

Her words fell on ears as yet dull of hearing to the voice of the spirit and her listener replied, "I do not understand. Will you explain your meaning to me?"

"I rarely speak of these things, except with Papa or those who think as he does," Marion answered. "Let us sit here, dear Auntie, while we talk."

She drew a large easy chair before the blazing fire for Miss Miller, and throwing herself on a pile of pillows at the feet of her companion, she laid her head in her lap with a sigh of pleasure. "How lovely this is!"

"Everything is lovely to you, dear," said Miss Miller, as she gently smoothed the rippling hair from the broad, low forehead.

Marion gave a happy laugh. "Of course it is! Since we live and move and have our being in the good, everything must be lovely."

She raised her head to look in the face above her for assent. But she saw only an expression of bewilderment, coupled with the words, "I am but a poor sinner, Marion. I long to please my Heavenly Father and I hope to be saved through the blood of His Son, Jesus Christ, who died for our trespasses. My ideas about religion are very different from yours and what you say has no meaning to me."

"The belief Papa and I have fills our lives with happiness. Perhaps you feel the same about yours, that it satisfies your every longing," said Marion. "In that case Papa would tell me not to explain what you did not understand just now, as it might mystify and perplex you. One of his favorite quotations is: "Never take from any one a form of belief unless you can give him something better and are sure that he desires to receive it."

For a while they were silent. Miss Miller was having an inward struggle. She longed for clearer light on her life path. Her reason rebelled against the doctrines in which she had been reared. She yearned to find in God the infinite love that cannot permit one soul to be lost. She had sought comfort in reading her Bible twice a day, by course, only to realize that much of it was to her understanding a dead letter. These thoughts passed through her mind, together with a longing she could not repress to learn the secret of a happy heart from this child, whose creed seemed so simple.

"Tell me what you believe, Marion," she said at last, "You may be able to answer the questions which trouble me and to which, as yet, I have found no clue."

"I have heard Papa talking with people who spoke as you do, of perplexing questions," responded the young girl, her sweet face full of loving tenderness. "I do not understand because we never have perplexities. It seems so unnecessary to have them when our dear Father, God, has promised to relieve us of all care,—to bear every burden."

"But you must admit, my dear, that there are many things that seem cruel and mysterious," said Miss Miller.

"O no, *never* cruel," answered Marion quickly, "a little mysterious at first, perhaps; but the mystery does not last and the plans of divine love are all the more beautiful when the mists have rolled away; for we are sure, *so* sure, that the divine will desires only what is good for every one, to fill human lives with overflowing happiness."

"We simply trust God as a little child trusts its father, knowing that every desire of our hearts will be fulfilled. Each new day is radiant with the realization that we are living in perfect harmony with omnipresent, omnipotent good. We never dream that anything sad or dark can come to us from that loving heart, which is the heart of all. I cannot imagine a more joyous place than this earth is to me. It is transfigured with the light of infinite love."

"When one is simply a channel through which God pours life, love, power, beauty, and every good gift into the world, the consciousness of the meaning of human existence is glorious.

That is what I mean by manifesting God—to let the divine take complete possession of me; to throw open my whole nature to the tides of God beauty, God wisdom, God genius, God bounty that seek to manifest through me as their instrument, for my body is the temple of God and the Holy Spirit dwelleth therein."

Even in the twilight that gathered around them Miss Miller saw Marion's face glow with rapturous feeling, and a thrill went through her weary heart as she thought that she also might obtain unfailing peace and joy. Her thirsty soul drank in with avidity the teachings of the pure in heart, and to her was fulfilled the scriptural promise, "A little child shall lead them."

(To be continued.)

"How can I cease to pray for thee? somewhere
 In God's great universe thou art to-day;
 Can he not reach thee with his tender care,
 Can He not hear me when for thee I pray?
 What matters it to him who holds within
 The hollow of His hand all worlds, all space,
 That thou art done with earthly pain and sin?
 Somewhere within his ken thou hath a place,
 Somewhere thou livest and hast need of Him;
 Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb,
 Somewhere still there may be valleys dim,
 That thou must pass to reach the heights sublime;
 Then all the more because thou canst not hear,
 Poor human words of blessing will I pray:
 O trembling heart, God bless thee wheresoe'er
 In His great universe thou art to-day."

—*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

"The details of life are no more trivial and degrading than the rough dress and homely tools of a sculptor are unworthy of the marble he works in."

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

BY S. L. HOOVER.

Not long since, the writer, while traveling in a railway coach, became engaged in conversation with a fellow traveler who, being of a religious turn of mind, soon had under discussion the subject of the progress of Christianity in the world. The increase of crime, of suicide, and of insanity; the extension of poverty on the one hand and the concentration of wealth on the other; the spread of ignorance, of intemperance, and of vice; the continuation of cruel wars of conquest, were all discussed, whereupon the writer's new acquaintance remarked, "And I see no indication of any improvement. It seems to me things are getting worse all the time, and the only thing that all true believers in Christ can do is to exercise more faith, do their utmost to convert men, and be prepared for their own call into the Kingdom of Heaven."

To the writer this was rather a dark and pessimistic speech and feeling on the part of a religious person, and especially a Christian, and so he replied that he could not quite agree on all these points. Said he: "There are some movements now taking place which will surely correct all these evils, and will, without doubt, bring the Kingdom of Heaven here on earth, so that we will not have to wait for it until we enter upon our spirit life. It is the privilege and duty of every Christian to investigate these rising movements of the people, and for humanity's sake throw his life, energy, and influence into them."

"I do not understand what you mean by the Kingdom of Heaven coming here on earth," was the reply. "For," added the pessimistic gentleman, "Christ himself said, 'My Kingdom is not of this world.'"

"If the kingdom of Christ had been of the world in which he lived, it is not likely that any person living to-day would care to have anything whatever to do with it, for the world then was evil beyond our ability to conceive," the writer replied, and con-

tinued, "you and many others mistake the meaning of the word 'world' as used in the quotation you give. This word 'world' is in the original Greek (*κόσμος*) and means: 'The affairs of this life as distinguished from the spirit life, concerns of this life, the present existence, customs and practices of men, human society, public affairs and occupations.' There has been an advance toward Christ's ideal, the Kingdom of Heaven; but if He were to come to earth to-day, He would still have to declare, 'My Kingdom is not of *this world*' for he would still see all those evils which we mentioned at the beginning of this conversation, and mark you, he would still say to you and me, his disciples, 'After this manner therefore pray ye. Thy kingdom come (on earth). Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.' This very prayer that Christ gives to his disciples shows where he expects to set up his kingdom, namely on the earth (this word in the Greek is (*γέ*)).

"But," persisted the gentleman who looks at things darkly, "Christ's kingdom is a spiritual kingdom" for He says, "Behold, the Kingdom of God is within you." ("Among you," marginal reading).

"Yes, and remember," replied the writer, "if it is within me then it must be on the earth, because there is where I am. In the words to which you have just referred, Christ was trying to show that his kingdom comes and is coming quietly, just as the laws of love, justice, and truth possess one by one until the whole of society is compelled to be controlled by them; that it is not a thing that can be pointed out so as to be seen or heard, or perceived by the five senses; that it is within you, that it takes hold upon the affections. This refutes the old, worn-out idea that the Kingdom of God is a state or condition of the spirit life only. These words of the Master announce that it is already among us, and its benefits increase, and the significance of its laws broaden and become more easy of application as man evolves from one state to another, and as he makes greater progress in material things. This is especially true if man is left free to adjust himself to these new conditions. If he is not left free, he often injures himself by running counter to the laws of the Kingdom of Heaven and this explains why there is so much

suffering manifest to-day. The laws, customs, and systems of men are 'in the teeth' of the laws of the Kingdom of Heaven and none but an optimist can predict which will come off victorious."

The train slowed up at a station and the traveler who had opened the conversation said he would have to get off here, but the writer continued to think of this subject, the Kingdom of Heaven, and decided to investigate more fully later. Some of his conclusions are set forth in this article.

A careful study of Christ's gospel cannot help revealing that his purpose was to improve the condition of men in this life, here and now; that the rules of life which he taught were to be put into practice by men in the flesh and not by spirits; that the Kingdom of God, or, the Kingdom of Heaven was to be established here on earth and was to be a state in which the souls of men could grow and expand and become fit entities for the spirit life; that in teaching these truths Christ was often compelled to use expressions that conveyed a double meaning, or that so expressed his real meaning as to prevent his merciless persecutors from "catching him in his words." As illustrations, may be noted his parables, and the expression now under consideration, the Kingdom of Heaven, or, as sometimes stated, the Kingdom of God. But with all this precaution, this Savior of mankind was only allowed three short years to give forth his gospel of love, justice, and truth, and then a maddened and ignorant world would hear no more of it. What would have been the gain to the world if Christ could have spoken plainly, and lived to expound his gospel fully to a corrupted race?

The world is just beginning to learn what Christ really meant when he taught men how to pray; it is just beginning to learn that Christ knew that a soul could not live, much less expand and grow in a starved and naked body, when he said, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things (food, raiment, shelter, education, and so forth) shall be added unto you."

To help the world to a full appreciation of these truths let us see what Christ really meant by the Kingdom of Heaven. This expression is used nearly one hundred times in the Gospels, and,

without counting any of those texts in one or more of the other Gospels which are simply repetitions of what was recorded in the first Gospel, there are in all fifty distinct references to it. The reader can at once see that for an article of this kind it would be impossible to take up each one of these references and develop its meaning, so that only one or two will be used to convey the thought to the mind of the reader, who can then work out the others for himself.

On a certain occasion Christ asked his disciples, "Whom do men say that I am?" They gave various answers, and then he asked, "But whom say ye that I am?" Peter answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." For this he was commended, and Christ spoke to him in substance as follows: (The exact words are omitted purposely in order to make the meaning clear.) And I, in reply, say to you, your name is Peter, that is, I recognize you, I know you, as you know, or ought to know, me. This mutual relationship and common knowledge existing between us is the rock, that is, the foundation principle upon which I will build my church, and the gates of hell, of Hades, that is, the gates of the unseen world, or the gates of death, shall not prevail against it—which simply means it shall never perish.

The meaning of Christ in this use of the word "rock" has given rise to more discussion among theologians than possibly any other expression he used, scarcely any two agreeing. The interpretation just given is original, and to the writer is more reasonable than any he has seen before, for how true such a prophecy must be concerning a church composed of men having knowledge of Christ. He loved humanity, and when they know him they must love each other. He was just to all; when they know him they must be just to each other. He put the Golden Rule into practice; when they know him they will be compelled to put it into practice also. "My church" means the whole body of human beings the world over, who know Christ.

But Christ goes on and says, "And I will give unto thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven and whatsoever thou shalt

loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." This mutual relationship which Christ has just described between himself and Peter is the unit, so to speak, of those composing the Kingdom of Heaven, and any one coming into this relationship becomes possessed of the keys, that is, a knowledge of the laws of love, justice, mercy, and so forth governing this Kingdom of Heaven, so that any such person has it in his own power to enter in. This verse does not mean that the keys were given to Peter alone, so that he could open and close the doors of the Kingdom of Heaven at his will. By referring to Matthew 18:18 it will be observed that the power that was given to one was given to all. How true indeed this is of the Kingdom of Heaven. Equality of power—no one can enslave another, nor all the others; and for this reason all the others would not and could not enslave the one—there is a perfect play of the principle each for all and all for each.

"What things soever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and what things soever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." What marvelous power is here bestowed on those who come into proper relations with the laws of the Kingdom of Heaven! There is no evil that to-day is destroying mankind and causing unutterable miseries, that cannot be abolished at once when the majority of men come into the Kingdom of Heaven. War, and famine, and ignorance will soon be bound; the gates of hell will be closed forever, and heaven's gates flung wide open. This is not said irreverently, but with a full and abounding faith in the Gospel of Christ.

But let us see what may be expected of the Kingdom of God in regard to the physical necessities of life. If reference is made to Luke 12:29-32 there will be found some words of Christ as to this ideal state of men.

29. And seek not ye what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind.

30. For all these things do the nations of the world seek after: and your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.

31. But rather seek ye the Kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you.

32. Fear not little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.

Christ says: "Do not be overanxious about what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink," that is, do not live in a state of suspense. It is not to be inferred that Christ was unmindful of the difficulties of making a living then, or that such difficulties do not exist now. In this case Christ was above all other things trying to fix in the minds of his hearers the fact that when the Kingdom of God was fully established here on earth such peace of mind would be possible in its fulness, and was trying to show how delightful such a state would be. In verse 30 he assures them that any other condition is the result of their own ignorance and weakness, as shown by the fact that the nations of the world are seeking these things each for himself, forgetting that unless the individual considers the rights of all he will in the end be a victim of this anxiousness and suspense that is such a destroyer of life and happiness. How comforting the thought that the Father knows that we have need of these things, and we know that He has provided them in abundance for all if we could only use wisdom enough to distribute them for the good of all, for in this case even the Father himself cannot help us, if we refuse to help ourselves, so Christ says, "Seek first the Kingdom of God and then you shall have all these things."

Now this is another incontrovertible argument that Christ intended to establish His kingdom on earth, otherwise the addition of all these things, food, raiment, and so forth, would be useless, for in the spirit world these things are not likely to be needed. How then shall we define the Kingdom of God? Let us look at it this way. It is a state of society in which men having acquired a knowledge of Christ and His teaching, and faith in His ability to save mankind, have become convinced that the human family is a unit, and that if any member is injured, defrauded, maltreated, or in any way prevented from developing all his capacities, moral, intellectual, social, spiritual, and so forth to the greatest possible extent it recoils upon the entire race, and each individual is in the last analysis affected to the same extent as this injured one. It is the unchangeable

law of action equal to reaction, and now for the first time man can appreciate what the Golden Rule means, and instead of saying it is impractical, he sees that it is law, unchangeable, unrelenting law; that he must practice it or forfeit his happiness and his life. He can then see that the truth of verse 31 is not fanciful, but that when the Kingdom of God is in the hearts of men "all these things shall be added" by the unchangeable law of necessity.

Abraham Lincoln said, "This is a world of compensations, and he who would not be a slave must have no slave." Emerson said, "If you will trace the chain that fetters the slave you will find the other end around the master." If I by my action, or my failure to act, or by my influence, permit poverty, I know not the hour when poverty may be my portion; if I permit excessive riches I know not when its debasing and degrading influences may deluge me or mine; if I permit crime, and vice, and cruelty, I cannot foretell the hour when I may be their victim.

In verse 32 of this chapter we read, "Fear not little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." The encouragement of Christ to the little flock is sublime. The difficulties in their way were great. They are still great to-day, and so we may share in this encouragement, but we should ask ourselves, are we doing all we can to aid, and are we sure we are not opposing the kingdom? "It is the Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom" but you must take it, you must know how to preserve it, for even the Father cannot give you a thing that you do not want, and cannot compel you to keep a thing that you will not have. You, the little flock, must work, and wait, and pray, until the majority are convinced that the Father knows what is best, and then you can speedily compel the attention of all.

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"If men have real life in them they are always breaking away the crust of circumstances and customs in noble rents, until they become as the black strips on the linden tree—a witness of their own inward strength.—*Ruskin*.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

SELF-CONTROL.

When we use the term self-control we should have in mind its application to the whole being; not partial control or control of a part of the self—the spiritual, the intellectual or the physical only. These are all so related that there can be no separation. Even at death there is no real parting. The husk passes but all that is real remains. We lose a certain grossness but we have still a body. Wherever there is an innermost there must always be an outermost, also. We speak of disembodied spirits but there is in reality no such thing as a soul without a body. There may be no body that is visible to the physical eye but there is an expression, a form, nevertheless. We may conceive of the universe even, as the body of God. There is very much in this world that the physical eye can not see. There are whole octaves of sound, the existence of which can be demonstrated in vibrations, that the ear is incapable of recognizing. Despite all the artificial aids that we bring to our assistance, the telescope, the microscope, the spectroscope—there is still a very considerable undiscovered country awaiting our cognizance. If our ears were more finely attuned we could hear the sap rising, the grass growing, the fly walking on the ceiling; we could see, not seven colors only, but seventy times seven in tones and shades and variations of these. So, also, when we think. But the time will come when the people who have made the world—that is, we ourselves—you and I and all who have lived—we have all carried on the creation of the world in some measure—we will know eventually all about it. How? By knowing ourselves; through self-knowledge and self-control. There is nothing in the outer world, as we call it, that has not

its counterpart—its prototype, in the soul of man. With the development of the inner, the vision of life will continually widen. We are the creators of this world and presently we will realize it. The mind of man can change the face of the earth. Take the few concrete instances that have come within our own notice during the last decade or two. Not so very long ago the greater part of Southern California was little more than a waste of sand and sage brush where now are acres of lemon and orange groves. We all know, too, of the new fruits and flowers that are the result of Prof. Burbank's careful experimenting. Much of the change and development, however, that is going on all about us we are not conscious of—even when we ourselves are instrumental in bringing it about. Mankind is the principal factor in all evolution as well as in all the occurrences in the physical world—cyclones, pestilences, famines, wars. All have their correspondences in the mind of man and the time will come when man will be consciously master of all these things. Baron Munchausen's writings are puerile compared to the recorded facts of the last fifty or seventy-five years, and yet it is none the less true that man discovers in the material world only as he himself unfolds to his own consciousness. Something more than ninety per cent., I believe, of electrical force is wasted now. About nine times as much energy is used to run a car or a machine as is really needed. Presently we will learn how to utilize this surplus and then with the same electrical current we can accomplish nine times as much. There is practically no limit to the energy locked up, one may say, in ourselves. The great problem of life to-day is how to conserve—to economize—energy. It is because of our inability to do this that there are so many nervous, illy poised, feeble people in the world. Of course in one sense no energy can be lost, but it is lost to us if we can not control or rightly use it. Nothing that is real can ever become lessened by use, but the abuse of anything limits its possessor in the use of that thing. We all know what it is to feel weak and exhausted at one time and strong and virile at another. Now there is a reason for this and it behooves us to inquire into it. Let us go to the heart of things—there is little accomplished in dalliance in the

superficialities. The causes of all these things are to be found in man's inmost life—the vital center that is deeper than subconsciousness. Far back in the beginning of things—among the earliest forms of life when there were no brain cells and no organs—or at least nothing corresponding to what we mean by these phases to-day, there was yet what we might term feeling. When there was a need of food it was found, approached, and organs for its appropriation and assimilation improvised, so to speak, for the occasion. At first these would disappear, as the need of them passed, to be recalled, reimprovised again, upon a recurring need. Then, nature, always economical of her forces and materials, decided, so to speak, that it would require less energy to make permanent organs to meet these recurring needs, and thus the various specialized members, the mouth, the eyes, etc., came into being. The center seems always to have known the needs of the circumference, and the instinct of the lower becomes the intuition of the higher forms. Now it is the recognition of this center in ourselves—call it what we please, God, love, cosmic energy, primal force—that gives us poise, makes us masters instead of slaves and puts us at once in complete control of ourselves and our world. This is the vantage ground of true self-control. No man can become so evil that he wholly loses the key to this center—this secret place of the Most High. The kernel of truth in the doctrine of predestination is this—that law is absolute—that there can be no exceptions to the eternal laws of the universe, but these laws are only those of life and of love. “That which hath been is now and that which is to be hath already been and God requireth the things of the past.” Though this energy at the center of things is imperishable and incapable of waste, on the mental plane there are many ways in which its use may be retarded and through abuse it may be dissipated and the man in every external expression may therefore lack poise and ease, self-control and development. The mind becomes absorbed in the outermost things and fails to distinguish the real from the seeming. The outermost becomes obscured as the clouds hide the sun. We say of a person in this condition—that he is evil—that God has gone out of his life. Now this is not true—it

could never be true—any more than that the sun has gone from the world when the skies are gray. It is on this innermost plane that the whole direction of the life takes place, not through the operation of hygienic laws or chemical forces, creeds or any effort at superficial control. We are coming more and more to see that the whole sum and substance of religion is simply love and service. Self-control has to do with the mind of man only—that is to say, there is no lack of poise or waste of forces at the center—it is only on the mental plane that these are perverted. If we would only let this central power express itself throughout the being, in every outermost detail and activity, then the oneness of life and of spirit of which we speak would at once be actualized—realized. Tyndall said “no matter where you begin in your study of life—of the universe—sooner or later you get back to the sun,” and so must everything go back to God, for everything in the universe is God. I do not mean that the part—any part—is God—but the individual is one with God as the ray is of the sun—has no existence apart from God. There is a fundamental difference between saying “I and the Father are one” and saying “I am God.” The latter Christ never said. When the fulness of power and life at the heart of the universe possesses us and acts through us, we are not that power but we are filled with it so that we have no life nor activity apart from it.

The effort—the constant, unwearying effort of all life is to realize at each point, at each moment, outwardly, what is at the innermost center. Self-control does not mean restraint and restriction and the coercion of ourselves in externals—but the glad, whole-hearted subjection of the perceptions—the outermost, to the sway and full current of the innermost. This is the secret of true self-control; this is the “secret place of the Most High” where the whole being is kept in “perfect peace.” Centered here, one’s impulses gradually grow healthful; whatever one eats or does or desires to do will then be what is best for the stage of development at which one is at the moment. We can all recall enjoying a certain thing at one time and feeling a repugnance toward it at another. This, if we are living from the center, simply and sincerely, is not due to superficial moods

but to the fact that our needs vary and the gratification of them is guided from within. Eventually every outward desire and resulting condition will respond perfectly to the inner requirement. Every real thing, you know, has its contradiction—its opposite. This is for the purpose of bringing the truth into greater prominence and clearer understanding. And when once we come to understand the meaning of evil in this light it will cease to have its present power over us as we have long ago ceased to be frightened by shadows. Remember "all things are ours" now—health and happiness and this world's goods and the "unspeakable riches" of the inner life. But only as we come to realize the Kingdom of Heaven within us do we come into any real possession of its outer counterparts. When we lose sight of the inner and seek simply the outer symbols they forever elude us, or if we grasp them they turn to ashes in our hands and we are still unsatisfied. When in our hearts there is anything in the nature of envy, jealousy or unkindness there will be unrest and discord in the outer life. If we are not satisfied with life—our lives—as we find them to-day—and which of us can say that he is? then it is for us to begin to build the new heaven and the new earth of our desire. If it were possible for Jesus to find within and establish without, this Kingdom of God, then is it not only possible for, but incumbent upon, us. "Greater things than these shall ye do, because I go unto my Father." That is all we are here in the world for, to bring with us, by degrees, the Kingdom of Heaven. We are not here for riches or power or any other thing. St. Paul says "when that which is perfect is come into the life, then that which is partial will pass away." Once the realization of the indwelling riches is ours we will no longer desire anything that is not simply and naturally the result of this innermost. Everything in life, our daily work, the demands upon the business man at his desk or the house mother in her home, may not only be made to serve this great life purpose, but may be, word by word, action by action, the exponent, the revealing of this very kingdom. Self-control is the control of all the lesser by this greater. In true self-control there is no effort, no restraint. And the end of all creation is that the will of each—the whole

being of each—shall come into subjection to the Universal Will which is the law of love—come consciously, voluntarily, because of that all-compelling desire, the true homesickness of the soul for its own.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

.....

SLEEP.

"Sleep, the balmy restorer of health." Here is an element of our daily life which comes and goes, without much attention being paid to it. Yet how indispensably necessary sleep is for growth. The fundamental cause of sleep is, and will probably remain, involved in mystery for the average man, notwithstanding the best efforts of material scientists.

How sleep overtakes a waking man is by no means easy to define. The ancient philosophers speculated a great deal on this subject and their observations are indeed most valuable, inasmuch as their theories were corroborated by practice.

Sleep is a function of the mind, brought on by Tama guna or blind force. All things in nature have three gunas or forces: Sattva, Rajas and Tamas. In man these forces are within his control if he chooses to exercise it. When Sattva or the discriminating force is active, people do not require much sleep. But ordinarily when man can not exercise his discretionary power, Tama guna or blind force asserts itself, and a veil, as it were, is put before the mind's eye. During this process a great many changes take place in the physical man with regard to which valuable scientific information has been collected within recent years.

Of all the benefits sleep brings in its train, there is none higher than the slow and well-regulated breath usual under ordinary conditions. During the working hours, the physical body and the mind are active, and owing to the varied requirements of daily life, different members of the body and the functions of the mentality are under a constant demand that is not always conducive to their simultaneous and harmonious

growth. Too much walking, riding, running, talking, etc., produces acceleration of the heart and respiration; too much thinking on many subjects tends only to dissipate and weaken the mental force.

Since matter has more Tamas or blind force in it, the mind that is attracted by matter develops more Tamas or blind force at the cost of (Sattva) discriminating and (Rajas) manifesting force. People whose thoughts and actions are more or less for matter and things material are soon overcome by sleep when night comes. It is for this reason that people who are very active mentally and on the spiritual plane, can keep themselves in the best of health and without much sleep or none at all for a length of time.

In the light of the day, the Rajas or manifesting force is prominent, but when darkness comes, visible matter remains closed to man in the desire world. This is why at night excesses of the Tamas or blind force are strongly in evidence.

But to come to our point—sleep. This mento-physical function is only the climax and distinguishing phase of Tamas or blind force. The physical gain is in the establishment of equilibrium and vital force in all parts of the body unduly strained during the working of the day, with the help of long and regular breath. While the physical recuperation goes on under the influence of Tamas force, the mind of man remains circumscribed in matter and things material, unless the mind was previously prepared by thoughts of, and meditation on, the absolute and the unqualified which enables man to pass either dreamless sleep of the highest value, or sleep with dreams of a spiritual nature and significance.

Sleep, therefore, is necessary for the well-being of the body, but with the average person is rather detrimental to mental growth, and as mental growth and development are indispensable for the awakening of the soul, the wise even avoid sleep as much as is possible. To compensate and guard against consequent physical depletion, efficient measures of precaution are always adopted by such persons. What sleep does and is capable of doing is accomplished in the waking state by the regular exercise of breath or Prana-Vayu. By this process

not only is health kept unimpaired but the whole organism is brought under perfect control, so that the spiritual development may go on unrestricted.

Doubtless of many who read this, thousands will take exception to the above views regarding sleep and recommend that it should be avoided. But it must be remembered that though the ordinary man may not be attracted by the suggestion that he remain awake all night turning his thoughts consciously upon his ideal, that gives or promises to give him health and strength, the spiritual aspirant at once senses the possibilities of progress in such a course and counts no effort too great a price.

SARAT C. RUDRA.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

With the issue of November, 1905, the yearly subscription price of MIND will be reduced to \$1.50. The size of the magazine will not be changed and the quality will be improved. This is the day of easily accessible things for the many—cheap things, if you will. A really good thing is not afraid to be cheap. MIND is falling into line and offering a maximum of value for a minimum of cost. No one interested in the great New Thought movement of the time can afford to be without this magazine.

So many write: "I do not know how I can give it up—I want MIND but I do not see my way just now to paying the two dollars and a half." Now, these are just the people we want—the people who want MIND, and we are meeting them half way in the endeavor to continue in comradeship.

Any old subscriber who sends in four new subscriptions before the first of December, 1905, will get his own renewal free. An old subscriber sending three new subscriptions within the same time limit will receive any one of the list of volumes advertised on page 3 in the special discount list of New Thought publications in this number. Among the contributors for the coming year are Lilian Whiting, the Rev. R. Heber Newton, the Rev. Adolph Roeder, Judge Troward of London, Bolton Hall, Ernest Crosby and many other well-known writers, insuring a wide range of subjects and interest.

A FIRST VISIT TO UPLAND FARMS.

BY AMELIA M. CALKINS.

Sleep came to me the previous night with the patter of rain-drops in my ears, and I thought dolefully. Oh dear! oh dear! a rainy Sunday, and there can be no service in the grove to-morrow. I loved the sound of "the patter of the rain upon the roof," but felt quite unreconciled to a continuation of the same on the morrow. Of course, I should have believed the *best* would happen, but when fear and hope strive for mastery, it sometimes seems easier from old habit to give precedence to the former. I scarcely dared open my eyes when morning came, but soon found "the thing that I feared had *not* come upon me." By 9:45 billows of clouds were placidly reposing on a sky of deepest blue, and a perfect day was ours.

To a strange new-comer, "the grove" left much to the imagination, but sounded delightfully promising. Going down the hill from "Sunset Hall" we met a crowd of earnest-looking people, and with them went directly into what would have seemed "deep woods" but for a well-worn path cut into the sod and rock leading up a short steep hill. There we found ourselves indeed in one of the "first temples built by God." Never will the beauty, charm, and sacredness of the time and place be forgotten. Comfortable benches were arranged in a semi-circle, wherever the posts of the "temple," the trees, would permit. In the center sat Dr. Patterson who talked to us (not preached at us.)

His theme was one of wonderful importance too seldom touched upon from the pulpit, but here in "the grove" it seemed a natural outcome of the teaching of the New (old) Thought. It was "Religion as applied to every-day life!"

So many ideas of religion obtain in various countries, and among people of all classes and conditions: religion used as a goad to compel obedience, and extort spoils; religion as a cloak under which to hide a wicked heart, and cover wicked

deeds; religion of profession rather than of practice. But *this* was religion in every-day life, that will not permit fault-finding and unkind criticism, that makes both of work and play "one glad sweet song," makes unkindness an impossibility. Difficult in the doing, 'tis true, and still perhaps in the realm of the ideal, but recognized by those who listened this beautiful Sunday morning as the heart's desire of all—the goal of attainment all were striving to reach. As the gentle words of suggestion and reproof were uttered, it was impossible not to think of the One of whom it was said, "And when he was set down he opened his mouth and taught them saying"—And these were the same simple rules for right living, that *seem* so easy—yet are so difficult. At the left of the speaker huge rocks were silhouetted by clumps of feathery ferns, in beautiful contrast.

Once Dr. P— leaned his head against an "affable" oak, as though to tell us how at *one* are man and nature, and that both are our teachers. It was a wonderful picture, this early morning service. The winds came as a choir, and sang through the leaves most exquisite hymns, now fast, now slow, then soft and low; sometimes in notes of ecstasy up in the topmost branches, then deeper, and grander among the larger ones below. One could imagine that the "heart's desire" of those who sat below must be wafted up to the sky mingled with the symphony of leafy music. And the birds came, too, first to the right, then others answering on the left. The sunlight made golden rifts of light through the trees, and it seemed that sun and wind, and birds all rejoiced that at last some were learning to "worship the Lord" not with trumpets and sound of cymbals but in the beauty of right thinking and right living; coming to "Him" in simplicity and truth, trying by bringing religion into every-day life to live lives full of every-day religion.

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LEARNING LESSONS.

BY T. SHELLEY SUTTON.

Thou hast blest with love and beauty,
Thou hast given joy and life,
Shalt thou not exact a duty?
Is not living worth the strife?

Thou hast blest with health and pleasure,
Thou hast given hope and aim,
If we fail to clasp the measure
Shall we say, "Thou art to blame?"

Thou hast blest with life supernal,
Thou hast given each a goal,
If the purpose be supernal
Shalt thou slight the simple soul?

Ah, thy wisdom is not mortal,
Thou art All, and we are thine—
Past the grave's defiant portal
Dwells the spirit, yet divine.

And the mind that shaped the heavens,
And the mind that made the earth,
Triumphs ever, falters never,
In its plans of death and birth.

High or low, the station given,
Good or ill, it matters not,
There are hearts that must be riven,
There are souls that must be taught.

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CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON

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*"There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man
is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. Let a man then know
his worth."*

—EMERSON.



VOL. XVI

OCTOBER, 1905

No. 4

IN WHICH REALM SHALL WE DWELL?

BY LILIAN WHITING.

*"Do you not see, O my brothers and sisters?
It is not chaos or death.
It is form, union, play—it is eternal life;
It is happiness!"—Walt Whitman.*

Is it not true that there is an inner radiance, a joy that the world can neither give nor take away—the joy, indeed, that “no man taketh from you” which is an inalienable possession entirely irrespective of time or chance or change? Can not this joy be achieved by the soul so that neither death nor privation nor trial in any of its hydra-headed forms shall dim its radiance or diminish its energy? For, if it can be so achieved, it would be the most important discovery of human life. Joy is the very distilled elixir of energy and inspiration. It is the invincible force which is able to conquer and prevail. Beyond this, too, the achieving joy is a divine command, “ask and receive that your joy may be full.” The Holy word is full of similar counsel, and this must either be applicable to the common life of every day or else it is mere abstract rhetoric with no particular relation to life. The latter premise is untenable. Spiritual truth is the very breath of the soul, not a mere ceremonial ritual for occasional attention. “Sorrow

is a condition of time but joy is that of eternity," and the temporary life may be so subject to eternal conditions as to bring it into immortal radiance. It is an idle question to ask if some of all the various phases of trouble are inevitable. They certainly are. They are a part of the human experience. Death is universal and illness, in slight or in serious degree, hardly less so. Misfortune is almost universal. There can be no man or woman so great or so good, so distinguished or so wealthy, so loved or so—apparently—fortunately placed in the world, either as to circumstances or in the permanence of character, as not to be liable to almost any kind of misfortune. Wealth has its traditional wings. Friendships, even those held the most sacred and precious, are liable to change. Character, which is the only consciously permanent possession, is itself always at the mercy of gross and tragic misunderstanding and misinterpretation and is even liable to fail of keeping faith with its own ideals. A man is entitled to be judged from the standpoint of his best deeds and best moments. As a matter of fact, he is usually judged from the standpoint of that which is least worthy in his deed or endeavor. No one can read the newspapers and observe closely this thrilling, throbbing panorama of daily life without realizing how the man who has stood for perhaps thirty years before the public, filling a high station, filling it worthily, may be suddenly, by some inconceivably unaccountable lapse of a moment, hurled down from his high place and judged by his weakest impulse. However unjust this may be, it is the average rule of human life. The Greek epigram, "Count no man happy until he is dead," might with equal truth read, "Count no man's reputation safe until he is dead." For a perfectly innocent and upright man may be, from force of circumstances, so ingeniously traduced as to be totally unable to prove his integrity, flawless though it may be. All this range of trial, infinitely harder to bear than death, or loss of property, or illness or accident—all this range with all sorts of complications and variations, is liable to be met with by any man or woman. It may be the less usual experience of the honorable and the high-minded, but it is not the impossible—not to any human being. So much we

must concede. Then we face the actual question, Can the individual who has exchanged an abounding prosperity for absolute adversity; health for torturing illness; whose friendships, held as the dearest joy and treasure of his life, have changed to bitter and unjust enmities; whose honorable standing before the world has been undermined; can one, under circumstances of which these are typical, yet live in the immortal radiance? Can he possess that joy that no man taketh from him? For, assuredly, on the answer to this hang all the law and the prophets. It is simply the question as to whether our religious faith is worth anything or whether it is not. Can it be so spiritualized, so vitalized, as to enable us to truly feel that "God is a very present help in time of trouble?" that behind the clouds the immortal radiance glows undimmed? that to lift up the heart to God is not merely the privilege of the devotee at the altar, but that it is the practical help to the man whose hand is at the throttle of the flying engine, or the helm of the gigantic steamer, the man in a Wall Street office, the man painting a picture, writing a book, lying helpless on his couch, or ministering to his parish from the church that he has made the center of noble activities.

Life is a series of tests to be met as well as a series of choices to be made. The perpetual problem continually recurs under new conditions. Browning interprets this truth with impressive clearness in the lines—

"He fixed thee midst this dance
Of prosperous circumstance—
This present, thou, forsooth, wouldest fain arrest,
Machinery just meant
To give the soul its bent—
Try thee and turn thee forth sufficiently impressed."

As a man's life "consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth," neither does it consist of the circumstances and events which surround him. These are the scenery through which he is passing, but he is himself an individual, a conscious personality, not necessarily reflecting his successive environments; the "flowing conditions of life," as Emerson so well phrases it, may be dark, but the individ-

ual may still walk in radiance, even the light of God. The glory and the freshness of dreams and ideals need never fade into the light of common day. It is a morbid idea that a dream must "fade." On the contrary, a dream is a thing to be realized. "You have built your castles in the air," said Thoreau, "that is where they should be, now put your foundations under them." It is failure in spiritual perspective to talk of "dead" dreams, "failed" hopes, and similar mediaeval nonsense. It is a silly sentimentality. The habit of brooding over the past is pernicious. All that is worthy in it is part and parcel of the present and is distilled into the elixir of spiritual life. Every dream, every endeavor, that has in it the germ of spiritual vitality will come to fruition. It may not hold its fulfilment in the immediate present. The aloe is long in blooming. But believe and trust and rest in the Lord—rest *patiently*. And meantime go about the Master's business which is one with man's business. Coöperate with the divine laws in all that makes for the progress of humanity, whether it be the building of a railroad across the continent or the founding of a cathedral. The glory and the freshness of a noble ideal shall develop into a radiance of glory. Its foundations are as the holy hills and He who maketh his angels, spirits and His ministers a flaming fire, shall bring every beautiful dream to its sweet fulfilment. It is only a question of time and trust. Let us believe and go forward. There is always "a force in to-day to recreate the beautiful yesterday." There come to us all periods in life when the beautiful yesterdays seem to have receded hopelessly into the past; periods when,

"Unmerciful disaster
Following fast and following faster,"

seems to have fairly taken possession of one's life, and every conceivable loss and sorrow and misfortune precipitate themselves. The natural—but let us not concede it as the inevitable—tendency is toward discouragement, despair, impatience, irritability and a general sense of being awry with the world. This attitude, if not pardonable, is wholly conceivable, and it should be met, not with rebuke and reproach,

but with tender and wise comprehension and spiritual enlightenment. The initial step toward the recovery of happier conditions is to absolutely eliminate all antagonisms. Others may be to blame; one may have received quite unmerited injustice or wrong; one may have truly given of his best and received, in return, the worst. But never mind, let him not dwell on it;—"that way madness lies." Believe—and go forward. Forget the beauty of the vanished yesterday and behold the radiant to-morrow, for in that radiance lies the kingdom which is power, and out of this power shall one create his lost paradise. Out of this power shall he again evolve all prosperity, all gladness and gain, all beauty of achievement. Nor does he struggle alone. The cloud of witnesses give him cheer. The glory of the Lord shall encompass him round about, and the beautiful yesterday shall arise transfigured in the radiant to-morrow. There may be, indeed, an exhilaration and stimulus in the putting off of "dead circumstance." To learn not to be discouraged is a valuable lesson in itself. Let one sustain his spirits with Walt Whitman's inspiring words—
"Be not discouraged; keep on; there are divine things well enveloped;
I swear to you there are divine things more beautiful than words can tell."

Beyond all else, however, is the lesson of faith in God. Now, this faith is not a treasure to be drawn upon only on solemn and sacred occasions, as in the presence of a sorrow whose very nature makes it a consecration. One may bring to bear his faith in God when his warehouse burns down or his bank fails just as surely as when death enters his household. Faith in God is the universal aid in every aspect of human life and in every variety of human affliction. If there were anything of melodrama in such assertions or if their wisdom were only applicable to the cloister or the altar, it would be idle to contribute toward the bringing of them into Twentieth Century circulation. But it is a literal truth that to give oneself in absolute surrender and absolute devotion to the divine will is to receive strength and illumination of the most unmistakable guidance. The acceptance of the divine will is not a mere passive and negative condition. It is not to sit with

folded hands and apathetic heart and bountiful faculties. It is to arise in newness of life. It is to enter into that resistless energy which will conquer and prevail.

The continually recurring series of tests work the onward pathway. There will also be found this anomaly; one will find that he meets not only the penalty of his ill deeds but the penalty, so to speak, of his good deeds as well: "For what glory is it," questions St. Peter, "if, when ye shall be buffeted for your faults ye take it patiently? But if when ye do well and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God." Herein lies one of the heavenly mysteries. But it must be accepted as one of the practical tests of the life on earth. Emerson, with his intuitive spiritual insight, discerned this truth and has embodied it in both poems and essays. He shows how life is purified by the constant tests and the struggles to surmount these tests, concerning which a greater spoke before—

"And God said—
I will have a purer gift—
There is smoke in the flame."

When there is "smoke in the flame" there is the need of further refining, of further testing, and these are all in the nature of aid, not of obstacles, to higher achievement.

There is no room in this life for any morbid depression or regret. Life is too rich to admit the possibility of failure. To fail one day is to achieve a more lasting success on the morrow. We must live by the high affirmatives, by hope rather than by fear, by resolve rather than by regret. The one supreme achievement is that of the consecrated will—

"O living Will that shall endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock."

Achieving this high degree of energy in the consecrated will, one is prepared to dwell in that realm that is fulness of joy, that is within the immortal radiance that no chance nor change can dim and he recognizes that

"The dawn is not distant
Nor is the night starless."

He recognizes that every high thought and endeavor leads not to "chaos and death" but "to eternal life—to happiness."

CORRELATION.

BY ADELAIDE REYNOLDS HALDEMAN.

"A primrose by the river's brink, was to him—
A yellow primrose. 'Twas nothing more."

More than twenty centuries ago, an obscure Greek philosopher said: "Eyes and ears are bad witnesses to men having rude souls."

The average man sees an object just as it is presented to him, and sees no more. But the man of—shall we say—genius, not only inquires into its causes and effects, observes its internal structure, but considers the principle lying back of it. The man of genius gains a whole magazine of thought, while the ordinary man has received only one idea; and his powers are multiplied in proportion to the number of ideas upon which they are to be so employed.

Many of us go through life, as said the sage of Ephesus, "As one asleep," or blind to the real world about us. Color-blindness is rare. Psychical blindness is a defect from which no man is free.

Carlyle best explains this when he says: "Were our faculty of insight into passing things never so complete, there is still a fatal discrepancy between our method of observing them, and their method of occurring. The most gifted man can observe, but he can only *record the series of his impressions.*"

Aristotle tells us that "error does not arise from the senses being false *media*, but from the wrong interpretation we put upon their testimony."

As it comes in the way of a man to grow in comprehension of the things of life, he will find it more and more impressed upon him, that nothing in this world but that which ignorance makes, is complex, and that anything and everything, understood, astonishes more in its simplicity, than it did in the dim light of its obscurity.

The demand for broad scientific study would essentially

be a larger factor in individual life, were this important truth more generally realized, a truth which Herbert Spencer persisted in forcing upon the minds of men, namely, "Scientific knowledge is simply a higher development of common knowledge, and means only a more accurate, larger, clearer vision of man's environment."

It is well for a man to penetrate as far as he may into the established order of the universe, for its secret is his secret; its process, his process.

In the unfolding of his own soul, between human life and nature, man finds a striking analogy, which gives birth to a variety of reflections. He feels that he is but the visible expression of a great thought, and in this world about him, of nature and of mind, he constructs a basis for the highest moral and spiritual life of man, which is evoked by the self-revelation of God.

Questioning nature in a childlike, natural fashion, life becomes again a daily revelation, and inspiration a contemporary event. It is paradise regained. The harmony and unity of the universe lend grandeur and dignity to the passing moment. One feels that the destiny of man is assuredly noble. It is to stand with educated intelligence in the presence of nature, where, as Goethe says, "The open secret of the universe stares everybody in the face."

The student will not go far in his quest before facts begin to accumulate which are fraught with the deepest significance. He will find that the doctrine of the correlation and conservation of force, which men strangely speak of as something that is new, and which, unfortunately, for an advancing acquaintance of man with his Maker, through a more intimate knowledge of himself, many unreflecting or narrow-minded theologians, even among the clergy, continue to denounce as a delusive doctrine, *is*, and *has been*, necessarily the law of life and progression from the beginning.

Correlation is withal a sermon so loud, so grand, that all earth and heaven make its voice. Correlation means simply the process of change that is all about us. Where, indeed,

may we begin to speak of the everything and the nothingness of matter?

In imagination go back with me to that period of our own early existence, when our little planet was thrown off from its parent sun, and we see in the nebulous stuff from which it was precipitated, the identical materials of our own bodies. We are conscious of having had part in that wonderful birth, of having been present at the creation of the earth. It is true, we were very absent-minded at the time, but nevertheless our interest in that little ball of glowing vapor sent whirling off into space was even then a very personal one, for it was the aerial ship that carried our own destinies.

Inasmuch as both force and matter are neither added to, nor subtracted from, it follows that in some form we have always existed, and that we shall continue, in some form, to exist forever.

Born and reared, the physical life of man is but a simple matter of chemico-vital assimilation, nothing else. By processes natural, so long as the phenomena of waste and repair are in harmony; so long as the builder follows in the wake of the scavenger, so long man exists in integrity and repair. In other words, let "Law be obeyed, and law is man's minister; disobeyed, man's executioner."

In the domain of the physical world, the physical man differs not in material from which he is constructed, from the dog that trots at his side, or the log of wood that lies in decay at his door. Scientific analysis verifies this truth. The essential difference is but in the setting up, or arrangement of the particles. So long as they retain the principle of life, they move, grow, and act according to the nature impressed upon each, but as soon as vitality departs, disintegration begins, and all alike becomes insensate matter, to be resolved into the elements. In this divine chemistry, all are subject to this same great law. Nature shows no preference; makes no distinctions. Is it not an overpowering contemplation, when we reflect that man, God-like man, is but a link in this chain of endless progression?

Observe the phenomena transpiring about us. The tree

that to-day rears its majestic head, king of the vegetable world, to-morrow lies in the dust, and in a few years nothing is left of its proud stem. It has gone into the atmosphere and the soil to support new organisms. Generations of noble forests are thus disseminated. Nature works in a mighty cycle ever returning within itself. It matters not whether the atoms of the mouldering oak are carried by the winds to nourish the palms, waving their delicate foliage in the tropical breeze, or to sustain the physical system of man—her end is accomplished. Nothing is lost in the great economy of nature, and perpetual circulation is the law.

Life is a formative process, a process of development, growth, maintenance. The principle is alike in all things, in a stone as in a man, and we are compelled to see that it is perfect. Will you answer that the individual runs out or dies? Life dies not. What a man calls death is only a change of form, only the correlation of one thing into another.

When a man dies we bury him from sight. But when, after a time, we open the tomb wherein we have laid him, he is gone. Where? A stick of wood, tough and gnarled, resistive to the axe, is laid upon the blazing coals, it soon disappears, and nothing is left, not even, after a short time, the handful of ashes. It is gone. Where?

The dead bird which a week ago was killed and left lying in the forest, when searched for is not found—it is gone. Where?

All are on the road to their resurrection—simple translation through the decomposition of compounds into elements and recomposition of elements into compounds.

"The annihilation of matter is unthinkable," says Herbert Spencer, and this we have seen as demonstrated in the material universe, in the circle of matter. "Decomposition is recomposition, and recomposition is resurrection."

To say life is a circle, a chain, without beginning and without end, is commonplace. We may catch the link anywhere. When a man has consumed his wood, he saves the ashes for the cornfield. He changes his ashes into corn. Wearied with toil, he eats of the corn, and new life and vigor come to him. He has changed his corn into a man.

And to speak of the end of life as death, is a misnomer. If by death we mean disappearance, then is the term even more crude, for a dead man disappears not even so rapidly as does a living man, and the more rapidly a live man dies, the more vigorously does he live.

The tenure of a man upon what he holds is so slight that one may scarcely reckon the time in which he holds it. The individuality, the Ego, is the inappreciable, around which clusters that which we call the man, but which is, in fact, that which conceals him from our sight. The curling locks which the barber has just thrown among his refuse, are not our friend; yet only an hour back we distinguished him by those very locks.

The envelope of a man is, truly, of the dust, and as dust it is with him to-day; it is with somebody else to-morrow. It is added to, or thrown off from, him at every respiration, in every motion, at every thought, every turning.

The epithelial scales which in the morning ablution, are washed from the face of a beautiful girl, may on some other morning, adorn her tresses in the form of a rose from her garden; while the rose, faded and cast away, may in turn, give to the passing cow the substance which gives back to beauty the lost epiderm.

Again, the brain of a Plato, a Dante, Shakespeare or Milton, buried, or shall we say planted, comes back, most likely, nothing better than a thistle, scattering weeds instead of truths. For even a brain (we do not say mind), a brain is but matter, and whether wheat or weeds come from it, must depend upon the relation of its particles to the *something* superior to it. This is the province of creation.

Does it seem horrible to thus dispose of a man? It is the problem of the *body*, remember, we are discussing. A man is more than the body; to confound the body and the man is worse than confusing the clothing and the body.

Man is something more than matter. We see and recognize in him something more than the mere evolution of a handful of dust. We see a wondrous magician at work within, turning all things into beauty and harmony. We see mind, enthroned

and crowned. And in that invisible *something*, which ever allures and which ever eludes all pursuit, we realize is the real secret of man's potency, man's supremacy.

* * * *

Man (from *mēno*—to think, to remember)—a thinker. Man is a reflective being. He is different from all other animals by thought, that directing force which gives expression, completion and expansion to his inner being. The restless mind of man resists all restraint, makes captivity captive. You can tie it down to dogmatic rule for a time, but like the green bough bent by the hand of authority, it will spring back with a vigor increased by restraint, when the hand is withdrawn.

In the mammoth cave, where the light of day never enters, the fish are eyeless, having lost the organ of sight from long disuse, but the slave in his captivity, enveloped in worse than cavern darkness and shut away from all the glorious privileges which a man, formed in the image of God, has a right to enjoy, has retained his capacity for liberty, education and religion.

So an enlightened mind cannot but press a principle to the limit of its application, even though centuries should intervene between the premise and the conclusion.

One of our American scientists, Dolbear, announces that "there is nothing dead in the whole universe; that all is life, and that we always find life associated with matter." He goes further and says, "Where life is, our modern wisdom is coming to recognize there is always mind." The cell, then, is the protoplasmic unit of all organic structure, and the cell is an embodied bit of mind.

A well-known physician and scientist declares, in his professional observation, that the life of a cell consists solely of its mental activities, and what has hitherto been known as the vital and physiological processes are in reality psychological processes. Life, then, in itself, is mind.

And further, in our day man is discovering that the type of life is a unit. Vary as it must, change as it will, it passes onward step by step, stage by stage, in an eternal progress, or shall we say an eternal circle, until the single cell becomes the man, and until—who shall say otherwise—the man grows into

his God, to become again a part of that from whence he came—as God is life.

As creation becomes the mirror of its Maker, so man's mind becomes the mirror of creation, and by the very constitution of his nature, he is ever trying to measure the universe—ever trying to solve the problem of his own existence. God made us, and we wonder at it, and made us "in his own image." The mind staggers under this contemplation and endeavors *somewhere* to find an interpreter. The problem of life finds no answer within man's breast. It is all an enigma, unsolved and insoluble, and he looks around about him for the solution of this most profound mystery.

Paul tells us that "the invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly revealed, being understood by the things that are made." But when man considers his being, he sees that he is put in the midst of dangers and hardships. From the hour of his birth it would seem that he is beset by invulnerable and invisible enemies, "the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noonday." Science continually discloses malevolent agencies, hitherto undetected, which plainly try to extirpate mankind, or it tries to build frail and feeble barriers against their depredations while theology complacently announces that, to the majority of the human race, this world is but a prelude to an eternity in hades.

It is all an inexplicable mystery to the finite mind. Man, born under sentence of death, an existence which is transient and ephemeral, which passes away like a rapid stream, a stream whose source is hidden, and which has come to him from—he knows not where. In this mysterious endowment of life, the effort to detect its source, truly "thou canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth."

"The phenomena of the spiritual world are in analogy with the phenomena of the natural world," says Drummond. Let the scientific mind look out upon the universe, and it is seen to be an eternal ebb and flow, but its materials are found to be constant. If the student will inquire, for instance, what has become of the coal and the oxygen that we call combustion,

he will find that a colorless gas, carbonic acid gas, has been generated, whose weight is exactly equal to the sum of their weights. Other illustrations will yield parallel results and the far-reaching conclusion will be forced upon him, that man is neither able to create matter nor to destroy it. He learns further that all the work going on in the universe is simply that of transformation. New distributions and new combinations of matter, these make up the cosmic life.

We are told that "we eat, drink and are clothed in things chemical." The eye that looks into your own contains these same mysterious compounds. The lip that smiles at the remark is colored with them. We shed tears of soda-water (*horribile dictu!*), but why should we be humiliated? Roses and dewdrops contain the same particles as do we ourselves, and neither custom nor time can take away this precious mystery of the elements. The meanest compounds hold secrets as dignified as the most lofty. The sun—chemistry divine—exhales the purest dewdrops from the stagnant pool, where poison feeds on poison—like sin on sin.

Curious thoughts spring from brooding over these concepts of the correlation and conservation of force. In this unity of the universe we feel ourselves in communication with the very heart-beat, pulse, of absolute existence. To centralize the soul in the creator, we discover how every existing thing depends on the past, prepares for the future, and is related to the whole.

It is breadth, depth and height of view we need, and will find, when we come to realize that "Nature is spirit visible, spirit is visible nature, and that this *absolute ideal* is at the same time the *absolute real*."

Let us look further. It has been the dream of poets and philosophers that there is in all the universe but one true element, and that which we call gold, silver, hydrogen and oxygen are but modifications of the one primordial unit. The chemists of this twentieth century are turning poets and dreaming this dream over again. That which would have been scorned a few years ago as alchemists' madness, is now orthodox science. Thus the belief in the unity of the universe grows apace and

the cosmic drama gains in wonder as it gains in simplicity. And as one follows the wonderful story of *becoming* and traces the far-reaching harmonies and relations of the universe, of which he himself is but a part, he is moved to exclaim with the devout Kepler, "O, God! do I but think thy thoughts after thee?" Truly has the creator made the human mind for partnership in the depths of His counsels and the majesty of His thoughts!

* * * *

"It is common," says one of our greatest teachers, "to say and feel in the presence of modern science, that man sinks into one of the animal species; that he must take his position among organic forms." But what kind of "organic form" is it that can analyze all other animals, study them, classify them?

Did the birds ever write a history of Audubon? Have the brutes ever written a history of Cuvier? Where is the plant that has composed a history of Linnaeus? Has science, indeed, compelled man to sink to a lower plane? And *who* made the sciences? Instead of humiliating humanity each page in modern research and discovery should take the soul further from the common domain of nature and proclaim it more the child of some distinct destiny.

The fish does not measure the depth of the sea, nor the king of beasts analyze the air he breathes, nor examine the strata of earth upon which he treads. Man, alone, contemplates nature, weighs, studies, classifies and governs it. He, alone, takes his stand apart from time and place and surveys all things as a gifted spectator.

"Man is but a reed, and the weakest in nature," says Pascal, "but he is a reed that thinks." The universe need not rise in arms to crush him. A vapor, a drop of water, oftentimes suffices to kill him, but were the universe to fall about him, man would still be greater than the power that killed him, for he *knows* that he dies, and of this advantage the universe knows nothing.

And though science may rise in its might against the assumed supremacy of man and would relegate and humiliate him to the level of the animal species—mere cellular structure of so-called "organic life" when the glorious achievement of

man's mind is considered—he seems more like a God than a human being.

"The greatness of man is written in star type, as well as the infinitude of God," says Kingsley. David, in the sublime eighth psalm, connects the glory of God with the majesty of human nature, when he exclaims, "Lord, thou hast made him but little lower than the angels, and thou hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands."

One cannot say that man is nothing in the presence of the universe, its vastness, its order, sublimity and persistence. Man is sublime in the presence of the universe, for its glory is the glory of thought and wisdom, and the intellect of man penetrates to these, discloses and interprets them.

"Give me matter," said Kant, "and I will explain the formation of the universe. Give me matter only and I cannot explain the formation of a caterpillar."

Thomas à Kempis says: "If indeed thy heart be bright, then would every living thing be to thee a mirror of life, and a book of holy doctrine."

Job says: "Speak to the earth and it shall teach thee." And so midst all this mystery of life, we are to see that even the clearest outcome of modern science is but the sublime uniformity of God's laws, and that the same law prevails in both vegetable and animal organizations. What seems anomalous, ultimately proves to be the application of an old law to new conditions, and that the new law is but a wider conformity. Thus the same materials may be chemical this year, vegetable the next, to become animal the third, without infringing upon any single law; but exemplifying the uniformity of all, may then return to its original condition to pass through the same cycle again and again. And who may utter the simplicity of this law which is in itself the stupendous?

By twenty-six marks are all the tones of the English language expressed. Fewer elements, we are beginning to learn, constitute the world. Take the gases, for instance, substances which we see not, yet themselves composed of less tangible things; put together a few atoms of hydrogen and a few atoms

of oxygen, and behold the wonderful result in water—the same water which is in itself nearly all of the body of man.

Or a few atoms of oxygen and a few atoms of nitrogen, and behold atmospheric air, without which man could not exist. Will you distinguish between the lump of charcoal that you throw from your soiled fingers as an offense, and the precious diamond so carefully guarded, that glistens on the hand of a loved one? A few equivalents of carbon, only this.

Again, all the science, art, poetry and literature of the world are expressed through those few simple characters. Through them poetry pours out its spirit into words, to fire a soul or soothe it.

Music is the combination of seven notes into harmony, yet think of the music of the world! All the grand, godly strains of Beethoven, the pipings of Offenbach, which dance of themselves, all this grand scope of divine harmony from seven notes, simply seven tones.

Again, think of the great mechanical works accomplished by man; the stones of the pyramids raised; seas turned from their channels; mountains leveled; and all done with five simple instruments, only five. All the gigantic marvels of machinery from just five simple instruments!

God plays with the elements as the musician with his notes, the poet with his letters, the scientist with his instruments. I doubt if our sixty-four elements shall not develop into compounds. I think it can scarcely be that omnipotence needs more notes wherewith to make his harmony than does a man.

Thus to stand with educated intelligence in the presence of nature, is to stand before God and be dumb.

* * * *

To break the chain at the link of man, the question arises: "What is man?" A composition of body, of spirit, and of soul, say the philosophers.

To Anaxagoras, five hundred years before the Christian era, are we indebted for what may be termed the physiological recognition of a spirit force. It was crude but he had caught the idea.

And if the smallest atom that to-day forms a part of the

delicate organism, which we hold to be the instrument of an indwelling spirit, has existed for all time, and is pledged for all eternity, it is difficult for the student of nature to conceive that the intellect of man, that has given worth and dignity to this otherwise inanimate mass of matter, should not be equally enduring. Hence are we led to believe in the immortality of that which has known no beginning, and will know no end, and we are brought to what may be called the doctrine of the conservation of force, of mind and of soul.

The scientific mind of to-day is the religious mind. But there are people, and they are not in the minority, who cannot take in these new interpretations of truth, not because they run counter to any doctrine or precept of true religion, but because they conflict with certain historical and scientific pre-conceptions which have become bound up with their devout beliefs.

Matter-atom is never lost, though it may ever change.
Now seems eternal in the granite crust; then—
A glittering jewel in the rainbow's arch;
Anon, a prisma'd beauty of the petaled flowers;
Now floating on the breath of morn, aroma,
Heavenward rising, like spirits on their
Journey home! No changing atom lost;
No priceless soul!

.....

"Each person may daily generate sufficient energy to accomplish all his duties and pleasures, and to keep himself in perfect health, if only he will *let go* of the things he needs *not to hold to*."

.....

Reflection and meditation rising above the commonplaces
of this mortal life,
Being an involuntary act of the atom, which understands
its littleness
But which desires, if only by a single note,
To be in harmony with the divine symphony—
When we reach these heights, we do not belong to a sect,
but to humanity."

LIFE.

BY MARY RUSSELL MILLS.

I.—TRAGEDY, COMEDY, OR REALITY?

Have faith! Life is not a tragedy. Perhaps there must come a time in the history of every soul when it questions as to whether it can be anything else.

For one thing, nature seems so fierce and merciless and can treat men, her oldest, most sympathetic and capable children, with cruel indifference. She engulfs them in seething waters, racks them with irremediable pains, burns them with fevers, wastes them with relentless consumptions, will not be entreated concerning them and appears indifferent to the nature of the services they would gladly render her and her children. And the same old tyrant brings to life and to the certainty of suffering, multitudes who cannot, by any apparently possible means, find any path that leads out of the depths of distress. In these and many other cruel fashions she appears pleased to exhibit her power. There are aspects of her action that force us to feel that she cannot be trusted, despite all her fair show of beauty and benefit.

“Beauteous is Earth, but all its forest-broods
Plot mutual slaughter, hungering to live;
Of sapphire are the skies, but when men cry,
Famished, no drops they give.”

But man and his condition are worse than nature. We could almost forgive and trust that in which we do not recognize our own sort of consciousness, but it is hard to believe that justice is administered or received in many of the transactions of human society. Here are those whose material prosperity is builded of the wrecks of the hopes, ambitions and efforts of their fellows, those who commit the grossest crimes under the sanction of law and reap in overflowing granaries and palaces the harvests of their robberies. Here are those who triumph because of brute strength—and there is brute

strength of intellect as well as of body. Here are those who seem born for some great and fair destiny, and yet with some inherent fatal defects that lead them, inevitably and almost involuntarily, into the ways of shame and pain. Life has many a Macbeth who must be led on, both by external and internal influences until he so shapes his own life that he will always be tortured by the ghosts which he has evoked into being; many a Hamlet, who, with all his young ardor and ingenuousness, must pause where wretched disappointment and perfidy fill the whole horizon of his world and lose the faith in life which alone makes sanity; many a Francesca da Rimini, who, with that beauty and fragrance and confidingness of nature that make the heart of earth's sweetest joys, loses her way, through the very tendencies that should have proved her guidance.

And there are private riddles that each one feels he ought to read and must read, and yet cannot; there are binding, galling chains of circumstance that hold us fast; there are clouds that lower and darken and press and depress us!

"Be not mocked!

Life which ye prize is long-drawn agony;
Only its pains abide; its pleasures are
As birds which light and fly.

"Ache of the birth, ache of the helpless days,
Ache of hot youth and ache of manhood's prime,
Ache of the chill, gray years and choking death,
These fill your piteous time.

"Sweet is fond love, but funeral-flames must kiss
The breasts which pillow and the lips which cling,
Gallant is warlike might, but vultures pick
The joints of chief and king.

.
"Ask of the sick, the mourners, ask of him
Who tottereth on his staff, lone and forlorn,
'Liketh thee life?'—these say the babe is wise
That weepeth, being born."

But darker, more terrible, more tragical than all, is the fact that never, never can we reach our own ideals, never can we

be in our own individual lives that which we would. We can see him so clearly—that one who is too great to ever be less than perfect in kindness and gentleness and the most delicate considerations, that one who ever shines and glows with the sunlight of eternal cheer, that one whose strength is greater than every burden, whose calmness overflows every vicissitude. And we know that one is the self we may be, and must be, and yet we never overtake him. We must always be crying out in anguish, "The good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do." This is the anguish that is greater than every other. We could bear any pain, and sing through any perplexity, if only—if only we could be good!

But the same characteristics that seem to prove life a tragedy also fit it to be called a comedy. The tragical element is the failure to attain. We find so many hints and indirections and bold, broad-light evidences of the most boundless possibilities of goodness, beauty, perfection, and yet such pitiful, heart-rending shortcomings. And this is the essence of the comic, "an honest or well-intended halfness; a non-performance of what is pretended to be performed, at the same time that one is giving loud pledges of performance." Produced for us in the lighter shades and touches, the comedy on the stage, the clown, the joke, all draw their mirth-provoking power from this one condition that describes life. My little girl had lost some trifling, but valued possession. She searched through the whole realm of her small kingdom. When I asked, "Did you find it, dear?" the universal human wistfulness overshadowed her childish brow and she answered, "No, I *almost* found it, but—."

There are some theories of life held by many serious persons that would make of it nothing but a comedy. That, for instance, which takes account only of molecules and force, which refuses to recognize as knowledge all that lies beyond the province of the senses, which says, "The brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile," which has no answer to make when we inquire concerning the innate sense of principles, the existence and practice of truth, justice, love. Another such theory is that crude conception of idealism which says that all

phenomena not only do not exist, but are entirely misrepresentative of reality and that our only salvation lies in utter disregard of the visible universe. Another conception, and one that held sway over many minds for many years and that is yet only ebbing slowly away, is that which thinks of humanity as broken loose and gone astray and redeemable only under conditions that with many are too difficult of attainment, and with many, too offensive to the reason to admit of their ever being fulfilled. These thoughts were all alive once, with reasons for their existence, and all signalized the desire and effort of the race for explanatory truth. But to-day they are crumbling corpses or fading ghosts. If these or many other long-held thoughts of life were true, it would be difficult to say which would be the wiser, to lie down and be crushed by the agonizing tragedy, or die of hysterical laughter at the silly comedy. The reason finds itself dishonored by such theories; the heart feels crushed and sickened, and the soul within rises up in such awful majesty that we hurriedly and shame-facedly put aside these poor, little, unworthy thoughts of being and turn our faces toward the light wherein we may read a truer story of life and its meaning.

There is such a word of power—of power because it is a word of truth. Listen!—with ears closed to all the world—and your soul shall speak. Listen!—with open and quickened ears—and a voice shall come, slowly, it may be, but surely, from every substance and force and combination of the substances and forces of life, and from out the depths of every fellow-soul, and confirm the truth that is in the deeps of your own nature.

God is. The whole order of things is a good order. All of manifested life is the expression of one great, wise, loving, powerful, purposeful intelligence, that through the ages and generations is working out a plan of unwordable magnitude and beauty—a plan that intends and accomplishes the perfect development and welfare of each being, each atom in existence. And the *process* can be trusted no less than the *purpose*. The mind that plans and guides is not outside of men and matter. It is higher and deeper than these, yet its action is through

them—they are made by it, and are it. "O God, I think thy thoughts after thee," worshiped the devout scientist. "Thou thinkest thy thoughts through me," murmurs the understanding heart. The power that creates and sustains and moves does not work *upon* its own creations, but is a constituent element of their being, is that in which all the elements inhere, by virtue of which they live and act and create their own conditions, events, environments and relations. Therefore I, who am a living thought of the all-wise mind, a projection of the infinite power, do not suffer from any conditions which I have not created; I do not meet with any events that I have not evoked by inward dispositions or outward acts, I am not bound by any chains of circumstance that I have not forged; I am in no relationships that I have not woven. There is nothing that touches me that is painful or untoward or galling or vicious that has not its root and cause in me. And the visible fruit appears to me exteriorly, that I may understand how I have desired or intended to do something for or in myself, rather than as the server and lover of the great nature that carries us all toward the beatitude of selflessness. How faithful and beneficent, then, is the intelligent power working in me, that will not spare me the painful scourge and urge, by which alone I may learn to walk in the way of love and life! I will trust it; I will not seek to escape from it, for I know that everywhere I will be met by that fidelity and benevolence that enclose me, by that universal rectitude and love which I am and must wholly become.

The insight into this unity of life is the great, all-comforting, restful, invigorating, enlarging experience that each soul of us needs or has found as an all-sufficiency. It is an affirmation enclosing all our doubts. It steals the sting from every pain, banishes every fear, illuminates every perplexity. It overflows the littleness of our lives, purifies our hearts, puts the iron into our wills, weds us to universal ends. It is the essence of all that is sweetest and best in the highest counsels of Christianity—the admonitions toward trust in a loving Father. We may call it that if we will, so long as we see that not only our own little interests, but the reins of the universe are held

in infinitely fatherly hands, and if, when we say, "I and my Father are one," we mean it not only for this one small self, but for all the other divine selves that walk with us toward the promised land. Have faith, then! Let us have faith when we are crushed and hurt, when we are misconceived and shut in, when we seem to have failed and when evil seems scarcely less rampant in our own lives than in the world around us. Let us have faith when we look out over the surface of life and our whole being seems grated upon by the inequalities it presents to view. To remember at these times and at all times, the sublime thought of that one who said, "Have the faith of God,"—to have the faith that sees the consummation from the beginning and "the journey's end in every step of the way," is to win the victory that does more than vanquish, that transmutes all things into itself.

II.—THE GOOD OR EVIL.

When once we seriously ask, "Is there good in evil?" our inquiry will receive a reply. There is no question which the human mind may ask, that does not carry its own answer with it. It is a question only that we may discover the answer. We think we have been asking this question since the dawning of conscious intelligence within us, but we have only been anxiously inquiring, "How can I escape from evil?" Let us eliminate the personal element for once, and look at the matter impartially and judicially.

Is there good in evil—good that could not be made manifest except by the agency of that which is dark and painful? If the affirmative to this inquiry can be seen, is not evil, *as evil, banished from the universe of conception?*

An insight into the nature of evil may be of value to us here. Is it an entity—something that has a real existence of its own? Understanding what all life is—an expression of eternal goodness—we see that there can be no separate existence, no thing in itself, that could be called evil or bad; that what appears such, must be a shadow, a reverse side, a failure to be, rather than some state of being. Whatever may be the possibilities connected with our mental processes in the future, we cannot

now conceive of anything—any being, object or condition—that has not its corresponding state of not-being. We cannot think of any possible attainment, and not also entertain the idea of possibility of failure. All that is called evil is the absence of perfection, the lack of completion. Faithfully apply this thought to any and every condition that could be looked at as evil, and we will see the truth of it. Physical disease, for instance, is a flawless example of this idea; all disease is a lack of the normal, positive condition, health. We can easily see the truth of this matter in connection with bereavement of friends, or money, or position, or the estimation of society. Disappointment in what we are striving for, is, of course, to suffer the lack of that which we would do or be. All the crimes of society—the injustice, the greed, the cruelty, the anger, the violence, the selfishness with which man often practically regards his fellow-men, as an individual and collectively, are all the results and indications of the immature and blind condition, in which we do not yet perceive the truth that we are all brothers—children of one great parent—life—related elements of that life; and that consideration of our equal, mutual interests, is the only sane method of association. This view is also perfectly explanatory of the seeming injustices and cruelties of nature. The "Nature" that is, apparently, outside of him, and the child of nature, man, is not separate existences; it is as links in one chain of being, varying expressions of one universal force and effort. That force and effort are of a moral nature and in process of evolution. All the throes and convulsions of nature such as storms, earthquakes, and similar occurrences are but evidences that the whole great organism has not yet attained a condition of equilibrium or completion. They find their parallel in the passions of man. These passions of nature have no more of the quality of permanence than the like quakings of human nature, and will disappear when the latter are outgrown. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now, waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God." Again, there are children born into conditions of deformity of both body and mind; conditions of degradation both of

nature and circumstances. But here, too, we find the solution forthcoming. No person is a separate being—a somewhat, that should or can, in any sense, be considered by himself. He is an element of the world-life, at once an effect and a cause, and his conditions, of body and mind and circumstances, are indicative of the success or failure on the part of society in general and his direct ancestors in particular, in the realization of their dignity and duty.

Further than this, each new soul comes not here or there into the active phases of the world-life, without reason or choice of his own. The decided character of natural tendencies and developments reveals this too plainly to the eyes of the unprejudiced student, to admit of doubt concerning it. A past there must have been for every soul that has taken human form; we may only blunderingly guess at the nature of that past, but that it must have been, is all too clearly evidenced by the structure and peculiarities of the being, himself. And if we look inward for the reason, we shall see that every outward condition into which a child is born is the symbol of some attainment or the lack of it, in the life of that soul.

As every external condition is the symbol of an inner condition—the outer form and movement that admonish us of what has been done, or has failed to be done, within, so it is a mirror, in which we may read the truth of what we are now and how far we have come. We can look at every pain, or distress, or terror in this way, and the revelations it will bring to us will cause it to stand forth a minister of benignant beauty and efficiency. Not that always will we be able to immediately decipher the details of these divine meanings, to define the particular illness of the soul, which the physical illness betokens, the particular weakness which the failure signifies, the antagonism in our own nature which takes the form of a poisoned shaft of malice from an apparent enemy; but always, if we welcome it, in confidence that there is no such thing as injustice, and that every event that befalls us is put forth from our own nature, we shall, at least, be able to understand that suffering of any sort, brings to us the message that inward health does not prevail, and that we need the effect of more

lofty aspiration, more intense effort, and a more complete consecration to the task of actualizing our highest ideals. Let the purifying tide of the highest life sweep through the soul, and it will wash away all particular sediments. And, very gradually, it may be, but surely, there will also come the clearing of vision that will enable us to see the definite lines along which our efforts should be directed.

Thus evil serves as a spur to progress. We know all good things by contrast. We see beauty, we feel comfort, we are led into the choices of wisdom, by strongly defined contrasts. If conditions were always agreeable, would not the "here" be as good as the "there?" Thus we may accept the hardship, the pain, and even the sin, not only as a light of revelation concerning the present condition, but as an index finger pointing steadily onward and upward. True resignation is no indolent bowing of the head, and letting the tempestuous waters of life beat sore upon it. It is accepting pain submissively indeed, and with no shadow of resistance, joyfully acknowledging it as the kindest and most faithful of ministering angels, but also loyally accepting its suggestion, "It is better farther on."

This is the deepest and highest view of that which is called evil—of its nature and office. But even when we find it difficult to look quite as deeply into the matter as this, we may find many considerations that will bring us comfort and courage, lying, as it were, like pearls, on the surface. As, for example, the truth that no great or beautiful thing, from the creation of a lovely form, to the performance of a noble deed, was ever yet accomplished, but by passing through stages of stress and hardship, or, at least, of intense, soul-trying effort.

There is the peaceful landscape, stretched in smiling repose. But the majestic, sky-mantled mountains, the confines of the mighty sea, and the solidly-framed, rock-ribbed globe, itself, were formed only by such throes and vicissitudes of nature as we may only guess at as yet. Bring before the mind's eye all the civilizations and governments and forward movements of the world's history. They represent the efforts and lives of great men who have caught large visions—visions for which

they have striven and fought and bled until they have been able to cut their way through barriers, mountain-high, or have traversed seemingly endless morasses of doubt, ignorance, superstition, conservatism, and the brute opposition of stupidity—pressing on until often they have laid their bones in some crevice by the wayside. Only by such means did any ideal image become stamped on the institutions of human society.

What makes any life grand or heroic but the triumph over great hardships, or the courageous meeting of great trials? The glory of each great man has been that he achieved the seemingly impossible. Those whom the world has called its Messiahs and Saviors have passed through the fiercest furnaces of affliction. Never has there been a Buddha without his sacrifice, a Christ without his cross.

How shall the sympathies flow, unless we have learned, by personal experience, the agony of the thorn-path of pain, along which others are now walking? How shall compassion, that purest child of love, be brought to the birth except by throes of suffering? How shall "patience have her perfect work" except by long contact with hope deferred? How shall the nature become strong, but by the vigorous and continual exercise of the moral muscle, in the attempt to reach higher ground?

Yet the liberation of these finest qualities, the beauty and symmetry of character thus formed, is what we would refuse to ourselves when we seek to escape from hardship and pain. We refuse to ourselves the truest knowledge, the largest development, the widest usefulness, when we put aside, even in desire, the cup of suffering.

"The cry of man's anguish went up unto God:
 'Lord, take away pain !
The shadow that darkens the world Thou hast made,
 The close-coiling chain
That strangles the heart, the burden that weighs
 On the wings that would soar—
Lord, take away pain from the world Thou hast made,
 That it love Thee the more !'

Then answered the Lord to the cry of his world :
 ‘Shall I take away pain,
And with it the power of the soul to endure,
 Made strong by the strain ?
Shall I take away pity that knits heart to heart,
 And sacrifice high ?
Will ye lose all your heroes that lift from the fire
 White brows to the sky ?
Shall I take away love that redeems with a price
 And smiles at its loss ?
Can you spare from your lives that would climb into mine
 Any anguish or cross ? ’ ”

We cannot spare these chastening influences, for thus it is that the artist—life—beats us out into the fair shape of the ideal. Mayhap there will come a time when we can look so unflinchingly at the great, luminous, affirmative nature of life, that we shall need no sight or touch of the dark negative, a time when we shall so give ourselves to the power of the onward-flowing current that we shall be sensible of no swirl or eddy that seems to sweep us backward for even the briefest moment, a time when progress shall be strifeless, and there shall be only the joyous, all-pervading consciousness of the unswervingly upward trend of life. Until then, let us gladly welcome all consciousness of evil that may help us to rise above that consciousness, all pain that serves its purpose by being transmuted into the perfect joy.

“Roaming in thought over the universe, I saw the little that is good steadily hastening towards immortality, and the vast all that is called evil I saw hastening to merge itself and become lost and dead,” but “dead” only that it may find a glorified resurrection in the life of infinite, eternal goodness.

III.—THE PRACTICE OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

The awakened soul aspires to live in an abiding consciousness of the presence of God. He will be content with nothing less than such a sense of the all-sufficient comfort as brings consolation in every trial; such a sense of the everlasting strength as would enable us to bear every burden and go fearlessly through the darkest passages of life; such a sense of

the infinite wisdom as would illuminate every vexed question; such a sense of righteousness as would keep alive and burning within us that passionate desire for goodness, which possesses us at times, but at others seems weak and faint—the desire for perfect integrity, that keeps us inwardly pure and outwardly just and tender; such a sense as uplifts us in ecstasy, and reveals to us the beauty and perfection that are behind and beneath and above and in all that now appears low or perplexing or unworthy—"the splendor of the God, bursting through each chink and cranny." If we could always live on this height, have eyes that were always open to this wondrous vision, how should we soar where now we creep?

To live in this perpetual beatitude is not only the privilege, but the entire duty of every human soul. To this end came we into being as individuals. We can attain it, but not without effort on our own part. This effort—strenuous, unremitting, taxing every particle of the capacity of the mind for attention, all the energy of the will, all the powers of the whole being—this effort is the vocation whereunto we are called.

In the seventeenth century there lived, as a lay-brother of a modest, monastic order, a simple, humble soul, who was unlearned as regards the culture of the schools, who wrote no book and held no high ecclesiastical position, yet who lived a life that had the power to make men stop and think and look up; a life that gave one the feeling of a touch of heaven somewhere in the atmosphere; a life that made the kitchen of the monastery a temple, shining with a divine light, as he performed the duties of cook; a life that gave dignity and sacredness to every humble task, and drew to him for counsel high dignitaries of the church; and a life that has remained to this day an inspiration to many devout souls. It is to this one we are indebted for the happy expression which forms the title of this chapter. He told of "The practice of the presence of God" as the open secret of his radiant life. And every soul from whom have perceptibly emanated the divine light and power that have lured and lifted other souls upward, has, in some fashion, spoken of this method of life as that on which all spiritual attainment depends. The presence of

God must be *practised* with the earnestness, the unswerving attention, the intense application with which we practice any art in which it is our dearest hope to achieve success.

There is first that act of the will, by which we select the largest and worthiest idea of God we can find in our own mind; by which we choose to become thoroughly *in love* with that idea; by which we consecrate ourselves, in a once-for-all way, to a glad, unquestioning, but intelligent obedience to no motive in all the wide world, but the behests of the God who is thus enthroned. Following this, there is the constant reference to this highest wisdom as the arbiter of all our actions, the continual effort to actualize this highest goodness in the practical life, to let the infinite qualities flow through the finite capacities and functions. The soul who has gone thus far is sure to learn, sooner or later, that the God he has apparently chosen and installed in this way—that he has seemingly almost created—was the primal resident in the inmost sanctuary of his nature, appearing in response to his conscious need and will—the one in whom at last must be merged all the varied dispositions and developments that seem, often, to represent, at different stages of growth, many different personalities within the one man.

But along with the practice of the presence of God in one's own being, there must go the effort and purpose to find Him in all other manifestations of life. No special effort is needed to detect the immanent God in all the appealing beauty of nature. Very slightly anointed eyes may behold this presence in the rich and tender colorings, the enveloping fragrance of a rose, in the steadfast strength and strangely familiar grandeur of the mountain outline, in the caressing softness of the sward. His warmth of love embraces us in the sunshine; His high thoughts smite us in the tempest; His height of glory lifts us toward the stars; His somewhat nearer loveliness bathes us in the tints of sunset; He woos us with the winsomeness of mother-love in all His humblest creatures. Poor, indeed, is the human creature who has not been soothed and thrilled and powerfully stimulated by contact with the divine presence in nature; who does not know how to open the

gates for the inflowing of this all-purifying and powerful flood of life, that is at once a healing and a tonic.

But while it is easy to see Him in the loveliness of the natural world and in the happier conditions of life, we commonly find it more difficult to detect the benignant and unfailing love of God in the more trying circumstances in which we often find ourselves. When all goes well, and we find our objects easy of access, our plans fitting into nice conjunction with surrounding conditions and occurrences, we say, "How providential!"—which is to observe, "How much of God there is in it all!" Why should not we feel the same when we find our plans raveling out into uselessness, and our objects elusively fleeing before us? Might not the failure be a condition more needed by us, at this particular time, than the success?

We can cultivate the power to see, and the habit of seeing, the divine wisdom in every binding circumstance, every un-wished-for event, every galling relation, every trying and sad experience? It is a waste of energy to regret it, to strive to escape from it. It is an evidence of knowledge of the real truth of its nature, when we meet it as an expression of the wise and loving genius that clothes Himself in all manner of strange disguises, that we may be adequately taught and safely led. In a tale of the early life of the Buddha, when the unwise tender father would have shielded his son from every repulsive or painful sight or sound, the gods are said to have taken on themselves the forms of the aged, the decrepit, the needy and suffering and dead, that the eyes of this soul might be opened to the facts of life and the flood-gates of his sympathies unbarred. Constantly regarding the presence of this highest wisdom in all the experiences of life, we shall soon come to see that these experiences are our saviors, filled with the great, retrieving, restoring, upbuilding power and life of God that is in all and through all.

"Let me go where'er I will
I hear a sky-born music still :
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'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,

Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings."

Another excellent opportunity for practising the deific presence is that of finding Him in all our fellow-men. Until we see God in each human being, we remain strangers and aliens, unacquainted with even the nearest friend, and separated by blindness and ignorance from all other human beings. We speak of "a knowledge of human nature;" the only true knowledge is that which recognizes in each soul a child of God, a spirit born of the infinite Father-spirit, apart from whom there is no being. It is that perception which sees that in every man there is that which not only renders him redeemable from the saddest and most sinful condition, but translatable into the highest manner of being; which sees that the slightest or commonest bit of affection or sacrifice or self-effacing courage is a shining forth of the deific nature that is so inevitably in man that it breaks through at many points, long before he has recognized it and is voluntarily acting according to its dictates. If there be this faith within us, we will, in all our relations and transactions, proceed on the assumption that "there is an infinite worthiness in man which will appear at the call of worth." Then will not only the being but the interests of each brother-soul be sacred in our eyes, and an all-compelling reverence and love will call forth the God in each human breast, and bring him into harmony with all the God without. We will understand that this thought should be ever present in our relations with our children. This is no ignorant little being, "*my child*," on whom I must enforce submission to my desires, but a soul, in all the dignity and majesty of his divine birthright, a soul on his upward way, with his own great destiny to work out, a soul with whom I am brought into these tender and mysterious relations that I may be to him no dictator, but a friendly aid toward all height and beauty of character. Thus revering, thus trusting, the God within my child, harshness and anxiety will lose themselves in my wise and calm effort to assist his footsteps in the heavenward path.

Another instrument furnished us on which we may profitably practice the presence of God, is property. Two heresies concerning property have gained precedence in our mind and must be eradicated by patient effort, if it is not possible for us at once to let the sunlight of true vision banish them forever. One is the thought that property, income, salary, or whatever shape "this world's goods" may have taken for us, is something apart from our real selves, different from that portion of us which worships and loves, that part which we call the moral or spiritual nature. Our financial affairs are as much a part of our real being as our aspirations, and a part in which we can as truly behold the glory and perfection of the One who is not only source and power, but also form, in all the great mystery of life. Our aspirations are revelations of that which we may attain; our present possessions are revelations of our present attainments. Often very luxurious surroundings and enjoyment of them are indications of satisfaction with low achievements—and that the higher powers of the spirit are asleep. And a straightened financial condition is often the reflection and evidence of that bound state of soul that is at once a warning and a prophecy. Riches and poverty and all the degrees of condition between the two, have many other lessons and offices for us; these mentioned are but examples of their beneficent teaching.

The other form of unbelief is that which conceives of anything as "mine." No form that property can assume can be anything but a visible combination or utilization of the eternal forces of the universe, the forces that are neither mine nor thine, nor any man's, the forces that are the sensible manifestations of the "infinite and eternal energy" that worketh through all. The only sense in which this land, or house, or bank-stock can be called mine is that in which I am granted the privilege and responsibility of becoming a medium for its redistribution in the world.

"This is not my house, it is the house of Christ," says the true priest of God, whom Victor Hugo introduces to the world in his immortal tale of the redemptive power of love; "You are suffering," he goes on, addressing the weary, hopeless,

crime-sick soul who has sought his door, "you are hungry and thirsty, be welcome. And do not thank me; do not tell me that I take you into my house. This is the house of no man except him who needs an asylum. I tell you, who are a traveler, that you are more at home here than I, whatever is here is yours."

It is not goods, nor money, then, in the usual and vulgar sense, that I have and hold. I have, if I see the truth, entered into a holy communion and partnership with the "Giver of every good and perfect gift," who holdeth the welfare of all His children equally dear. And this blessedness of sharing is not reserved alone for those who have large so-called possessions. He who has little shall not be debarred from the enrichments and enlargements of nature that come in connection with the sweet act of sharing with those who are needy. It is not the size but the quality of the giver's intention instilled into the offering, that determines its value, and long ago a wise teacher held up for the world's admiration a rare and precious jewel called "the widow's mite." But it is not only in that which is given we may practically recognize the august presence. There should not be less of consecration in our manner of spending for our own needs than in our bestowal upon others. If we rightly perceive whereunto the body is to be housed and clothed and fed—that it may be a fitter instrument for the soul's use, to what end the mind is to receive discipline and refreshment and enrichment from the treasure-houses of many lands and ages—that it may better do the soul's bidding—then shall we never spend, but "according to our genius," then careless lavishness shall be seen in its real vulgarity, and the money with which we purchase food or books for our own use shall be as sacredly "given" as that with which we feed the poor or endow churches.

Still further, each duty is a sacrament fraught with the presence of the Highest. Otherwise it is not a duty. The feeling, *I ought*, is the turning of the divine energy toward its task, and the conscious recognition of it is the holiest of human experiences, except that further one of glad and intelligent yielding thereunto. These experiences dwell in us blindly,

for long and long, "the energies working within the energies," as the oriental thought vigorously expresses it. We are pressed upon by the imperative sense of duty, but we know not yet what it is that should be done; we labor for much that is not bread; we rush forth with increasingly feverish haste into more and more complicated maelstroms of action; and often, failing of our ends, or of relish for such ends as are attained, we turn dizzy and faithless, trusting neither ourselves nor any idea of a clearly-guiding power. But this is because we are children, and do not understand that the God who acts, proceeds directly from the God who is in the action, and is the end of the action. Let us understand that the same wisdom that overpowers us with the sense of duty can make clear the object that is the correlative of that sense. Realizing that our individual power to act is a streamlet of the divine energy, let us trust it to flow in a divine direction. Thus shall we see God in the action and its accomplishment. Then we shall cease to be disturbed and concerned as to what we do. No place or moment or task will be inopportune or repugnant, except such as bears the stamp of our private wilfulness. Of every least, common task we will know that if in the divine plan we are set to perform it, there must be a divine manner of doing it. We will serve tables and scrub floors with holy hands, and the sewer shall become "a sanctuary in spite of itself."

"O lift your natures up:
Drink deep, until the habits of the slave—
The sins of emptiness, gossip and spite
And slander, die. Better not be at all
Than not be noble."—*Tennyson*.

"Man becomes aware of universal order, of beauty and law, only as he becomes voluntarily a part of it. Only through the fidelity of his moral life does he feel beneath his feet a sure foundation, only as his soul glows a spark of love does it recognize the celestial ether of which it is an atom."

DIFFERING PLANES OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

To the student of modern psychology the mighty problem of human, subhuman and superhuman consciousness looms large and formidable, even as it did to the sages and philosophers of ancient days. We, like them, are confronted with age-enduring mysteries and generation follows generation facing the same unending marvels which never fail to call forth human wonder, admiration and awe. How great is man and how small is he! Man is allied to the dust of the earth and he is a partaker of divinity. The talmudic allegory of Adam is full of significance for every student of anthropology. Man is represented by sages of a day long departed, as standing with feet on earth and head in heaven, a metaphor which symbolizes perfectly the highness and the lowness, the spirituality and the carnality of every human being. In that admirable recent book "The Measure of a Man" by C. B. Patterson, we find the author inviting us to consider at least four distinct phases of human consciousness, which are respectively designated natural, rational, psychical, spiritual.

The animal man is crude and rudimentary in all his appetites and yearnings; the intellectual man is a great improvement upon the animal, for though he contains and can exercise all that the lower holds, he is conscious of aspirations of which that other realizes nothing. The psychic man is a still more advanced and interesting type for he transcends mere intellectuality as greatly as the intellectualist transcends the sensualist.

The spiritual man towers majestically above the psychical, and it is reserved for him alone to fathom the mysteries of the temple of God, the holy sanctuary, which indeed we are, though we are not all aware of our birthright or acquainted with our inheritance. We have not here outpictured four distinct human entities but only called attention to four degrees of consciousness within the human race as a whole and contained within every individual as a lesser unit within a greater unit.

Though 4 may be the number selected for some special treatise, 5, 6 and 7 can quite easily be selected for purposes of more searching analysis and wider range of differentiation. With 4 or 5 planes of consciousness we are probably, most of us, reasonably familiar, but there are subplanes and superplanes, like undertones and overtones in music, entirely above and below average human comprehension, as we now know humanity on earth.

Much fascinating speculation concerning a circumambient and interpenetrating spiritual realm receives much sanction from recent scientific demonstrations. The term "spirit-matter" now freely introduced in current literature, is a happy compound not a despairing compromise. The ultimate reality is beyond our grasp; the ineffable one must ever remain supercomprehensible, but the phenomenal universe so far as we have already been able to study it represents to us a dual face. On one side we are convinced of very decided consciousness, of highly marked intelligence; on the other side we see much that causes us to still employ such terms as inert and insensate in a conventional if not in a scientific usage. Quite recently the grandiloquent term *cosmic consciousness* has invaded western speech, and by this is seemingly meant a capacity to so far transcend all usual limits of individual consciousness as to permit of our sharing the boundless consciousness of the illimitable cosmos. Oriental philosophy, freely introduced into America and Europe during recent years, has done much to set occidental brains whirling in a tremendously ambitious attempt to rise so far above the common limits of accepted consciousness that some of us cease to regard ourselves as merely men and women,—we claim to be infinite and omniscient.

Individuality is the basis of life. If we are indulging any tendency to deny away our distinctive individualities, we are treading on treacherous ground and are traveling toward philosophic vagueness not definiteness of concept. The much-needed cry for practical realization of universal brotherhood and sisterhood does not necessitate any surrender of permanent faith in the abiding integrity of every unit of consciousness in the human race. To love one another, to coöperate per-

fectly, to entirely harmonize, to completely agree, is ideally beautiful in theory and by no means impossible in practice. But this blending in blessed accord, this combination of every human sentiment and interest, lends no countenance to any thought that individuality will ever be obliterated, for we cannot coöperate if we cease to exist, and we cannot love each other if there be no self and no other. The ringing words of Emerson "I am I and you are you" always sound true, but that noble seer and sage of concord who insisted so strongly upon individuality gave us a poem on Brahma which seemed to endorse the most visionary philosophy of Asia. Brahmanism, like all other cults, has varying sides and its sacred lore, like all western scriptures, can be appealed to successfully to sustain diametrically opposite positions, not because of inherent inconsistency but by reason of enormous versatility. The universe is one, therefore its consciousness is one. Life is one no matter through however many channels it may flow. One alone is absolute and unconditioned, and in matchless, incomparable unity all life must be included.

Such is the dictum of the true metaphysicians of all climes and ages and their basic premise is indisputable. But we are living amid relations, and relationships to us are properly dear, but they belong not, at their highest, to our perishable clay, but to our animating spirit. We would not willingly relinquish individuality, we are never content to contemplate renunciation of identity, and no philanthropic consideration urges us to do so. We are glad that we are alive as individuals and the more self-consecrating our lives become the more we do rejoice in our portion and give thanks that we are conscious that we live. On the animal plane of consciousness, weariness and satiety soon follow much indulgence, but on loftier planes indulgence quickens appetite so that fresh joy and added satisfaction are the product of continual gratification of the higher aspirations of our nature. This consideration, even if it stood alone, would certainly suffice to throw much bright light upon the question of individual immortality. Vanity and vexation of temper can never follow spiritual employment, but they invariably ensue when earthly objects are the

highest goods for which we strive. There is a poor sort of intellectual achievement which brings no more solid peace or permanent enjoyment than does carnal indulgence, and this is because mental goals are not pursued with a sufficiently exalted aim, but sought only for ends of private personal aggrandizement. Mere self-seeking is too infantile, too rudimentary to yield delight after the first flush of transient enjoyment has passed by. We are members one of another and whosoever works for self only is filling for himself a cup of exceeding bitterness. Self only can never satisfy, because we belong to each other as our gregarious instincts abundantly prove. Even on the animal plane there is more joy in giving than in grasping, in serving others than in being served. Ministry is the law of life and, according to the wideness of our ministry, must be the fulness of our joy. Though it is indisputably true that human life is far higher than animal existence, we have no right to shut our eyes to the heroism of animals because we claim courage as a magnificent human endowment.

Bravery, fidelity, compassion and other beautiful traits of character are often exhibited by quadrupeds, and did we know the animal tribes more intimately we should esteem them far more highly than we do. Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Stories have done much to convince people who have never studied animals deeply that even wild beasts have a code of honor and display far more equity as well as intelligence than they are usually credited with. Popular lecturers like Seton Thompson also contribute, by illustrating the actual conduct of creatures of various types in their native wildness, much that is valuable to the cause of humane education by proving that other occupants of this planet, not of our race, are by no means a despicable lot. The relation between men and animals is far more intimate than many schools of thinkers have supposed, and as we are always justified in judging philosophies by their effects, we can truthfully assert that wherever, as in Italy, the rights of animals have been denied they have been disgracefully maltreated while, as in India, where their importance has been overestimated, they have become objects of idolatrous adoration.

Human consciousness is so much larger than animal consciousness that it far more than includes it, but the limited human consciousness of which we are commonly aware is a mere fraction of that immeasurably larger consciousness which so far transcends our present theory of identity that we may well declare that it has not yet taken possession of our intellects. The race consciousness must include the individual and there are certain evidences that some sensitives are so psychometric or clairsentient that they enter consciously into the experiences of the race and feel something of the pulsing of the racial life-tide. Out of such experience grows the feeling that we are conscious cells in a living organism and that no one of us can live to self alone. Thus is selfishness transcended, and some glimpse of dawning universal consciousness breaks in upon us, putting to flight all unneighborly ambitions and undermining all competitive desires. Co-operation does not mean losing sight of individual worth, but it does mean banishing "the sordid view and selfish aim," it does mean the broadening of our sympathies until they are world-embracing. The selfishness of petty personality is the root cause of nearly all our grief. A sense of private loss and gain is always accompanied with anxiety and fretfulness and it is the chief cause of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

To rise completely above all sense of personal limitation and comprehend the meaning of the famous phrase, *distinct but not separate*, involves a long spiritual ascent, but the result of the journey more than repays all the effort it can ever require to make the pilgrimage. Joy is never experienced till fear of loss is vanquished and such fear never can be conquered so long as we persist in identifying our true individuality with any temporary vestment of ever-changing personality. The old saying that "personalities are odious" and the common feeling that "personal" remarks denote ill-breeding, all goes to show that the idea conveyed by personal has usually been extremely superficial and it is with superficiality as a widespread bane that all reformers need to wrestle. Were personal remarks invariably kindly there would not be so much

need for protest against them, but even were such the case we should be very sadly at the mercy of tricksters did we judge only from externals even though malice had never polluted our observation. It seems impossible that even the sweetest and kindest natures can be safe or truly happy until they have learned to look beyond appearances and have grasped something of reality. Religious sentiment always claims to trust in God and fear no evil tidings, but sentimental theology, which lacks a basis in sound philosophy, is too emotional and variable to stand the test of life's great tempests, consequently in times of loss and sorrow all belief which is less than well-grounded faith is always rudely shaken and often completely shattered. The calm philosophy of Epictetus compares very favorably with the sublimest oriental teachings, and the language of that faithful sage is more readily comprehended in the western world than is the terminology of Asia. Epictetus may be called an optimistic Stoic if one insists upon classing him; he was certainly a Theist with unshakable confidence in divine overruling of all things for the best. Stoicism apart from Theism is often hard and loveless, and it must be so when it is founded in the barren idea that all a brave man can do is to submit heroically to a hard inevitable. Such doctrine may develop Spartans but it lacks in all the sweetness which softens rough experiences and inspires trust in Heaven though all earthly visions fade. There is much to be said both for and against the practice of meditating frequently on individual immortality, for such exercise of the mental faculties may tend to glorify life amazingly or to induce a feeling of sadness and impatience with the present world when thrown into glaring contrast with a far more beautiful "hereafter." Temperament has much to do with the special turn that such contemplation is apt to take in individual cases; it is therefore altogether unwise to either advocate or veto such a practice in any wholesale manner, but it is necessary always to insist that no view of a "future life" be entertained which casts any shadow of dissatisfaction over the path we are now treading. A safe middle ground is reached when we affirm in the spirit of universal theosophy that the exact experience we are now gaining

is precisely what it is now essential for us to undergo. Such a view of our immediate surroundings can never be pessimistic nor can it ever lend countenance to lack of effort, because we must truly feel that every opportunity for advancement is a blessing we should count it a high privilege to embrace. As one plane of consciousness is succeeded by another we find ourselves almost imperceptibly outgrowing many things we once regarded as highly important. Business and pleasure alike are seen in new proportions, and while we neither neglect the one nor eschew the other, we are not anxious or eager as of yore in either direction. If we earn money by honest effort we know well how to spend it, and we are neither misers nor spendthrifts, but if wealth does not accumulate we get along quite comfortably on whatever means may be at our disposal.

The economic faculty develops with insight and the true economist is one who never wastes, never loafers, and never worries. Having learned the lesson of sublime indifference toward all transitory things we find our horizon wonderfully broadening till normal psychic experiences become common occurrences with us. If friends sail across oceans or traverse continents we do not miss them as of old, not because our love has cooled or our interest in their welfare declined, but because our interior resources are so much greater than they were formerly that we can enjoy a delightful sense of spiritual nearness even though geographically we are at opposite ends of a world. Then death begins to lose its sting and though no spirit-friend materializes we grow into the realization of spiritual communion in some sweet subtle way that more than compensates for lack of physical companionship. With the enlarging of our spiritual perception we begin to share transcendent views of life, views which seem strangely visionary to those whose five material senses constitute the sum-total of their apprehensiveness, but we must not allow our idealism to be affected by the ignorant realism of well-meaning but unenlightened people with whom we may be living on terms of even affectionate intimacy. A higher view must always comprehend a lower, a greater must always include a lesser. It is at this point that leaders along the spiritual pathway are

compelled to appear stern and relentless while combatting the fallacy continually expressed in the complaint that people with whom we mingle do not understand us. If we have truly climbed to eminences which some others have not yet reached, the misunderstanding on their part may be inevitable, and the truly ascending soul is not grieved by reason of it any more than a professor of mathematics is hurt or angered because undergraduates have not yet learned to solve problems which he solves easily. The sun cannot complain because the several planets circling around it do not fully comprehend its life and magnitude. Solar consciousness is greater than planetary, as that in its turn is greater than lunar which is again tributary. The consciousness of a universe must include that of all the spheres which it includes, but the consciousness of a single sphere of souls, limited at present to some restricted environment, cannot compass the universal. Impatience is a foolish error, petulance and self-pity retard development wherever they are indulged; it is therefore a teacher's, constant work to urge on the faltering disciples who vainly imagine that they ought to be understood by all around them, that it is for them to show their growth by understanding others. The weaker cannot measure the strength of the stronger but the wiser can minister to the needs of the less instructed. As minister unto all, as understanding all, not as understood by all, does a true master appear among disciples, and to the exact degree that we are becoming masterly are we evincing this characterizing attribute. When we are again tempted to complain because we are not understood, let us hush the weakling's groan and substitute the hero's song. If I can understand my neighbors' needs so that I can minister to their uplifting, happy am I, for then whether understood or misunderstood I measurably understand my own life's mission, and that is a sign of abiding victory. God is not understood but God understands all. The day will come when all humanity will understand the purpose of life on this and on other planets, and on that day there will be no place for repining and no occasion for unrest.

JESUS AS AN OCCULT TEACHER.

BY HARRIET B. BRADBURY.

Great service has been rendered to western thought by those students of oriental literature and philosophy who have interpreted to us the mystical doctrines and peculiar religious practices belonging to a type of mind so unlike our own as that of the Hindu. The revelation has had upon religion an effect not unlike that which the revival of Greek learning had upon literature and social culture in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Modern science was fast making of religion a by-word and a hissing; its spiritual vitality seemed to have departed from it, leaving only the empty husks of formalism and theology. Its true character as an essential part of the nature of man, and the need of cultivating it as a means of development for the higher faculties of mind and soul, were lost sight of entirely. In a word, religion had become materialistic where it was not superstitious, and there seemed to be nothing further to do but to bury its corpse.

At this point many hungry souls turned to the orient, finding that there, at least, spiritual realities were recognized, and serious efforts were made to secure something tangible in the way of results from a professed devotion to religion. But in the meantime other equally earnest souls were studying the Bible more deeply and critically than it had ever been studied before, in the hope of separating the wheat from the chaff in current theological doctrine. The result has been the discovery that Christianity itself is an occult system, inasmuch as it contains hidden far beneath its surface an esoteric doctrine closely related to those of other oriental religions, for it must not be forgotten that our religion came, like every other great religion of the world, from Asia.

If Christianity involves an entire system of training in those lofty mysteries sometimes called occult science, it is only to its credit that the words in which those mysteries are explained in the meager account which we have of the teach-

ings of Jesus, are capable also of an interpretation which makes them "spirit and life" alike to the penitent criminal, the savage sought out by the missionary, and the man of culture and worldly knowledge, who is yet but a babe in spiritual things. The most genuinely Christian work of our time is being done by the Salvation Army and other workers among the outcast classes, and their watchword is always the same: "Christ and Him crucified,"—"Christ in you, the hope of glory." And these poor people receive the gospel and are rescued from the degradation into which they have fallen, without comprehending any of the subtleties of the doctrine which they embrace, nor appreciating in the least degree the possibilities of a higher spiritual training, or the meaning of the absolute supremacy of the spirit over the flesh. Yet all these things are implied in Jesus' recorded teachings. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." How often he used those words, and how constantly he taught in parables, that his meaning might not appear to those who would only distort and misuse the truth, while yet it would become evident at once to the soul that was ready to receive it. This hiding of a spiritual meaning within a simple phrase or figure of speech is a characteristic of occultism—in fact is the peculiarity which gives that science its name. Yet how much more than occultism is contained in a teaching which, while concealing truths for which the multitude are not ready, holds close to its surface that which is suited to the needs of the most undeveloped minds, so that instead of founding a brotherhood of adepts, their author could send his disciples "into all the world" to "preach the gospel to every creature."

Evidently the founder of Christianity regarded the uplifting little by little of the mass of men, as of much more consequence than the development in seclusion of the higher nature in a selected body of disciples. Men have always been tempted to believe that their own safety from pollution was a more essential element of discipleship than their zeal to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. Indeed, there have been times when the man or woman who would follow Christ has seemed to be forced to flee to some place of refuge from the corruptions

of society. This was the cause of the monastic system which sprang up in mediaeval Europe, having its beginning not long after Constantine had made Christianity the state religion, and it had thereby become fashionable to profess faith in its doctrines. There are unquestionable advantages for the development of the spiritual nature in a life withdrawn from the world, with its bustle and its sin, and with its many contingencies in which the only choice for the disciple seems to be a choice of evils. And yet the monastic life, in fostering the sense of separateness and an artificial distinction between the sacred and the secular, has a most deplorable tendency, and one which we can but think our Master had in mind when He said of His disciples: "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." No one can be saved alone and without reference to the rest of humanity. The aspiring soul can demand help from the spheres above only as he reaches down a helping hand to those less developed than himself. Jesus could not have fulfilled his mission as the Christ, without that band of devoted followers whom he called "not servants, but friends." Our full perfection cannot be attained while there remains one soul in darkness; how much less then can we become God-like while shutting ourselves away from all human contact or friendship! Those who force their development in this way cannot speak with power to the spheres below them, and therefore cannot receive the pure truth from those above.

That the purpose of Christ be fulfilled, it is necessary that we bring the truth as he taught it to bear upon our social and national ideals, until in his words, "the whole be leavened," until the antagonism between the ideals of worldly prudence and those of the spirit of brotherhood become manifest, and the latter, being strong in the hearts of the people—the sovereign people, whose will is law—shall at last overthrow the ancient standards, and "the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ." Then and not till then may the true saint secure his true seclusion from evil influences, because the same protection is possible to even the least of these our brethren. We cannot separate

ourselves from them even if we would; we cannot afford to deny the love that binds us to them, except in its lower, personal and selfish aspects. Sick and in prison we must seek them out, our brothers in the bonds of a common humanity, and heirs with us of a common divinity waiting to be revealed.

There is moreover, another side of the subject of training for adeptship, in which the teachings of Jesus are contrary to those of many occultists. He was no ascetic. He himself called attention to this fact, contrasting His own practices with those of John the Baptist, and even declaring that he knew himself to be called a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber. That he did not teach ascetic practices to his disciples is evident from the question put to him as to why his disciples did not fast, although fasting was a common custom among the Pharisees and was also observed by John and his disciples. Jesus' answer was: "Can the children of the bride-chamber mourn as long as the bridegroom is with them? But the days will come when the bridegroom shall be taken from them, and then shall they fast." A forced or artificial attitude of mourning Christ regarded as unnecessary. Life itself brings the trials which open the eyes of the soul to the great problem of evil, and bring it face to face with its own need of divine powers and its own responsibility to the world. Christ would not have us mortify the flesh with fasting and scourging and solitary vigils, to induce an abnormal nervous condition and introduce us before our time to the illusions of the psychic plane. A certain degree of soul development is necessary before one can safely be entrusted with so-called miraculous powers. If they are developed too soon, the disciple becomes puffed up with pride or loses his nervous balance. Before one can die to the world one must see its utter emptiness, and before one can lose the sense of personality the personality must have become to him "as filthy rags," and the sense of oneness with his fellowmen must be complete. This is impossible of accomplishment through any artificial measures of repressive discipline. These only produce a death-in-life which is quite impotent for the highest attainments. It was doubtless for this reason that those who recorded the teach-

ings of Jesus did not elaborate more at length his instructions given to them for the healing of the sick and other manifestations of superior powers. An outline is given us of a complete system of training for adeptship, but it is left so bare and unexplained that it has no meaning to one who is not ready for it. No artificial methods for cultivating clairvoyant or telepathic powers are given, no rule save that given for prayers in Matt. vi, 6, and the general directions for righteous living and divine aspiration have come down to us, and yet the promises of power made to the disciples are many and explicit.

But if we study closely the words of Jesus from the point of view of one who has seen the emptiness of earthly happiness and has awakened to the spiritual consciousness, we shall be surprised to find how complete are His instructions, and how, aside from the peculiarities above mentioned, they harmonize with the best so-called "occult" teaching. The beatitudes alone furnish a complete, progressive analysis of the successive steps which must be taken by the neophyte in his entrance into the new life. Let us consider them in detail. The first begins: "Blessed are the poor in spirit," and the marginal reference in the authorized version is to Isaiah lvii, 15, and lxvi, 2. The latter is as follows: "For all those things hath mine hand made, and all those things have been, saith the Lord; but to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." These references are perhaps the best commentary which the words could have, but we will add to them the words of a prominent occultist, as an explanation of the last phrase, "trembleth at my word." The quotation is from that profound and exquisite little work called "Light on the Path."

"In gazing, or even in attempting to gaze, on the ineffable mystery of his (the neophyte's) own higher nature, he himself causes the initial trial to fall on him. The oscillation between pleasure and pain ceases for—perhaps an instant of time; but that is enough to have cut him loose from his fast moorings in the world of sensation. He has experienced, however briefly, the greater life; and he goes on with ordinary

existence weighted by a sense of unreality, of blank, of horrid negation. This was the nightmare which visited Bulwer Lytton's neophyte in *Zanoni*; and even Zanoni himself, who had learned great truths and been entrusted with great powers, had not actually passed the threshold where hope and fear, despair and joy, seem at one moment absolute realities, at the next mere forms of fancy.

"This initial trial is often brought on us by life itself. For life is, after all, the great teacher. We return to study it, after we have acquired power over it, just as the master in chemistry learns more in the laboratory than his pupil does. There are persons so near the door of knowledge that life itself prepares them for it, and no individual hand has to invoke the hideous guardian of the entrance. These must naturally be keen and powerful organizations, capable of the most vivid pleasure; then pain comes and fills its great duty. The most intense forms of suffering fall on such a nature, till at last it rouses from its stupor of consciousness, and by the force of its internal vitality steps over the threshold into a place of peace. Then the vibration of life loses its power of tyranny. The sensitive nature must suffer still, but the soul has freed itself and stands aloof, guiding the life towards its greatness."

This then, is the first step—to be humble and contrite and capable of being profoundly stirred by "the word of the Lord."

"Blessed are they that mourn." The obvious significance of this, which he who runs may read, is that there is a meaning in suffering, and that all who suffer may find comfort by turning their thoughts to God. "For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." But beyond all personal suffering is that deep sadness of the soul that has learned to look beyond self, when first it makes the suffering of the world its own. This it is that causes much of nervous melancholy in individuals too unselfish to grieve over their merely personal trials. Its cure, the "comfort" which is given them, is the knowledge of the all-ness of the good and the zeal to help others to that knowledge, and no other cure for it is possible. This is the sadness which must be met and lived through, as a part of the disciple's training.

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." This promise seems at first a direct contradiction of the whole spirit of Christ's teaching, which, in general, offers rewards of a spiritual nature rather than the good things of this world, as sure to come from living in accordance with the higher law which he proclaimed. What then can this promise mean, and how can it be justified, coming from the lips of him who had not of this earth so much as where to lay his head? In the first place it may be said that in a general and far-reaching sense it is doubtless true that the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus are to inherit the earth; that non-resistance is the only invincible weapon; that hatred can only be conquered by love and violence by gentleness. Even as long ago as David's time that principle was dimly seen, for he himself declared in inspired acknowledgment of the truth, "Thy gentleness hath made me great." More and more the world is coming to recognize this principle, and to see that none are so strong as the gentle, even as there are none so truly gentle as the strong.

But in the meantime, while we see the wicked flourishing "like a green bay tree," while shrewdness and cunning, if not violence, seem to be masters of the earth, can it be truly said that this promise of Christ's has a meaning applicable to all his followers? In what sense do we inherit the earth through meekness? As the power which must ultimately conquer is love, and as the conquest has its beginning in the heart of him who is to be the conqueror, it may truly be said of every man that when he has conquered himself he has made a beginning towards conquering the whole world. Moreover, when he sees his neighbor as a part of himself he receives no less joy from seeing his neighbor's good fortune than would be his if the good fortune were what is ordinarily called his own. "All things are yours" said Paul to the poor and persecuted Christians of his day. And Thomas Carlyle, arriving at the same truth by a different road, exclaims: "Make thy claim of wages a zero, then thou hast the world under thy feet!" So true it is that our only real possessions are those of the inner

life, that nothing which we have hoarded, but only that which we have given away, is ever truly ours!

Thus we have the first three steps of the ladder of this hidden wisdom—hidden from the wise and prudent but revealed unto even the babes in Christ. First, to repent and listen to the voice of God that calls the soul to Him. Second, to be weaned from the things of this world, and to long for the deliverance of others as well as one's self, from false conditions. Third, to cease from strife and aim to conquer only through love and humility.

After this analysis of the first steps the next seem to need less explanation. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." There are no instincts to be found anywhere in the animate creation but imply the provision for their satisfaction. The desire for righteousness is the first step towards obtaining it. To hunger and thirst after it is to be well advanced towards a recognition of one's higher self.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." And again, "For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you." To forgive others is to see the true self in them and to refuse to recognize the fault committed as emanating from that which alone is real in them. To do this with strong realization is to remit another's sin, to set him free, to truly absolve him, but it can only be done in this way by one who himself lives in the higher consciousness. In proportion as we can forgive others we are rising to the height where our own sins must fall from us of their own weight. That is to say, if we refuse to recognize aught but the good in others, we shall call out that good both in them and in ourselves.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." A fruitful theme for legend and allegory has been this beautiful and transcendent truth. Too transcendent is it for any one to fully grasp, and yet so self-evident that all can love the stories of the search for the vision by the armed knights of a sterner age—whose comprehension of its meaning was doubtless even more crude than ours. But crude or refined, our

faint glimpses of that vision are our truest inspiration, as well as our best reward as we attain gradually to the purity of the untainted higher self within.

"Blessed are the peacemakers." They are the true healers, guides and saviors of the race. "They shall be called sons of God," for they have reached the height of human attainment, and stand on the threshold of divinity.

"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake." He who can hold to the truth through persecutions, grows stronger in the truth by that very means.

"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake." This brings the teaching directly home to those who were addressed, but it is really only a repetition of the preceding beatitude, and the series, as a ladder of attainment, is really complete with the seventh, which refers to the highest human state, that of the saviors of the race.

We may then summarize as follows. The seven steps of the ladder are:

1. Repentance and humility.
2. Knowledge of the emptiness of all things earthly.
3. Meekness or unselfishness.
4. Spiritual hunger and thirst.
5. Loving judgment of others.
6. The purity of the higher self.
7. Sonship to God.

Much more might be said concerning Jesus' esoteric teaching, with reference to His doctrine of the Holy spirit, its nature and mode of manifestation; to His mystical utterances concerning himself, in which He identifies himself with the principle of truth and of life; to His teachings concerning His second coming and his ultimate conquest over all evil, concerning his oneness with the Father, and the oneness of all his disciples everywhere with one another, with himself and with the Father.

But enough has been said to show that a complete system of teaching is here. The basic principles are brought to view, and in fact a general sketch of the entire system is seen in these seven beatitudes. Many of the other sayings of Jesus

are so mystical or so profound that they would require separate papers to deal adequately with them. Some, it must be confessed, are still dark sayings, only faint glimmerings of light yet being visible to us through them. But since time has revealed so much of transcendent worth in these teachings of our Master, we may surely look with confidence for further illumination in the future, having a firm belief that He who could give us so much, and who in His own life manifested a mastery of the laws of being so far beyond our boldest speculations, meant what He said when He declared that He had many things yet to teach His disciples for which they were not ready while He was with them in the flesh. Some of His teachings we must even now accept, if at all, as symbols of something not yet revealed. And He pronounced a special commendation upon those whose insight should be sufficient, or whose faith in him should be great enough to enable them to believe even when they could not understand. It is this faith which has kept for us even until now those hitherto unintelligible records of miracles, mystical statements of truth, and those symbolic acts from which we derive our church ceremonial. Blindly men have believed, blindly they have tried to follow and to imitate their god-like teacher, and as we look back over the past we seem to hear His words to Peter, while from the heights of being He watches the working of the leaven of His teaching in the world: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

That low man seeks a little thing to do, sees it and does it;
This high man, with a great thing to pursue, dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one, his hundred's soon hit;
This high man, aiming at a million, misses a unit.
That has the world here—should he need the next—let the
world mind him;
This throws himself on God and unperplexed, seeking, shall
find him.—*Browning*.

"I was where I am—in the heart of God."—*George McDonald*.

IN EVIDENCE.

BY HELEN CHAUNCEY.

CHAPTER IV.

"The only stones with which human life can build are thoughts."—
Ralph Waldo Trine.

Opening the daily paper as they sat at breakfast next morning, Miss Miller saw the head lines,

"TERRIBLE RAILROAD ACCIDENT!"

and looking down the page, read,

"COLONIAL EXPRESS DERAILED BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA AND
WASHINGTON! GREAT LOSS OF LIFE!"

She passed the sheet to Marion but, to her surprise, a smile was the only criticism.

"Are you not anxious about your father?" she asked. "You know he left on that train."

"Not in the least," was the calm reply. "He is perfectly safe," and the young girl went on with her breakfast as unconcernedly as though he sat beside her.

Miss Miller forced herself to eat, but the food almost strangled her and when a telegram was brought in she felt that her forebodings were to be confirmed. Tearing open the envelope, Marion read aloud this brief despatch: "Detained in Philadelphia till to-morrow. All is well. Papa."

"I am so relieved," said Miss Miller, "for I feared the worst."

Marion's face expressed surprise as she said, "I never am anxious about Papa. I cannot imagine any harm coming to him because we both trust so implicitly in the loving protection of God."

"Why is it that others are not exempt from evil as well as Mr. Wynne?" asked Miss Miller. "Has he special favor with the Almighty?" There was a shade of irony in her tone but Marion, apparently, did not notice it.

"God loves each of His children alike," was her reply, "and

promises to keep them from *all* evil, one as much as another. But many people, even those who are called Christians, do not believe He means what He says. They think that sorrow and suffering are the lot of humanity, and they will not give our Father a chance of proving what He can do for them. They bring *all* of their troubles on themselves by looking for and fearing them, for thought has unlimited power to produce good or ill in our own and other lives. If we think and expect that God intends only good for His children, we shall certainly receive it. But if we look for sorrow, disease and poverty, they will quickly respond to our thoughts of invitation by taking up their abode with us. That is the reason why Papa and I bring every thought into obedience to the captivity of Christ."

Miss Miller's inner nature was expanding in the genial atmosphere of her new home, or she would not have received this doctrine so quietly. She was conscious of opening doors across whose thresholds she could see green pastures and still waters of unquestioning faith in God. It seemed as though this autumn of her earthly life might yet be a season of abundant ingathering. She resolved to cultivate the hopeful attitude and to conform herself to the serenity of her companions at Wynncote.

After breakfast she went with Marion to market. Then they took the cars to a distant part of the city where it began to merge into the country. Alighting at an old house, built in colonial style, they entered without ringing, and knocking at a door on the left of the bare, carpetless hall, they heard a voice say, "Come in."

A tiny woman rose to meet them from a desk that was covered with closely written sheets of paper.

"I knew you would be here to-day," she said, with a ripple of laughter that played through her exquisite voice like the trill of a bird. "I felt the vibration of your purpose so intensely this morning; at breakfast time, was it not?"

"Yes," answered Marion, "I spoke to Auntie then about coming."

The little lady nodded and, holding out her hands to Miss

Miller, her smile seemed to reach the innermost corner of the latter's heart, while she said, "You must let me call you Auntie, too. Will you not? And I am not Miss Bird to you, but Humming Bird or just Bird."

She gave her guests the two chairs, for the room contained little except the most necessary furniture, and perched herself on the bed, looking like a hospitable Jenny Wren.

"Have we interrupted you?" asked Miss Miller, glancing at the desk and the pen, evidently just laid down.

"O no, I am never interrupted. There is always time enough for everything."

"And yet you are very busy," said Marion.

"I find plenty to do but I am never hurried, nor pressed for time, as I used to be before I realized that we are living in Eternity," again her smile filled the room with light and glow.

"Can I read this to Auntie?" asked Marion, taking one of the manuscript sheets from the desk.

"If you can make out my hasty scrawl," said Miss Bird, "I shall be glad of your criticism."

Marion glanced over the page and then read, with much expression, a poem entitled

"AT NEED.

"Let down your nets for a draught!" The command
 Rings like a trumpet call, urging each soul
 Out from the shallows that girdle the land
 Mortals inhabit, to launch till the shoal
 Lies far behind as they joyously sweep
 Over the breast of God's Infinite deep.

"Let down your nets for a draught!" Not a sign
 Comes to their help yet the word they obey,
 Knowing that measureless bounty divine
 Lies all around them by night and by day;
 Never a doubt that abundance will do
 More than is promised. Can love be untrue?

"Let down your nets for a draught!" Though at first
 Slack in the fingers, the cables soon grow
 Tight and more tight, till it seems they will burst
 Under the strain of the treasure below,

Filling the nets with the wealth of the sea,
Proof of God's bounty, so full and so free.

"Let down your nets for a draught!" The command
Rings like a trumpet call, urging each soul
Out from the shallows that girdle the land
Mortals inhabit, to launch till the shoal
Lies far behind, as they joyously sweep
Over the breast of God's Infinite deep."

When she finished, Miss Miller's eyes were wet and her whole being thrilled in response to the stirring words.

"It does, indeed, ring like a trumpet call," she said.

"God's call to the timid soul is what it is intended to be," said Miss Bird. "By the way, Marion, you know I have been praising our Father for success with regard to my writing, in the face of apparent discouragement. Yesterday I heard from two magazines, accepting articles I had sent them and asking for further contributions. A local paper has engaged me to furnish a certain amount regularly, at a small weekly salary, and everything is falling in line with my unshaken faith that God had given me success from the first, only I did not apprehend it."

"Oh, dear Bird, I am so glad!" cried Marion. "Papa said he knew you would realize your wishes before long. It is beautiful to see God's purpose of the best for every one fulfilled like this."

"Yes, and it is the satisfaction of my heart's desire," said Miss Bird, "as you and your father know." Turning to Miss Miller, she continued, "For years I have heard the inner voice, bidding me use my pen, at the dictation of God, for the help of others. At first I was an occasional contributor to religious periodicals. Then, to my astonishment, I began to write society verse, which was very popular with several of the magazines and paid well.

"Two years ago I visited at Wynncote for a number of weeks and was led into so glorious a realization of the liberty of the children of God as I had not thought possible this side of Heaven. I had not known before that Heaven is a condition, rather than a place.

"I then relinquished all literary work save on this line of faith in divine power as omnipresent good. Many testing times have come, but I have been more than conqueror through the power of Infinite Love. It has never failed me."

With joy Miss Miller heard the glad assurance. What wonderful souls were these with whom God had brought her in touch! Yet their belief was too simple to require any creed or man-made dogmas. They took the Lord *at His Word*. That was all.

"I long for such reliance on God as yours," said Miss Miller earnestly.

"Dear friend," replied the loving little Bird, "if you wish for it with all your heart, you will certainly have it. As Emilie Cady writes, 'Desire in the heart is always God tapping at the door of your consciousness with His Infinite supply.'

"Begin at once to give thanks for what you desire, as if you had it already in possession—as you have, but you have not yet realized it in your consciousness—and keep on thanking and praising until you obtain it. It will surely come into manifestation, if you hold our Father as love and bounty in their widest sense, trusting him to meet your every need, to hear your faintest call.

"For instance, I needed a pair of walking boots lately but had no money in hand with which to buy them. Yet I gave thanks that my need was supplied and yesterday came an express package from a friend in New York containing them."

As she spoke she held up two pairs of handsome walking boots and a pair of low shoes.

"You believe, then, that God will supply every material, as well as spiritual need?" said Miss Miller.

"Always," was the emphatic reply. "He never fails to hear the prayer of faith. But there must not be the shadow of a doubt in the mind of the petitioner. Trust must be implicit."

Marion had already gone to stop the car and as they rode home she said to Miss Miller, "You will love our dear little Bird."

"I love her now," answered Miss Miller, "and her nest is a chamber of peace to which I shall often go."

CHAPTER V.

"The Holy One—God withdrawn and God made manifest—
Who knows this word with all its purports
What his heart would have his heart possesses."—*Edwin Arnold.*

Life was full of surprises in these days for the new inmate of Wynne's. She found herself growing more youthful in feeling and appearance as her love to God and humanity increased. The crows' feet at the corners of her eyes and the wrinkles in her forehead were being smoothed away. Could she have seen herself as others saw her, she would have caught a glimpse of the same light in her face that shone through those of Mr. Wynne and Marion.

She often wondered if her brother could be restored to sanity by her persistent thought of good for him, and one day she put the question to Mr. Wynne.

"Most assuredly," he replied. "Take him into the silence whenever you feel this desire of your heart that longs for fulfilment. Hold him there with the steady thought that he is perfectly well, for divine health, wisdom and life are his by right. Remember, as a recent writer has said, '*Faith, absolute, dogmatic faith,* is the only law of true success.'

"Think of him at all times as healed and restored to sanity now. Do not permit the smallest suggestion of any condition save that of perfect physical and mental soundness to have place in your thoughts of him. He is *one with God*, and absolutely healthy, through and through."

"What do you mean by 'going into the silence?' How do you enter it?" asked Miss Miller. "I have tried to do so, shutting myself in my room, but wandering thoughts invariably distract me."

"You must realize that your will is supreme to keep you quiet and undisturbed. Entering the closet of your innermost nature, say to yourself, over and over if needs be, 'The Lord is in His Holy Temple. Let all the earth keep silence before Him.'

"This is what Brother Lawrence calls 'The Practice of the Presence of God.'

"It is an aid in concentrating thought to dwell upon Deity

by its different names, endeavoring to realize the meaning of each as it is pronounced to the inner consciousness—as Infinite love, divine bounty, omnipresence, perfect health, life, and every imaginable attribute of good. One may also repeat with benefit affirmations like this:

“I am Thy child, or manifestation, Almighty God. I am one with Thee. I open every channel of myself to Thy mighty tides of love, wisdom, power, and abundance of all good.”

“Then, letting yourself be free from all tension, mind and body completely at rest but at the same time completely receptive, wait, watch and listen till you hear the voice of Jehovah speaking with you face to face.

“In this way you will comprehend that ‘To be alone with silence is to be alone with God,’ and you will come from that Holy of Holies with the conviction that you have been in the secret place of the Most High.

“We all need these seasons of withdrawal into the silence. Even Jesus spent whole nights in prayer;

‘Alone upon the mountain top
He met His Father there.’

“As to your brother, I have not the slightest doubt that he will be restored to you, ‘clothed and in his right mind.’”

How Miss Miller’s heart swelled at the ringing assurance!

“I gave up hope long ago,” she faltered, “for the doctors said he was incurable.”

“We will forget their verdict,” said Mr. Wynne, “and leave God to work the cure our faith has already begun to bring into outward manifestation. Affirmation and expectancy on our side signify confirmation and performance on the Divine.”

Day after day these three faithful souls surrounded the object of their hopes with strong and loving thoughts until one morning came the first encouraging letter received by Miss Miller since her brother was sent to the hospital five years before. The senior physician wrote of a remarkable improvement in the condition of the patient and concluded, “I can now give you hope of Major Miller’s recovery. Within the last week he has repeatedly expressed a wish to see you. This he

has not done in years. To avoid undue excitement I would not advise a meeting at present, but we may venture in a fortnight, if he continues to improve."

"Truly the Lord is good to those that wait for Him," said Mr. Wynne, on hearing the news. "This is another proof that the truth must and will prevail.

"By the way, Miss Miller, your pastor, Dr. Simpson, called on me at the art school yesterday. He is somewhat disturbed lest you follow after strange gods. He thinks we have several altars to them here. I made his mind easy on that score and he seemed relieved to learn that we had not proselyted you. What will he say when he learns of this?"

There was a twinkle in his eyes at the remembrance of Dr. Simpson's curtain lecture, but Miss Miller was grave and earnest.

"I shall tell him that my brother was cured by the power of God," she replied, "and how it was effected. More than this, I shall let every one know what a resurrection of my seemingly dead life the months in this house have brought about."

"Better not," said Mr. Wynne. "You would only antagonize those who do not sympathize with our views. Say, if you choose, that your brother was cured by the prayer of faith but do not spring any statement that may seem outlandish on those who differ from you in belief."

"But it is so unjust for outsiders to misunderstand you and Marion!"

"That cannot harm us," said Mr. Wynne, with a genial smile. "Meanwhile we must obey the commandment, 'Love one another,' and respect the prejudices of others. Dr. Simpson works in one way, we in another. Yet all are helping in the manifestation of divine love to the world."

Each report from Major Miller was more favorable than the preceding one, till the day appointed for the meeting. An hour's ride by rail through the rolling country, beautiful with the verdure and blossoms of a May morning, brought Miss Miller to the seat of the State Hospital for the Insane, a place she had before visited with a heavy heart.

But now all was changed. The bandage of illusion had

dropped from her eyes and everything was bright to her restored vision.

She rang the bell at the main entrance and was ushered, as of old, into the reception room where she found Dr. Stanley, the head physician.

"I congratulate you!" he exclaimed, extending both hands to welcome her. "It is a most remarkable case, re-mark-a-ble! Why, my dear madam, your brother is as sane as I am. But here he is to speak for himself," as a man of soldierly bearing entered the room. His face was bright with thought and his deep rich voice trembled with the feelings so long untold, the love so long repressed.

"You can talk unreservedly," said the doctor, "since the Major no longer has an attendant. When visiting hours are over I will notify you." Then he left them together, closing the door behind him.

For hours the brother and sister talked, too absorbed in each other to realize the flight of time, till Dr. Stanley warned them that the interview must end.

"It will not be long before the Major can return home," he said to Miss Miller. "I wish him to remain here as my guest, however, for a few months. Yes," and he smiled at the pleased surprise on both faces, "the hospital is no place for you now, Major, and my wife and I claim you until September."

"How kind you are!" exclaimed Miss Miller. "This plan of yours removes the only possible cloud across the sunshine of a perfect day."

There was no sadness in the leave-taking, for their hearts were full of joyous hopes. During the journey home the thought uppermost in Miss Miller's mind was, "What hath God wrought!"

CHAPTER VI.

"If we could only know the presence of God into which our friend enters on the other side, the higher standards, the larger fellowship with all his race, and the new assurance of personal immortality in God—if we could know all this, how all else would give way to something almost like a burst of triumph, as the soul which we loved went forth to such vast enlargement."—*Phillips Brooks*.

One bright afternoon Marion had taken Miss Bird to drive.

Neither she nor her father came home to dinner, and it was late in the evening before they appeared and sought Miss Miller where she sat on the piazza, enjoying the moonlight.

Marion's eyes were almost unearthly in their brilliancy, and Miss Miller asked wonderingly, "What have you seen? Where have you been?"

"She has been in the border land," replied Mr. Wynne, "where she had her first meeting with the beautiful angel, Death. Come here, daughter." He drew her down beside him on the settee and put his arm around her before he continued:

"She and Miss Bird had been driving for several hours and had turned homewards, when Marion noticed that her companion was very quiet. Looking in her face she saw that the eyes were closed and it seemed to her that she no longer breathed. Marion signaled to Dr. Chase, who was passing, and he said death had been instantaneous. He tried to persuade this little girl to change places with him, let his man take her home and he would follow with the body. But Marion felt that what was left in her care was too precious to be handed over to another, and she drove to the undertaker's, the doctor following. Then she allowed him to bring her to me at the art school, and we have been at the nest of the bird ever since."

"How strange and sudden!" said Miss Miller.

"Not strange," said Mr. Wynne. "That was death as God intends it to come, robbed of every terror, a messenger calling the soul to larger work and higher spheres of action. We say and believe that *there is no death* to the faithful believer. There is a passing on, a stepping over the borders of this earthly life into another, which, though we cannot see it with these mortal eyes, we know is close at hand."

"It is all one life, on different planes of existence. That soul which believes in God as the All Good will be led from one to another painlessly, joyously, as a father takes a little child by the hand from one room to the next. We are only children of a larger growth, and God is our loving, tender Father."

Early the next morning the three friends went to "say fare-

well to earth," as Mr. Wynne gently corrected when Miss Miller spoke of "attending the funeral."

"We seldom use that phrase for it conveys, to many, such sad associations. Rather we bid farewell to earth and rejoice that the spirit we love has entered on enlargement of life."

Many had assembled when they had reached the house, and the room was filled with those to whom Miss Bird had ministered through her God-inspired tongue or pen. All classes were represented, from the grave professors of the University to the bright-faced colored woman to whom she had imparted the uplift of her sunny faith through many a cloudy hour.

Yet there was no gloom over the assemblage. The freshness of the summer morning came in through the open doors and windows, where the blinds were thrown back to let in a flood of sunshine.

"Funeral?" thought Miss Miller. "No wonder Mr. Wynne objected to my word!"

Flowers were everywhere, and the casket was so completely covered that the little form seemed sleeping in a bed of roses. Like Moses when he came down from the mount, the skin of the dead face shone and even had the day been dark, that glorious radiance would have filled the room with light.

As Miss Bird had been a member of one of the city churches, her rector read the Episcopal burial service. At its close, Mr. Wynne came forward with a manuscript in his hand and said:

"Our friend had long felt that the call from earth would come in the twinkling of an eye, for she realized that 'There is no death; what seems so is transition.' We now see that God honored her faith by fulfilling her expectation. She gave me the lines I have here and asked me to read them to you when we should gather around her form, as we do to-day.

"In accordance with her wishes, I now give you her farewell message which is inscribed

"TO THOSE I LOVE.

"When for my soul the messenger of God
Has come, and I have left you for a while,
Although you miss me in the paths we trod
So joyously together, let the smile

Of glad thanksgiving take the place of tears
 At every memory sweet, and think of me
 As waiting for you through the happy years
 Until God's angel shall your spirits free.

“And as you gather round the silent form
 Where once I dwelt, let no regretful thought,
 Nor sorrowing word be yours, but true and warm
 With hope may all you say or do be fraught,
 Rejoicing that my eyes are seeing now
 The wider outlooks of a higher plane,
 That I have soared to find a loftier bough
 And sing to God a more transcendent strain.

“Not with hushed footsteps, nor with looks of gloom
 Ye come, dear friends, the last farewell to say
 To my deserted house. But let the room
 Be full of sunshine, and the glorious play
 Of outer light and air. For it is meet
 That ye should realize, with exultant joy,
 The weights of earth no longer stay my feet,
 And songs of triumph should your lips employ.

“There is no separation. You and I
 Shall have sweet converse as in days of old,
 And often, in the silence, standing by
 Your side, our hopes and wishes shall enfold
 In quick vibration, and your hearts shall know
 Such glad at-one-ment with the Father's will
 As proves that spirit nevermore can go
 From spirit—God must be our union still.

“You will not think or speak of me as dead;
There is no death. God's messenger is life,
 Who takes us by the hand as soft we tread
 Across the border without pain or strife.
 So let this day of my departure be
 To each of you, dear hearts, a joyful day,
 For since the Father is in you and me,
 We all are one. There can be no 'away'.”

There was a pause, in which each heart felt the sympathetic presence of her whose mission on earth had been to comfort and to bless. Then the pastor, even Dr. Simpson himself, rose and in a voice that shook with feeling, said, “O death,

where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

The glorious chords of "The Holy City" were heard in an adjoining room and a rich baritone voice rang out in the words and music that have carried so many souls to the very gate of Heaven. In the uplift of spirit it brought to those who knew it as Miss Bird's favorite song, each looked for the last time at the sleeping face and left the room, till Mr. Wynne and Marion were there alone. Miss Miller also had gone, for the night before she had read the slip of paper on which Miss Bird had written: "I wish no concourse of carriages, no gathering of friends at the place where my deserted dwelling is put out of sight. It has served its purpose as a channel for divinity. That being gone, it is nothing more than an outworn tenement of clay. I desire that you and Marion alone will see it laid away."

Therefore, they two were the only ones who followed the body to its grave in the old cemetery on the hillside.

(*To be continued.*)

THE AUTUMN JOY.

The witchery of autumn matches spring,
The same sweet wonder in this world of ours;
One brings the beauty of the leaves and flowers,
The voice of song with whirring of the wing;
And one the smile of joy to all doth bring,
And make below the bliss of Eden bowers;
Upon what is, a something new it showers,
And there the mystery doth breathe and cling!
'Tis fulness of the gift that grows to good,
Life's fair expression reaching to its prime;
And every leaf that whispers in the wood,
Has caught the glint and gleam of nature's rhyme;
The magic, wind pipes loud its music clear—
This is the crowning of the golden year!

—William Brunton.

THE ENLARGING OF LOVE TO LIBERTY.

BY J. WILLIAM LLOYD.

Love between man and woman is the sweetest of the divine forces, the central good of life, and around its desires have ever been and must ever be fought the most painful of life's battles.

Here separateness reaches its acme of selfishness, and largeness its fulness of generosity, and the war between them puts every nerve on the rack, for a thing potent for good is just as potent for evil; therefore, hell and heaven are alike potential in the pelvis of sex.

The battle of life is first for supremacy and then for liberty, and in love this is peculiarly evident. The old battle to subdue and possess the loved one has always been in the past, is everywhere around us to-day, but the new battle for personal liberty and to emancipate in all things the loved one has only just begun. We are on the transition line between the old and the new.

The weight of the world is upon those who dare advance the new ideals and every man's weapon is against them, but the sure laws of evolution are fighting for them and the result may be predicted as certainly as the procession of the seasons.

The vocabulary of lovers has the most abundant, unconscious, internal evidence that present love-ideals are those of supremacy. Such terms as "commanding," "captivating," "winning," "alluring," "fascinating," "ravishing," "taking," and a hundred others, point to ideals of capture and possession as the spirit and purpose of the love that has been and is. "All's fair in love and war," we are told. By blinding passion and physical force the man would subdue the woman, and by subtle fascinations, artful wiles and slavish catering, the woman would weave spells over and hold the man: selfishness at the heart of each, and each setting self as a bait; each using the law to lock the trap when sprung; each tangled in his own net, at last, and each caught with his victim in the jaws of his

own gin. Marriage now means mutual slavery, not mutual liberty.

The general history of love in the past has been one of merciless farce and shameless deceit, delirious bliss, reckless excess, slavish devotion, selfish cruelty, bitter jealousy, and the natural reactions of disillusion, loathing, dead indifference, intrigues treacherous and lies unthinkable.

There is no darker chapter in the human record, and its darkest spot is the criminal carelessness of the misbegetting of unloved, undesired progeny. Of course the pain and agony of it all is teaching the true lesson, and the nobler souls fit to receive this are rising for the work, and to-day there are those who dimly or clearly see that true humankind must utterly refuse bonds and the crime of binding, and that true love must utterly emancipate and refuse even voluntary slavery from the beloved. Never till this comes shall love be free from soul-suffering, scorching sin, and agonies unspeakable.

Search yourself, and unless you would rather a thousand times that your beloved should be utterly lost to you than held a moment unwillingly, unless you would rather a thousand times help your beloved to win the heart's desire than by any shade of selfishness supplant a rival, you do not truly love and are not truly worthy of love. The great heart asks only for its own, only for the love that comes to it with utterly spontaneous, unbought, unforced, undeviated giving, released even in the embrace of the closest clinging.

The large heart yearns ever to bring all warm hearts into ripeness of expression, cost what it may to self.

The higher jealousy is not that the beloved should be kept from the love of others, but that these should not fail to appreciate and contribute to the joy of the one held dearest, and that no meanness of greed should mar the perfection of one's own love-bloom.

Nothing less than this will one day be accounted true love or loveliness.

"He who is led by the light of love walks not in darkness."

THE RELIGIONS OF THE EAST.

(Continued.)

SANKHYA SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

BY SARAT C. RUDRA.

The father of the Sankhya system of philosophy was Maharshi Kopila, who being greatly distressed at the sufferings of the human race gave out for their benefit the following in brief:

Every man in the universe is subject to three kinds of troubles; first, caused by body and mind; second, caused by animals such as birds, beasts, reptiles, etc.; third, caused by extra territorial creatures such as ghosts, spirits, etc.

NOTE. Mental and bodily troubles. Mental troubles are desire, anger, fear, temptation, affectation, jealousy, sorrow and anxiety. The bodily troubles are sickness and disease.

Sankhya philosophy treats of twenty-five distinct scientific investigations. They are presented here in classified groups.

1. (Mula-Prakriti)—Root—nature or primordial matter, has the gunas Satya, Raja and Tuma.

2. (Mahat) Intelligent mind.

3. (Ahumkar) Egoism.

Senses.	Organs of sense.	Organs of expression.
4. Sound.	9. Ears.	14. Tongue (speech).
5. Touch.	10. Skin.	15. Hands.
6. Sight.	11. Eyes.	16. Legs.
7. Taste.	12. Palate.	17. Arms.
8. Smell.	13. Nose.	18. Procreative organs.

Mind.

19. (Jnana) Knowledge.

20. (Karma) Work of manifestation.

Elementary matter.

21. Earth (solid).

22. Water (liquid).

23. Air (gas).

24. Fire (heat).

25. Ether (energy).

In the twenty-five discourses Kopila's great idea was to enunciate the truth that the manifested universe is the index of the work of the two agencies operating side by side, *viz.*, (Mula Prakriti), root of nature or primordial matter, and

(Purusha) or individual self (Ego). Sankhya Philosophy treats of the formation or evolution of manifested objects without any regard to a personal or impersonal God separate from these dual agencies—nature and self. In Sankhya Philosophy—the root—nature has three gunas or qualities, Satya, Raja and Tama; the presence of one or the other, or both, or all, determines the nature of objects. The different objects in the universe are mere transformations of the original nature, just as curd, cheese or butter is but the transformed substance of the original milk.

The Satya guna has peace and harmony in it, therefore it is spoken of as goodness. The Raja guna is the most active, has the power to lead either Satya or Tama to action. Tama guna has the quality of dullness, ignorance, and animalism. It is therefore spoken of as synonymous with darkness and evil. None of these qualities are absolutely good or bad, which are only relative terms as are evidenced in their results; they are also under all circumstances helping each other in return. That which is considered good or evil at one time, at another occasion proves the reverse. For instance, poison in a healthy body is injurious, but the same proves invaluable good when the body is not healthy. The gunas represented here are present in each and all objects without exception. It is possible that one may overcome the other and become distinctly pronounced, and although to all appearance one of the qualities may appear to be out of existence, yet, all three can be made to appear at the instant call of the Purusha.

The second discourse; Mahat-Tatva may be defined as the science of intelligence which alone can discriminate, and which has eight functions, *viz.*, spiritual law, knowledge, renunciation, divinity and their exact opposites. The first four are included in the Satya gunas while the opposite forces belong to Tama gunas.

Dharma or spiritual law is again divided into two sections: one kind deals with happiness in this or the future world; the other relates to the procuring of liberation from the chain of causation. Knowledge and renunciation help in distinguishing the works of nature and of the Self. Divinity is of eight kinds

and is denoted by the following characteristics: (1) the power of developing subtleness, (2) the power of being light weight, (3) the power of being heavy or of great size, (4) the power of immense strength, (5) irresistible will, (6) the power of subduing all elements in the universe, (7) the power of acquiring knowledge of all matters in the universe, and (8) the power of obtaining whatever is wished for.

Ahunka Philosophy of Egoism is the science in which a man, whether rich or poor, blind or deaf, places his individuality above all other considerations, pointing all objects such as his house, his body, his wife, his son, etc., as his own.

The five sense principles of sound, touch, form, taste and smell are recognized through the sense organs, ears, skin, eyes, palate and nose. Since intelligence, egoism and mind are expressed from the inside of the body of man, they are called the inner qualities of man, and the eyes, ears, etc., the ten in number, are the external ones.

Root-Nature Being is self-existent; it is therefore the original or the primordial matter. Mahat (or the intelligence or the soul), Ego or Self, and the five senses are both irresistible and mutable. The Ego has its origin in the Mahat or the intelligence, but from it springs forth the senses and sense organs, and from the five senses again originate the five elementary substances and so on, but Purusha or Spirit is always the Self and the same,—it has the quality of nature or matter and the mutability of nature.

The elementary substances are matter, gross, cognizable by sense organs and are qualified. They are of three kinds, partaking of the three gunas which shape, fashion and qualify matter as one of them has a predominating influence.

Purusha is the inseparable associate of nature. Nature is active. In man, Purusha is present as a witness and likened unto the soul. Nature has the germ and growth of potentiality exhibited in multifarious forms. Man is the outcome of an entire process of nature. Part of man is under constant change whereas the other part is co-eternal and co-existent with nature, having no beginning nor ending. Purusha neither suffers nor enjoys since it has no qualifications. In

man, Purusha is individualized as the Ego and resides in him in the body, which is gross. The body of man is made up of two forms: first, Shula-Sarira (gross or material body); second, Sukshma-Sarira (subtle or ethereal body).

The gross body is that which is visible or is the expression of the visible. This body is subject to constant changes and is known to undergo destruction.

The subtle body comprises the eighteen principles mentioned before, *viz.*, the five sense organs, their corresponding five work organs, and their five essential principles together with Buddhi (Intellect) Self-love and Mind. This body is indestructible and has the qualification of entering into all stages and conditions of the manifested universe. It is in this body that the mind, for want of better comprehension, suffers pain and enjoys pleasure; pleasure and pain are relative terms and their only place in nature is in the mind. This statement can be verified by the fact that the pleasure or the pain of one individual is not the same in another. Also what may pain at one time may at another produce pleasure. The individual Ego in sympathy with the mind, which is its reflector, seems to suffer from excitement, but in reality, this state of existence is foreign to the soul. The subtle body, in which is the seat of the mind, alone suffers, and its conditional surroundings will last till general dissolution takes place.

Summary.—The Sankhya Philosophy, the existence of God or his connection with the universe, is denied. It made great intellectual efforts in proving the fallacies of those who believe in the personal handicraft of God in Nature. It tried to establish that Nature and soul are co-existing from eternity, and all manner of life and other forms, visible or invisible, in the universe, emanate from Nature or matter and together, not independently, bring about the evolution of matter and life therein. In the case of man, in the purity and earnestness of his desire, he can remove the individual Ego from the field of manifestation by gaining knowledge of the Self within, and thus revert to the original cause. An effect cannot be obtained without some cause, and as long as the effect maintains

its force, the cause can be traced, but when the effect is absent, the exciting cause is removed.

Yoga Philosophy.—Of all the schools of applied mental philosophy of the ancient Aryans, none are more highly appreciated by the Hindus than the Yoga philosophy. The word *Yoga* is very ancient and its origin can not be traced. This word is now employed in various senses, seventeen of which are, however, quite prominent. The first thirteen bear on morals, arts, sciences, etc., and the remaining four apply to mind and soul.

- (1) Union of soul with soul is *Yoga*.
- (2) Thought concerning a particular matter is *Yoga*.
- (3) Suppression of all the functions of the mind is *Yoga*.
- (4) Bringing the whole mind to one central thought, in concentration of mind, is *Yoga*.

The object and the result of these four varieties of *Yoga* is one and the same, but the methods by which they are obtained are entirely different.

There is a long list of names of those who in compassion gave instructions about the best and easiest method by which the mind of man could collect and direct its thought to one channel so as to gain in the end the unity of the human soul with the divine. Of the great teachers may be mentioned the first instructor, Hiranyagarva, followed by Vyasa, Kopila, Vashista, Janaka and Patanjalo and many other sages. The beauty of the Patanjalo School of *Yoga Philosophy* is in its simplicity of arrangement, by following which a neophyte may judiciously enter into the path of meditation and gain knowledge and wisdom of the highest. As there is no one royal road to a particular knowledge so there is not one path only for the attainment of the highest knowledge regarding man and himself in relation to the universal soul. The practice of *Yoga* is ordinarily classified in four sections, *viz.*, (1) *Mantra-Yoga*, (2) *Laya-Yoga*, (3) *Raja-Yoga*, and (4) *Hatha-Yoga*.

These *Yoga* classifications are widely different from one another in practice. To develop *Laya* is, however, essential for one and all. The meaning of *Laya* is the state of being deeply engaged in thought so that both mind and body—the

whole personality—is as if merged into the object of thought; as when playing or hearing music, one forgets himself for the time being and identifies himself with the object of his rapt attention.

It is a subject of repeated inquiry by western students whether any good could be attained by the cultivation of Yoga and what benefit, if any, is to be gained therefrom. The western mind is, indeed, very skeptical on this point. To the material mind, it is almost beyond conception that through thought, meditation and concentration, a devotee by sitting in one place, limiting the functions of his mind to one thought, could ever possibly reach the stage of all-knowingness, a quality generally attributed to God. Yet, the knowledge and power which come to the pure and dutiful Yogi is not a subject for future speculation nor is it yet a thing of the past; it is a living art and science and all earnest men are equally eligible for the highest attainment.

Laya-Yoga.—The founder of this system was Krishna-Dvoypson, or otherwise known as Veda-Vyas. The great object of this practice is to obtain moksha or Nirvana through concentration and deep meditation on the nine nerve centers in the body. This can be effected by the help of two forces upward and downward to develop the third highest—the middle force.

Raja-Yoga.—The founder of this system was Maharshi Buttathrayya. By this system both the body and the mind should be conquered; in fact the one can not be accomplished without the other. The breath should be brought under entire control and the mind relieved of its multifarious functions.

Mantra means repetition of sacred words. It may be described as a form of divine worship. Many have been its great expounders, such as Vrigu, Kasyap, Jadagni and many others. The principle of this system is adopted by the Jews, Christians and Mohammedans alike.

Hatha-Yoga.—There are two schools in this system; one established by Sage Goraksha and another by the Ancient Muni Markandayya. The former introduced six and the

latter eight methods. Patanjalo instructs in eight methods. Patanjalo's Philosophy as has been embodied in his Yoga Aphorisms is divided into four chapters, *viz.*

Chapter 1.—This chapter explains the qualities necessary for a person to enter into the different stages of Yoga; the earnestness and resolution to become a Yogi; the methods adopted in its practice; the renunciation necessary in order to progress; the right understanding of meditation; the right understanding of God; the existence of God; worship and the results of worship; agitations caused by the various functions of the mind which produce all the troubles attending humanity; means requisite in bringing all the functions of the mind, consequently all the troubles of the manifested world, under control and suppression; besides the various processes of meditation whereby self can be perceived; all these are fully explained in this chapter.

Chapter 2 treats of human troubles and the ignorance accompanying all from which an aspirant Yogi has to be free; the classification of the various forms of ignorance, tracing their causes and effects, their differences and results; the methods of practice for the control of the mind; and the methods of posture while in meditation and the results bearing on them.

Chapter 3 treats of the methods of engaging oneself in meditation and remaining in meditation; how to arrive at the highest stage of meditation, to appreciate the fine distinctions of the different stages of meditation and the acquisition of divine power in preparing for the best and highest stage of development.

Chapter 4 treats of the object of knowledge and final entering into the stage of Koivalya or oneness.

In Sankhya Philosophy there are twenty-five subjects of investigation; but Patanjalo has one more, which treats of the supreme soul of God.

The God of Patanjalo is the one who has no troubles, actions or the results of actions, who has no qualities, who enjoys neither pleasure nor suffers pain, and who is always present in all matters and in all objects in the universe, but unattached. If a man were to approach such a God with a proper worshipful

spirit, and were he to surrender to him the homage of all his activity while living, he can not fail of his reward.

The obstacles to the attainment of absolute knowledge are the various active functions of the mind, which, according to Patanjalo, should be gradually but entirely suppressed. This can only be accomplished by withdrawing the various functions of the mind to one channel of thought, and by means of contemplation and meditation on one object to the exclusion of all others. There are five estates of mind, three of which disqualify the student from entering into the path of Yoga. These are (1) Khipta or restlessness, partaking of Raja-guna; (2) Murdha or animalism, partaking of Tama-guna, in which the passions are unchecked; (3) Bikshibetha or temporary restfulness.

All the above three are not favorable to Yoga. But, the third state, when purified, helps to arrive at the next two higher stages, favorable to the attainment of Yoga, concentration and the suppression of all the functions of the mind. The Yoga Aphorism mentions two kinds of Yoga: first, through knowledge; the other, through the exercise of the body and the mind. It is not every one who is fit to be a Yogi. It is only those who have a pure mind or can take the course of Yogihood through the path of knowledge. Others should therefore cultivate primarily the exercise of the body and the mind.

To him who believes in immortality, death is a jar—a break—a deep, mysterious change, but not the end of life. See how free it makes him. How it breaks his tyrannies. He can undertake works of self-culture or the development of truth, far, far too vast for the earthly life of any Methuselah to finish, and yet smile calmly and work on when men tell him he will die before his work is done. Die! Shall not the sculptor sleep a hundred times before the statue he begins to-day is finished, and wake a hundred times more ready for his work, bringing to it with a hundred new mornings the strength and visions that have come to him in slumber?—*Phillips Brooks.*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

FRIENDSHIP.

A great deal has been written about friendship—much of which is fine and true but some of it is very poor and inadequate. In reality this is one of the most vital questions of life—this matter of friendship that we often treat so lightly and superficially. We speak of, as our friend, almost any one who is not actually antagonistic to us. But after all, how comparatively few know or live the true meaning of friendship! How few of us have any realization of what constitutes the friendship that will last—that in its very nature can not die—the friendship that knows no change, that is the same in storm as in sunshine, that *knows*, and therefore gives no heed to what others say or do, to others' opinions or criticisms or recriminations. It is easy enough sometimes to be a friend; when everyone else is friendly too; when one gains as much or more than one gives. But such times are not the test of friendship. At such times it is difficult perhaps to distinguish between the true and the counterfeit friendship. For there is a counterfeit friendship that passes muster in many of the relations of life until some keen-edged circumstance pierces the shell, the superficial, and reveals the seed of truth or of falsity within. There is what might be characterized as a "give and take" friendship, genuine enough after its kind, but of so low an order that there is really nothing of a lasting element in it. True friendship can only give, give continuously, freely, unquestioningly, with no thought of self or gain or return of any kind—an unconscious giving—an outflowing from the heart as natural as breathing. There are probably as many motives for giving

as there are gifts, but the truest motive is because there is a need. To give in answer to a genuine need is to give as God gives, as nature gives, as friendship must give to be worthy the name.

Many people think that friendship can not exist where there are differences of thought and action—"my friend must believe and do as I do," they say, "or there can be no companionship." Now, as a matter of fact the true friend never exacts anything, never questions, never doubts. A friendship that depends only or chiefly on similarity in superficials has a very insecure foundation. Nor does true friendship require that motives shall be laid bare. Indeed, what spoken word can fully reveal the deepest, strongest motives? All true judgment is from the heart. If the heart of one friend touches another in love and faith, then the anathemas of all the world will count as nothing. It is the motive back of every action that counts, that is the starting-point of all, from which everything works outward to the surface, immaturely, and mistakenly at first, perhaps, but by degrees more clearly and truly. The trouble is, we mistake results for causes, effects for the effort, the motive behind them, and so our judgment, being superficial, is unjust and hurtful. Each of us is given judgment to reason out life's problems, but how few of us reach the same conclusions! It would not be unsafe to say that no two of us arrive at exactly the same. We are fortunate if at last we come to understand ourselves; we can never wholly understand another—the source of his impulses, the mainspring of his motives. Therefore, we can never judge. And therefore faith is a necessary element of true friendship. As we have faith in others they will grow to worthiness of it.

It is easier to see in others what we have in ourselves. A man who is seeing only evil in others, who is always suspicious and untrusting proves in this that he has less of loyalty, of

good, in himself than the man whose simple faith and genuineness calls out whatever there is of these qualities in others. And so when we are disappointed in our friends it can never be that they are wholly to blame. No matter what our starting-point may be, whatever comes to us, whatever we discover, comes because it finds fellowship in some degree, be it ever so little, in ourselves. So there can never be any real friendship that does not possess the quality of faith. No matter how much we may "like" another person—likes and dislikes are dependent upon moods, upon the state of our physical organism, upon any one of a dozen things that come and go and have no bearing on the real life—we can never hope for any depth or richness of companionship unless there be also a deep-generous and abiding faith. It is not necessary that we approve of or wholly understand what our friend does—no one of us acts invariably from only the highest motive—but there is nevertheless something in the life of each of us that is worthy of trust, that is steadfast and deserving of loyalty, that even when we do not understand we can yet believe in and build on. The circumference of life may be disturbed but the heart of life with each of us is absolutely good and true and steadfast. Each of us has God at the center and in friendship this center is what we deal with—else it is no true friendship. It is only from this center that we touch the same center in others—we can help our friend only by being our best, by living from the center, "speaking the truth in love," "walking hand in hand with our ideal," so, and only so, do we help our friend to live true to his own ideal. When any cloud of seeming misunderstanding appears above our horizon we should hold firmly in mind the unshakable belief that the motive was good, however mistaken the method, and that there is an adequate explanation for everything—when the right time arrives. This side of life—

the side on which understandings and misunderstandings lie—is the side where changes and development are going on—we must look for fluctuations and, anticipating them, rise superior to them.

It is easy to play the part of a friend when the majority are on our side and antagonism would be unpopular. But it is when we, only, are left by the side of our friend that our loyalty really counts and that it may show its own character. Symbols pass—the usages and opportunities of friendship—but the spirit of it endures throughout all lifetime, for the spirit that is beneath it is eternal. The true friend is he who most generously proves his friendship when it is most needed—when the way is dark and rough and the soul of his friend is beset in its struggle toward the realization of its ideal. It does not materially matter how we may differ on the surface of things. We must learn to discriminate between people and things. It may be that we have a different religion, as we call it; he may be a pessimist and I an optimist. We may be the truest friends, nevertheless. For these are both the same at bottom—as are all convictions honestly held, for all religions at last resolve themselves simply into love and service.

I think I do not speak too strongly when I say that friendship is one of the most precious, if not the very most precious thing in life. It is the true comradeship where the soul of one touches the soul of the other. Of course, the more points of outer agreement, the better, in a way. But these are not essential. The two things needful are the eternal giving—of one's abilities, one's life, one's self—and the impregnable faith that knows though it can neither see nor understand and that trusts despite all outward appearances or circumstances.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

"God thou art love, I build my faith on that."

THE NEW THOUGHT SUMMER SCHOOL.

BY ANITA TRUEMAN.

In these September days, when every morning discloses a new touch of scarlet on the Oscawana hills, and the harvest moon is slowly lifting her veil, in preparation for the solemn three-nights' revelation of her full beauty, all nature's voices seem to softly re-echo the messages given by many minds during the session of the summer school. Half-forgotten truths take form again, as one wanders, in meditative mood, along winding roads and by-paths, over the hills and through orchards and fields and woods. The scent of wild grapes and ripe apples, and the blossoming of autumn flowers seem somehow to recall the images of comrades who passed this way but a little time since, and to embody their love. The fragmentary pictures pass, and this is but an outline sketch which those who have shared the life of the summer school this season can fill in with light and shade, and wealth of coloring.

The season opened June 29th, and closed officially on the 31st of August, though class work and informal gatherings, continued for several days longer. It embraced three congresses as well as numerous individual lectures and entertainments, and courses of lectures by representative teachers.

[On opening day, three well-known speakers, Charles Brodie Patterson, Ralph Waldo Trine, and Sarat C. Rudra, occupied the platform, and the season was launched with contributions of thought from their several points of view. On the following Sunday, Rev. Henry Frank, of New York, gave an address on "Modern Science and the Problem of Life." This was followed by a dramatic reading of Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," by Mr. Joseph Adelman, whose work has so delighted Oscawana audiences for several seasons.

Following this, beginning July 9th, came the Congress of Religions. It was greatly regretted that the president of this Congress, Dr. R. Heber Newton, as well as several other speakers, could not be present. Nevertheless a profitable season

was spent in the discussion and interpretation of various religious teachings, by their representatives.

A second congress, devoted to social and economic problems, occupied the early part of August. In the interim, two lectures on the therapeutical phases of the New Thought were given by Mrs. Josephine Verlage and Dr. Patterson. Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch also gave a most interesting address, on "Elizabeth Cady Stanton—Her Life and Letters."

At the Social and Economic Congress, various phases of social reform were represented by their advocates. Edwin Markham was the president of this Congress, and Prof. Bjerregaard, Rev. Helen Van Anderson and Ralph Waldo Trine were among the speakers.

At the New Thought Congress, held during the third week of August, Dr. Charles Brodie Patterson was the presiding officer. Interesting addresses were given by Eugene Del Mar, Eva I. Fulton, Anita Trueman, Mrs. Elizabeth M. L. Cary, of Buffalo, Miss Brown, of New York, Dr. Patterson, and several others.

On August 25th, Joseph Adelman gave a second dramatic reading, "The Sin of David," by Stephen Phillips. Mr. Karl Feininger gave a most interesting and convincing discourse on "The Teacher as a Moral Factor in Music." Two excellent dramatic readings were given by Mrs. Ida B. Judd, and a lecture on "Music in the Cure of Disease," by Eva Augusta Vescelius.

The morning meditations have been, as usual, a fruitful source of spiritual help to all who have attended them. Year by year, teachers and students alike are drawing nearer to the heart of truth, and nowhere is this more apparent than in these devotional meetings, held in the grove whenever the weather will permit. Larger seating accommodation was provided this year, but usually all the benches were occupied.

Successful class work has been an important feature of this season. Mrs. Josephine Verlage, Miss Edith A. Martin, Miss Ella Powell, Miss Anita Trueman, Mlle. Marie de Polkowska, and Dr. Patterson have given courses of lectures on their own distinct lines of thought.

The musical department of the summer school has been well

sustained by accomplished artists. Programs for the Saturday evening entertainments were under the direction of Miss Ella Powell. She was successful in securing the services of the following artists, whose work established more firmly than ever the high standard of art which has been the aspiration of the school: Marie Dax, soprano; James Boom, tenor; John Perry Boruff, baritone; Mlle. Jadwiga Benda, soprano; Miss Mary MacRae, pianist; Miss Till Vall, pianist; Mrs. Karl Feininger, pianist; Miss Laura M. Patterson, pianist; Giuseppe Aldo Ramdegger, pianist; Miss Maud Del Mar, pianist; Miss Bertha L. Clark, violinist; Martha Vall, violinist; Karl Feininger, violinist; Giacomo Quintana, violinist.

The dances and other social entertainments have been well appreciated by the young people of the neighborhood, as well as those who were in attendance at the summer school. The social season closed with a masquerade ball. A large number of persons appeared in costume. The annual bonfire was to have been held in the orchard on the 3rd of September. Rain prevented a successful fire, but a most enjoyable evening was spent within doors. A Hindu Guru and his chlēa were present and gave quite an oriental flavor to the entertainment.

The two large houses, Locust Inn, under the management of Mrs. Helen Miller, and Harmony Lodge, under that of Mrs. Mary Williams, have been crowded to overflowing during the season, and several tents beside the rooms in the dormitory, have been occupied. The social management has been under the direction of Miss Eva Fulton, whose supervision has kept the complex machinery of the school running smoothly and efficiently.

Now teachers and students are scattering to their several homes and fields of service. The influence and blessing of the summer school goes with them all.



CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON ON RELIGION.

At Oscawana-on-the-Hudson, in "The Grove" on Sunday morning, August 27th, Dr. Patterson spoke on religion. His

talk contained so much that is important and something that is new to the "outside" world, that I wish to report the "talk," as far as I am able. Three points stand out most prominently in my mind, *viz.*, (1) that religion is joy; (2) that religion is the centrality in man; and (3) that man only has religion.

(1) The first point was set forth in the most direct way and without any reference to the now commonly heard definitions of religion as the binding element in the cosmic economy. It was set off against the idea that religion was supposed to be "necessarily" gloomy, etc., because it dealt with sin, etc. That religion was gloomy was denied and this idea of gloominess, which to many non-New Thought people seems a "necessary" element, was easily disposed of by the speaker. His reasoning was this: The world being good from the beginning because it is the Divine Garment, can not contain anything that is so gloomy as the church idea of sin; at most, the world holds shadows and these are matters of its constitution and means of its self-reflection. Religion is joy, *viz.*, the reverberation of the All-Life, the All-Truth, the All-Glory, and the All-Beauty. We live such a religion of joy, not merely in mind, but rather in our hearts, or, as Dr. Patterson said, in our feelings. He then defined religion as feeling, and that was something new.

I am well aware that of moderns, Schleiermacher (1768-1834) has said the same, and that he is the representative of religion as feeling. I may perhaps diverge from the line of Dr. Patterson's talk and tell the reader, who happens not to know, what Schleiermacher did and taught. He was a philosopher without a perfected system, yet he sowed the most fruitful seeds. His theory of feeling was as epoch-making in religion as Kant's 'Critique of Reason' was in philosophy. He preferred insight to argument and maintained that religion can not be conveyed by instruction. To him understanding was nothing, but imagination was everything, and he exalted the feelings. Perception was a religious act, it was talking with God. In every perception there is an interaction of the whole universe with our whole being. His "speeches" contain this

new religion of intuition and feeling. The difference between Schleiermacher and Patterson lies in the latter's emphasis upon joy, the practical realization of the individual's life, a point that was not prominent with Schleiermacher, who had to fight the rationalism of his day. By making joy so prominent, Dr. Patterson has said, I think, something new.

Again, I must divert the train of thought. In Denmark, Bishop Johan Nicolai Severin Grundvig (1783-1872), stood for religion as joy, and, his followers to-day are called "the glad Christians," but in this designation for Grundvig and his followers there is an element that distinguishes them from Dr. Patterson and his followers. Dr. Patterson did not merely speak to, or about, Christians; he stands, as I understand it, outside of all *isms*. He emphasizes Religion (with capitals) and not a religion; he is like Schiller "religious because he has no religion." Religion then is joy, gladness, the light of day, healing and health.

(2) Dr. Patterson also laid special emphasis upon the thought that religion is the central force in man, and that follows as a matter of course from the premise that religion is joy. Essentially, the Cosmic Existence is joy, joy because it exists, joy because it is; joy is its name and gladness is its form. At this stage, I heard no more of the address for some time, because my own feelings led me off into the psychology of religion, and I thought how beautifully the speaker's thoughts harmonized with the teachings about the "heart" in the Bible. The heart is not only the central seat of life and the holder of personal consciousness, free will and reason, but also the bearer of all our free acts and states, or in other words the temple of religion. The Bible says "let your heart" (not your brain, etc.) "be perfect with the Lord your God, to walk in His statutes;" what is that but saying that religion and the heart are the centralities of man and his doings? Does the heart think? Yes! How else could Jesus say to the scribes, "Why think ye evil in your heart?" Does the heart speak? Yes! In Job (viii:10) the animals "utter words out of their hearts" and in Ps. xv:2 it is said that he who "speaketh the

truth in his heart" shall abide in the Lord's tabernacle. The Lord writes his "new law" on the heart (Heb. viii: 10).

(3) The last point made in this Sunday morning talk among the trees was on religion as something essentially characteristic of man. It could also be listened to as if it were an appeal to the very trees to listen to man on one point at least where he could teach the woods a lesson peculiarly human. Nature has no religion; "she" is multiform, and we can not—at least, not plainly—see any centrality. Nature, however, is an alembic, powerful to dissolve all man's doubts, weaknesses and hypocrisies. She is not synthetic—simply because she is not double as man is. Nature is self-centered and strong in "her" own intensity; man has two worlds to attend him and to attend to, and, commonly he is split into two—only in religion he is centralized. It is his heart that makes his world go and this makes religion so unique to man, and this is why religion becomes such a special human characteristic.

This is all I caught of the address—no doubt by wandering off again, led into many fields by the suggestions of the talk. But whatever I lost, these three points I want to emphasize before the readers of "MIND" and ask that they be specially studied and introduced into the New Thought life. As they are here reported they appear as they reflected themselves in my mind.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF OSCAWANA.

BY EDWIN F. BACON.

My impressions of the summer school of New Thought at Oscawana? You have asked, and I answer freely, without exaggeration.

I find it a peculiarly restful place in the midst of every variety of hill and dale, and the babbling brooks that find their way, far and near, to the majestic Hudson, along whose banks the eye rests upon an ever-changing landscape, regarding which the most pleasant thought is that the hills are too high

and too steep to be denuded and plowed up. Nature is selfish here. She will not be robbed of all her beauty, and I think she remains beautiful because she is always doing new things and so makes us forget her age.

I find here no sidewalks or pavements, but a sandy soil that dries off with surprising quickness after a shower. I find audience rooms for use when shelter is needed, and shady, hillside temples among the rocks in which philosophers discourse as in the olden time.

I find myself at a safe distance from cities and yet near enough to reach the heart of the metropolis in less than a couple of hours. I find a company of people who are as restful as their surroundings, who came with ideas to exchange but not to dispute about, and with minds open to all truth and hearts full of charity toward those half-truths called errors.

I find no uniform theory or practice regarding health, no hobbies that are obtruded upon the attention, only individual freedom and as great a variety of opinions as there are persons. But above questions of food and clothing there arises the doctrine of the superiority of mind, the dominion of the soul, in which all seem agreed. I have found no one to dispute my own view that the body should be regarded and cared for as a physical organism subject to all natural law, yet equally subject to spiritual law, and that in this union of soul and body, with soul power, thought power, supreme, is found the perfect law of health, the perfect union of the human and divine.

But whatever individual theories may prevail here there is certainly a conspicuous absence of the whining, complaining spirit regarding either the body, the mind or the weather. These things being all right as a matter of course, there is time for a warm social life and for a wide range of philosophical thought, a life and a thought that leaves no place for the gossip and scandal of the lower plane.

A real surprise to me has been the religious character of the place. One naturally thinks of the home of New Thought as a breathing and hatching place of new theories, a place for abstract meditation. The word "thought" suggests this, and since all are "free thinkers" in the right sense of that term

one would naturally anticipate more thought than feeling, more logical reasoning than deep spiritual intuition. It was a surprise, I say, to find the religious, the devotional spirit, predominant. These people, especially their teachers, seem to care more for what the church calls piety than for intellectual demonstration, more for communion with the infinite life than with the greatest intellects of the modern age.

The condition of mind induced by the devotional meetings has been, for me, distinctly of the Quaker type, a condition conducive to silent meditation, to communion with the divine life, independent of word or creed, a condition that would rather petition the infinite Father for a calm and peaceful mind than for special favors.

The meetings have been of a varied character from devotional to music and the dance; but my own interest has been centered in the discourses of two speakers, namely Charles Brodie Patterson and Anita Trueman. Sitting in the grove among an interested company, all listening in deep silence to his calm and measured discourse, I could not imagine anything in our day nearer to the patriarchal teaching of the olden time. With no resort to the arts and tricks of oratory, and without a note to guide him Dr. Patterson speaks as if every sentence had been wrought out in advance, and the devout attention tells that no word is lost.

The spiritual awakening of the human mind in this age, an event that is nothing less than the re-discovery of man as a spiritual being, could not have been accomplished without woman as a teacher and co-worker with man. Women are saying to-day what man never perceived and could never have said; and this is especially true of the teachings of Anita Trueman a very young woman and yet poet, philosopher and orator. That a girl whose school-days are not yet over could be such a teacher and lecturer in a school of philosophy is marvelous, and this estimate of her powers is, I am sure, no exaggeration to those who have listened to her. The presence of two such teachers at Oscawana makes the place a center of attraction to all who combine the love of scientific truth with spiritual insight.

Of the new science of mental treatment for disease represented by Eva I. Fulton and others at Oscawana I know only by the favorable results told by those who have experienced them. Surely something is done that is worth the doing when the sick proclaim themselves well and go about their business, and there are those there who are like the man whom Jesus restored to sight and who said only "this I know, that whereas I was blind I now see."

If a nervous wreck is made well by mental treatment, no argument on the subject is necessary. The skeptic may dispute the method but cannot deny the fact. Cures by direct treatment and cures by establishing right mental conditions by the sufferer himself are so abundantly on record at Oscawana that the place must continue to attract the suffering. I fancy that the number of those who are well by virtue of living in accordance with the New Thought philosophy without recognizing it by name, is far greater than of those who are its professed disciples. To me it came as a name for a previously existing condition, yet I must award to it the credit of essentially augmenting that condition and of bringing me into personal relations with some beautiful characters whose beauty is largely due to it. I have thus answered as near to the truth as I know the question concerning the Upland Farms Summer School.

NEW LEBANON, N. Y., August 30, 1905.

.....

"At each moment of man's life he is either a king or a slave. He must then live each day as if his whole existence were telescoped down to the single day before him. With no useless regret for the past, no useless worry for the future, he should live that day as if it were his only day—the one day left for him to assert all that is best in him and to conquer all that is worst. Will he be king or slave? The answer rests with him."

.....

"To hear that you have sad hours is not sad to me; I rather rejoice in the richness of your experience."—Thoreau.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

WALT WHITMAN*: A NEW GOSPEL.

This book is the evangel of "the justified Mother of Men," and it is proclaimed by the Rev. Mabel MacCoy Irwin, whose relation to Walt Whitman is like that of St. Paul to the original gospel. Under Greek-Gnostic influence he gave to the world a transformed gospel—for better and for worse. In the power of the "new woman," the Rev. Mabel MacCoy Irwin proclaims Walt Whitman the poet-liberator of woman—for better and for worse.

We have all read Whitman, or rather looked into that caldron called Whitman, and wondered at that seething mass of noble metals, slags, and mysteries to which we have as yet no names. Mrs. Irwin has also done so and she, as a skilled mineralogist, has determined some of the qualities contained in that glowing furnace. The metal she has drawn off and presents in the form of ingots is the new gospel of woman. Expressed in terms from the Whitman scriptures, it runs (page 25) :

"You womanhood divine, mistress and source of all,
Whence life and love and aught that comes from life and love."
"The creation is womanhood;
Have I not said that womanhood involves all?
Have I not told how the universe has nothing better than the
best womanhood?"

Now, as the ingot lies before us and our critical eyes have beheld it, we wonder if Whitman is not best classed with those Hindus who talk ecstatically (N. B. in the abstract)—of woman, and even speak of the motherhood of God, but who, in the concrete, lower her to the sphere of beasts, and treat her far worse than the West has ever done. How do our critical eyes get that impression? Because our hearts still carry the burden of all those other terrible passages of wild desires for

* *Whitman, the Poet-Liberator of Woman*, by Mabel MacCoy Irwin. Published by the author, 14 West 104th Street, New York. 1905.

woman, so brutal and so devoid of all reverence and beauty; and also because we can not help perceiving the subconscious thoughts of Whitman's, who reveal themselves in those phrases which are ever upon his lips, "*man* and woman" and not "*woman* and *man*"; curiously enough, they are quoted by our author in evidence of her theory (page 22). Such phrases spring from the deep; they are the instinctive outbursts of what the Whitman volcano contained and they show its workings. This method of expression "*man* and woman" and not "*woman* and *man*" as it ought to have been, is to the critical eye a cloud that veils the perfect truth and forbids us to think, that Whitman regarded himself as a liberator of woman in the sense in which our author thinks of him.

But, though Whitman himself, no doubt, was unconscious of his own prophecy, it in no way invalidates what Mrs. Irwin has done for him, for woman, and for the world. The prophet is very often, yea, almost always ignorant of the bearings of his own prophesying. Mrs. Irwin has done the work of the smelting-furnace and her book contains the pure metal separated from all combinations. This pure metal is now ready to be worked into the social fabric by other women. In her light they can, if they will, see light. Under her influence they can, if they will, raise the flag of femininity and triumph.

Mrs. Irwin has not only drawn out the pure metal, but has also set the example for its use. Porcelain consists of silicious materials, niter, sand, soda, gypsum, etc., etc., these *burned* together in such a way that each and all have lost their own identity. Their loss is our gain: the cup, whence we drink. The cup Mrs. Irwin has *burned* together is named after Whitman's "Common Prostitute," and she bids us drink of it "till the sun excludes her," because in that attitude only can society become what it ought to be, "divine inside and out." Will the human society drink of that cup? Where are the cupbearers? It would seem that the genuine enthusiasm of this book, its pure intent and form must raise up a school of evangelists to present that cup to mankind.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

THE GIFT THAT ABIDES.*

"The Gift that Abides," is the anointing that comes in "the baptism of the spirit," and this is what McCalla writes about. He writes not as an instructor, but gives his "testimony" that others "may be helped and made partakers of like precious truth and blessedness," as he himself has experienced. It can not be said that this book is a "burning" testimony; "burning" as a result of "the baptism of the spirit," but like most of McCalla's compilations it is interesting and useful in these Laodicean days. The book is full and overflowing with appropriate scripture quotations, so much so that it becomes a Concordance to the Inner Life such as the Bible represents it. Especially interesting is the chapter entitled, "God, as Father and Mother" in which the thought of God as our "refuge" is discovered as a revelation of divine maternity. The chapter on "The two eyes of the soul," *viz.*, "faith and reason" is also a profitable study. Rather new ideas crop forth in Chapter 27 which is called "An ascending scale," *viz.*, the progressive revelation of God. It opens thus: "In Ps. lxxvi:1, 2, we find set forth, what may well be termed, an ascending scale of spiritual experience. It reads as follows:

1. In *Judah* is God known.
2. His name is great in *Israel*.
3. In *Salem* also is His tabernacle.
4. And His dwelling-place in *Zion*.

The author then proceeds to explain that *Judah* means *Praise* and *Israel* means *Power*; *Salem* is *Peace* and *Zion* is *Rock*, and each conception is elaborated, but we can not give room for a fuller extract. C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

HOMEOPATHY EXPLAINED. By John Henry Clark, M.D. London: Homeopathic Publishing Co. 1905.

John Henry Clarke is a well-known English authority on homeopathy with many books to his credit. The present one is not a manual as the title would suggest, but an introduction to the study of homeopathy and an apology for it. It is written in clear and forceful language, but as the author is a convert to homeopathy, the book is a little too enthusiastic,

especially where it is claimed that homeopathy is a science. That homeopathy is a science is a claim that cannot well be allowed, in view of his own presentation of medicine as an art, and his admission that it has not gone beyond or disposed of the late Sir Andrew Clark's statements that "there are no fixed principles for the treatment of the disease," and that "medicine is the most unprincipled of sciences." As "New Thought" people we are inclined to subscribe to the saying of Oliver Wendell Holmes: "If all drugs were cast into the sea, it would be so much the better for man and so much the worse for the fish." We will not deal in quantities, but in qualities; not in matter but in dynamics. When homeopathy shall have come fully and clearly on the ground we call "Mind," "Life," etc., we may shake hands with it. It is my opinion, that Hahnemann would have come to that, if he had not passed out too soon, and, I am not sure but that he was there, and that all his formulas, relationships ought to be read dynamically. Here and there the author of this book seems to be thinking dynamically when he speaks of "the infinitesimal dose" and "the like-to-like method." The suggestions give the book a rare value. But, how many of his readers understand a "suggestion?"

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

A MESSAGE FROM "MIND" TO THE MINDS OF THE MANY.

THIS is pre-eminently the day of good things for the many. That means easily accessible things—cheap things, if you will. It is not at all impossible that goodness and cheapness may one day prove synonymous. A really good thing is not afraid to be cheap.

It is in step with this particular line of progress that MIND, "the leading exponent of New Thought," is planning to make a two-fifths reduction in its subscription price after November 1st, 1905. It is now a \$2.50 periodical. It is going to remain a \$2.50 periodical, but hereafter the cost, per year, will be only \$1.50. When it consisted of but eighty-four pages of reading matter it made a place and a name for itself at \$2.00. Now it has ninety-six pages and intends to make a still better record at \$1.50.

Many of our ablest thinkers—the mental dynamos of the world—are not financial magnates. To the majority of these a dollar often means the difference between having a thing and going without it. Over and again letters come to us—"I want your magazine but I do not quite see my way to paying the subscription price." Now it is just these people that we want as subscribers—those who want us.

We would like to have a general re-union of our old subscribers, all of those who know us and know what the coming of such a magazine into the home, month after month, means.

Now, we probably cannot come into immediate touch with a tenth of those whom we really ought to reach, and we would therefore be glad to have every subscriber—and every prospective subscriber and every ex-subscriber,—speak of the magazine to at least two or three friends. If three new subscriptions are sent in with a renewal, the four yearly subscriptions may be secured for the very small sum of \$4.50—the renewal at \$1.50 and the three new subscriptions at \$1 each.

THE term New Thought is in a way a misnomer. There is nothing intrinsically new about the view of life so designated, though it is new to many people. As a matter of fact its philosophy is as old as the world, one might say, and at the same time it is applicable to every phase of activity and need that confronts the world to-day. If this latter were not true it would be of but transient, if any, service. It is the conviction of its adherents that New Thought has a vital message to the world and a lasting contribution to its progress. Its basic principles, though called by other names, perhaps, underlie the bulk of the reformation and progress of the day.

New Thought is not a cult. It draws no lines of demarkation; it separates itself from no good thing. It stands for the impartial investigation of all systems of thought, and all human experience, and the acceptance of all the truth which can thus be discovered and verified. It antagonizes, excludes nothing that the sun shines upon, or the mind of God in creating called "very good." Philosophically, it might be called the fourth dimension, for it interprets and interpenetrates all philosophies; it underlies and enfolds all good things. It stands for the overcoming of evil, not by antagonism, but with good, the good that is irresistible,

because of its courage and verity. Although it is not necessary to fight, it requires courage of soul to face the problems of life unflinchingly; and verity—the spirit of truth which is sharper than a two-edged sword—to stand fearlessly, unfalteringly, on the side of right. So only is evil, any or all the evil of the world, overcome with good.

It is this attitude that MIND desires to take. It can be a power for good only as it comes into touch with and is upheld by the many. It is to all those who believe in this platform laid down as the foundation of all individual growth and healthfulness, all public progress and reform, whether avowedly in sympathy with "New Thought" as they at present know it, or not, that MIND now makes its appeal. It wants the comradeship, the fellowship, of all on the side of right.

There is work to be done in this world—this world of thought as well as this world material. Much good work can be done by individuals, as such; infinitely more can be done by individuals in unison. The forces that make for separateness accomplish their own destruction; the force that makes for unity—under whatever name—is everlasting. There is no limit to the achievements of many minds in unison. Join forces with us and watch the result.

We would be glad if every reader of MIND would give us his or her opinion as to the problem, the solution of which is of most vital importance. In what specific way can MIND be of realest service to the world? We want your advice as well as your cooperation.

New departments will be included in the magazine and authorities on the various subjects treated will contribute to its pages during the coming months. Several of the best known writers on philosophical and metaphysical themes, both of the Orient and Occident, will give of their best, and every effort will be made to render MIND of real service in the cause of the right and the work of the world to-day.

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VOL. XVI

NOVEMBER, 1905

No. 5

THE INNER LIFE ACCORDING TO THE GOSPEL STORY.

BY ADOLPH ROEDER.

I.—BIRTH, BAPTISM AND TEMPTATION.

The mind concerned with the spiritual import of the Gospel Story is to the same extent unconcerned with the historic values of its detail. While it may feel inclined to believe or disbelieve the various historic values, which may be attached to or detached from any one incident or series of incidents, it confines itself to the consideration of the stories handed down to us, as they stand, admitting any theory of their origin within reason.

On this ground the various stories which have grouped themselves about the central figure of the Christ in the Gospel Story yield satisfactory sense and grow more and more valuable as aids to spiritual life, as the mind grows able to grasp and understand them.

Without reference, therefore, to the manner of growth or origin of any of the stories here to be considered, we enter at once upon their application to the inner life. It is evident that a certain definite plan underlies the structure of the two Testaments, which constitute the Christian Bible. No one can read carefully that remarkable compilation without noting

that certain very definite factors are carried forward with entirely logical persistence. Take one or two of these briefly.

It will be noted that the book opens with the story of the creation of the woman out of the man in the garden. There are involved in the story a series of familiar factors. The man, the woman, the serpent, the tree of life, the tree of knowledge, God, the garden, the river and others. If you will turn to the Revelation at the end of the book, you will find the same factors reintroduced. The woman, no longer on the earth, but in the sky and surrounded by the sun, gives birth to the manchild; there is the serpent, no longer triumphant, but cast down; there is the garden, the river of life, the tree of life, in fact all the factors of the original story reappear altered only in such a way as to indicate clearly, that the purpose aimed at has been accomplished. In the same way might be traced the story of the Temple; the story of the growth of the Divine vision, from the "voice of God walking in the garden in the cool of the day" to the final beatific vision of the Son of Man walking in midst of the seven golden lamps in the Apocalypse.

Admitting this element of the progressive in revelation as applied to the Christian Scriptures, we reach the conclusion, that the story of the Old Testament in its inner sense conveys the idea of human life and character before it has attained individuality; before it has "come into its own;" before "Christ is born in the soul;" and that the story of the New Testament renders account of the inner life after spiritual manhood is attained, and the Son of Man is born. Looked at from this view-point, a number of events are given in their order and they grow readily intelligible to the mind bent upon "the inner glory."

The birth of the Savior in the soul naturally brings with it the idea of birth from virginity. The mind has very evidently two sides. One side is turned to the world; the other to the inner verities of life.

It is palpably evident, that the side of the mind which calculates our business affairs; which tells our social fibs for us; which says, we are not at home, when we are at home; which

delights in the ludicrous appearance of the man who slips and falls on the pavement and causes a laugh, while we are at the very same moment sorry for him, for fear he may be hurt; and that does a thousand and one similar things—differs essentially from that side of the mind which learns to concentrate; which sinks into deep abstraction of philosophical principles; which meditates; which ponders the more serious and larger problems of life. The fact is, that we have two distinct sides to the mind, so distinct, that they may as well be called two minds. The two may be called the higher and the lower; the conscious and the subconscious; the natural and the spiritual; the external and the internal—almost any designation will serve to distinguish them. If they be seriously compared, it will be found that the outer mind, that which is turned to the outer world and is concerned with it, is readily sullied by constant contact with the world, with its business, with its politics, with its social conditions and evils.

From the sheer force of contrast, if for no other reason, this mind would be called by a different name from the other. When considered from its ability to "conceive" of thought; to give birth to mental images, it is always called a woman, and the outer is named very differently from the inner. Any one contrasting the concept of Babylon in the Revelation, with the description given in the fourth verse of the fourteenth chapter of that book, will have before him the glare of this contrast. The inner mind is the pure mind, and it is therefore called the "virgin." Every conception of Deity, as it is to be held in the mind of man, must take place in this inner mind. The historic picture furnished by the outer mind; the reasoning processes, which it elaborated, either granting or denying the story of the Savior as given in the Gospels; in fact any of the efforts of that mind will not suffice. It is only to the pure, inner, virgin mind of man, that the Divine Ideal appeals and in which it appears. In the unsoiled depths of the soul is Jesus born.

"And there is no room for Him in the inn." How true! The outer mind, filled with its anxieties, with its fears, with its hurry and rush of business, with the gurgle of the social whirl; with the intangible shadows of our constant search outside

for the things which are within; that mind has no room for Him. He must needs be born and cradled in the gentler emotions of the inner life. And when He is, there appears a wonderful star in the East and all the wisdom of the East sets forth to bring Him greeting. All the wisdom of all the world waits for the coming of Manhood to the soul, and when it comes, the wise men from the East and the shepherds of the field, those watchful tendencies of the mind, which have guarded its inner innocences from early childhood up, will come to bring Him homage.

So far the story of the birth. Now the incidents of the baptism; the open heavens, and the dove, and the voice that speaks of Him and to Him as the "Beloved Son." As there is an inner mind and an outer mind, so there is a realm of inner life called "heaven," and a realm of outer life called "earth." In the life not given to interior things, heaven is said to be closed. Again by sheer contrast, if by nothing else, when the inner faculties are aroused, heaven is said to open, and since its opening brings with it a sense of deep contentment and an acute insight, the factors called "dove" and "voice" are introduced. The element of contentment is called the "dove," a sense of peace and rest, attending the opening of the inner life; and the "voice," sometimes called "the still small voice," is used for the intuitive realization of things and conditions, otherwise unintelligible, or "unvoiced." In other words, the inner mind, with the attainment of spiritual manhood, "voices," its conviction.

And then follows the "fasting and temptation." That this is not an incident which brings to the eye or to the mind any intrinsic historic values, needs no comment; but if the sense of hunger here emphasized be simply placed before the mind as "a Divine hunger," the entire story is immediately intelligible, for in the mind opened to the realization of the inner life, there arises an intense hunger to "do the will of the Father," the doing of which is said to be food, in such sentences as this: "My food is, to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work." And to this passionate desire the world at large fails to respond. Stones are offered for bread. To the cravings

of the Divine hunger men frequently respond by the emptiness of hollow formalism; the recitation of creeds; the inanities of an outer show of worship, devoid of inner life.

No elaboration of these details is here attempted. They are simply thus coordinated, in order to show the sequence; namely, that there is with the coming of spiritual or mental manhood an emphasis placed upon the fact that manhood is born in the virgin side of the mind; that the inner mind is opened; and that there is a realization of the emptiness and inefficiency of the outer world and its life closely following that opening.

In the next article it is proposed to show that the teachings of the Christ necessarily follow out of, and are produced by the opening of, the inner world in the mind of man.

THE INNER LIGHT.

BY J. M. BICKNELL.

The spirit world gives forth a light,
 A light unseen by mortal eye;
 A Buddha blooms beneath its rays;
 A Christ unfolds and fills the world
 With never-fading hope and love.
 Old earth is full of sighs and groans,
 Complaining doubt, and words of gloom.
 Let in the light—the inner light
 The specters flee, the doubts are gone.
 Creation's furthest bounds reveal
 The groundlessness of human fear.

"As soon as I see people loving what they see, merely, and not their own high hopes, I pity them and do not want their love. I ask, did I ask thee to love me who hate myself? No, love that which I love and I will love him who loves it."

—Thoreau.

DOMINION AND POWER.

BY REV. R. HEBER NEWTON.

The immortal Hebrew Saga of the creation contained in the first chapter of The Book of the Beginning, known to us as "Genesis," represents Jehovah as crowning the six days of creative effort by the making of man in his own image, and saying to him: "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the fowl of the air and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth."

Frederic Denison Maurice, the most fertilizing of modern English theologians, regards this "history of the creation" (how funnily this accustomed phrase of our fathers sounds to us now in our larger outlook upon the creative processes!) as a description of the creation of the universe in the divine mind, God's thinking out the cosmos into perfected form before, so to speak, he set his hand to the making of the worlds. Long before Maurice, that wonderful man among the Fathers of the Church, Augustine, had broached the same idea. This first chapter of Genesis, according to Maurice and Augustine, is, then, the translation into such human speech as may be of the mystery of the begetting of those pure and perfect forms of being in which the archetypes or norms of all things upon the earth forever stand enshrined in the heavens; the 'patterns' of the tabernacle and its sacred furniture, showed to Moses upon the Mount, after which he was to fashion all his work; the 'ideas' of which Plato wrote in mystic language, to the fascination and the bewilderment of succeeding generations; the 'mothers,' of which that pre-eminent modern among our moderns, Goethe, sang—the sources and nurturers and educators of all creatures that really live.

In which light how wonderful grows this familiar and troubling tale of Genesis, over which how many a Philistine has wrecked for awhile his faith, in vain attempts to reconcile religion and science; completely missing his way, wresting this and other ancient words

of holy writ to his own destruction! In which light also, our most modern New Thought has a strange glimpse of the ancientness of its paternity and the cosmopolitanism of its habitat upon our earth. According then to the Hebrew Saga, the seven days' labor of creation, or, as we now phrase it, the timeless processes of evolution, reach their fruition in the bringing forth by Nature of the man begotten in her womb by the All-Father, the man made in the image of God, his Father, whose heredity being from God endows him with the promise and potency of an Over-Lordship of the cosmos, summoning him to exercise his paternal prerogative and have dominion over everything in the heavens above, in the earth beneath and in the waters under the earth.

When, after what aeons from the first truly "human man," to use the Rev. Chadband's tautological phrase, which yet—building wiser than he knew—was so admirably descriptive of our earliest simian progenitor who, in the processes of evolution, arrived at the distinctively human characteristics, when after what ages the divine man stood upon the earth, the being realizing that thought of "Man" in the divine mind, the "Man Child glorious;" then over him the heavens brooded low, as a smile burst from Mother Nature and the voice of the Eternal Father was overheard in the joyous soliloquy: "This is my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." This divine man, this second Adam, realized in his life the benediction with which his conception in the infinite mind was heralded—the fairy powers of earth and sea and sky flocking to the marriage bed of the ideal and the real, as we say, speaking foolishly, after the manner of men, and bringing with them their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh—the richest yields of all the secret forces of the cosmos, to endow the new-born king with 'dominion' over the universe.

This man divine wakened to self-consciousness in the sense of his having within him mystic powers which could indeed bring beneath his sway all men and all things; which, as the heir of God, could capitalize his career with omnipotence and enrich him with all the treasures of that earth which 'with its fulness' is 'the Lord's'—his very 'own possessions' into which

He, their Lord, 'came.' How royally He used these mystic powers, to the wonderment of his followers and the perplexity of their descendants, on whom, through successive generations of wandering further from that 'true light,' the 'shades of the prison house' have been closing ever, until in our day lo! a new lifting of the veil and a fresh streaming forth of light! What dominion he claimed over the disorders of nature and the evils of man himself—over sickness and sin, the 'ills that flesh is heir to' and those deeper ills the spirit was never heir to in its descent from God, but which it has trailed after it in its passage through matter and in its evolving of that freedom of will without which, and its ultimate reconciliation with the divine will, man could not have come to be in the image of God, his Father. In the freshly streaming light of our new age, how truly this Son of the Nazarene carpenter looms above us—aye and before us, not behind us—as a man of another order than that which we know as humanity, a new creation of human nature, the first fruits of the harvest that yet shall ripen upon our earth, and on what other orbs! A type, then, of the ueber-mensch, the super-man—the man as much above our present mankind as it is beyond the embryo man whom we call the ape.

That this man of the mystic powers was not a mere 'sport' in nature's processes, but an early ripening fruit of her inmost life, in whom we see the glory that shall be—this is made clear by His attitude towards those whom he linked in with himself essentially and forever in that sacred word of his after death to his disciples: "I go to my Father and to your Father, to my God and your God."

When this divine man prepared to carry on his life work, after his passing away from earth, he called round him an inner circle of disciples; men carefully chosen, doubtless, through the days before this action, and thus commissioned them for their work: "He gave them power against unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease." The New Testament thus completes the Old Testament. The new era fulfils the old era. The thought or ideal of man in God's creative mind becomes the reality of

man—a being clothed with dominion over all things, knowing and exercising his inherited powers of lordship. The dominion, the potential mastership of the ideal man, becomes his "power," the achieved mastership of the actual man.

The experience of the twelve disciples showed their endowment for their work. They returned to their Master with joy, saying: 'Lord, even the devils are subject unto us!' According to His word, they "tarried in Jerusalem until they received power"—the power whose emergence within them was symbolized in the occult phenomena of the day of Pentecost—cloven tongues of flame descending upon them, the gift of tongues manifesting itself through them, the sound as of a rushing mighty wind, shaking all the house where they were gathered together. Then they, too, went forth conquering and to conquer—masters of themselves and thus masters of the sicknesses round about them, of the devils enslaving man on every hand. Through the early ages of Christianity, while the flame enkindled from the life of Jesus burned brightly within the souls of his followers, this dominion and power of the spiritual man over nature was manifested in the so-called miracles of the church—those 'Charisma' or psychical gifts which revealed the fresh creative force that had entered the world in the new creation of the man of the spirit, the being born from the Adamic man (the first man which was of the earth, earthy), revealing himself as 'the Lord' (or Master) from heaven.

Slowly, as the pure and passionate powers of the early Christians were numbed in the chill atmosphere of the great world of 'the average sensual man,' as the fires of the divine life were banked and the force gendered by them slackened; as the church turned those heavenly energies meant for the mastering of the ills of life into the development of speculative theology and ecclesiastical institutionalism; and as the Christian communities pictured in the apology of Athenagoras lapsed into the church described by the historians of the Robber Council—these Charisma ceased to manifest themselves, the sense of dominion and power over nature out of which they grew faded from the consciousness of Christendom, and, as men stupidly have said, the age of miracles ceased.

The age of miracle, as of interferences with law, of suspensions of law, never was in this world or in any other. The age of miracle, as of the ranking of lower laws by higher laws, the mastering of physical conditions by psychical energies, the marvels always awaiting the action of the man who wins the secret of his inherited dominion and power—this age never ceased. A constant stream of witnesses to the higher potencies of man is traceable through the centuries of Christianity; in the ecstacies of the mystics, the trances of the saints, the cures wrought by the touch of sacred relics, the visions and voices coming to those sent from God for any great mission, the divine serenity of the confessors under the barbarities of the Roman police and amid the tortures of the inquisition chambers, the triumphs of the martyrs under the fires of the stake. And now, in this most wonderful age, when the slow and silent processes of the growth of the embryonic man are hastening to the travail-throes for the birth of the Son of God, what an entering upon His hereditary dominion and power! The intellect is crowning the Lord of earth and placing in His hand the sceptre of authority over nature. At the wielding of that sceptre, science, the secrets of the lower lives are giving themselves up to their predestined monarch; the genie of earth and air and sun are trooping to his feet, to do him service. The true magician is performing his spells—and wonder upon wonder astonishes the world. The steam engine and the electric motor, the telephone and wireless telegraphy, the submarine boat and the airship—these are but the outward and visible signs of the new king's reign. In every field of life that reign is illustrating its marvelous potencies. Life is revolutionizing itself. The dream of the wizards is coming true in the every-day doings of the average man, who is so accustomed to his own wonderfulness that he never stops to wonder at it.

Who can set limits to the transforming potencies of this intellectual dominion of man? What ills of earth may it not master in time—sickness and suffering and poverty and war! And, amid these overwhelming miracles wrought by the spell of science, lo, a greater miracle still! Within this royal man

there opens, deep within deep, the real source and spring of all his power, the secret of every force in the cosmos. Man, coming of age, is learning to know himself, and to find this knowledge power—the one supreme power. Psychical powers are pressing to the birth in the modern man—after their dream-like action, incoherent and fantastic, through the ages of his embryonic existence. In these psychical powers the riddle of the universe is being spelled out—not read yet, but the letters which will one day read it being placed along side one another, for the mental synthesis which we call reading. Powers to cast out evil spirits, whatever these may be—possession by subliminal personalities or by discarnate intelligences—to read the past and the future, to speak from mind to mind without any known means of communication, to send forth one's will and master another human will and order it sovereignly as is pleased—these and how many another mystic power we are witnessing to-day. To have confessed faith in them a generation ago would have caused the doors of insane asylums to open for the rash believer. To have exercised them a century since, would have led one promptly to the stake in waiting for the witch and the wizard. And to-day, societies for the study of these powers are in every land of the western world; and among their members are lawyers and clergymen and doctors and savants. To-day a great church is growing around the dogma of this psychic power of man, and science, philosophy, theology and the religious life are being revolutionized by this new-old creed, now for the first time in the history of earth being studied scientifically.

What may not man do in another century? What mastery of earth will be his when to the spells of physical science are added the charms of psychical science! One staggers at the vision.

If only this royal man can prove Lord of Himself—that heritage ‘not of woe!’ To win dominion and power over nature while himself a slave to appetite, to passion, to greed, to lust, to self in any form—this were to bring up hell upon our earth. ‘Vril’ in the hands of a monster man would be but dynamite beneath his institutes. Nero on the throne of earth would

indeed prove, as the early Christians dreamed, 'Anti-Christ.'

But when He who can say "all power is given unto me" is a Christ—then let the angels sing over earth and the glad bells of the celestial chimes ring in the day of God.

To gain the mastery of one's own being, this, which is the key to all other mastership, is also its secret of safety. This is to bring down the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth—that kingdom which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

A new literature, a 'literature of power,' as Coleridge would have said, is arising on every hand to-day—the gospel of the Christ that is being born within us. A literature concerning itself with the inculcation and inspiration of this new-found mastery of man over himself and thus over his external world—to the end that there may be 'peace upon earth among men of good will.' As this good spell is spreading, there is coming to man "health and wealth" (weal-th), in the language of the fine old collect of the church of England, all healing over the disorders of the body and over the graver disorders of the soul; wholeness and holiness, the grace or graciousness of our Lord Jesus Christ keeping our minds and hearts. May the pages of the magazine which is the exponent of these modern mystics lead many a reader into his birthright of "dominion and power!"

A part, the basic part, of evolution is to refine all matter, the physical as well as the mental; and our bodies are of the physical. That the mind does affect the quality of the flesh is commonly understood, the body of a confirmed sensualist is always coarser than that of a well-balanced person of only normal appetites. We cannot help the body through fanaticisms, but by living simply and naturally as far as the outer man goes, and aspiring to ideal planes of consciousness in our inner life, we gradually and easily qualify the flesh so that its importunities impinge less and less on the grosser needs.

A student of the spiritual sciences naturally needs less and more refined food than would a butcher.—*J. H. A. Marshall.*

THE UNREPENTANT—AN AFFIRMATION.

BY BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

To have the courage of one's transgressions—that is heroic. To repent of one's transgressions—that is merely virtue. All apology contains an element of baseness. To whom should we abase ourselves? All men are guilty of the same meannesses—and he to whom I bring propitiatory gifts will give them to some one whom he has offended. It is the penny that ever returns. No man ever asked to be forgiven a wrong whose knees did not quake. This joint-sag is the atavistic tendency to beg for mercy on the knees, a primitive obeisance to strength, the "Peccavi!" of the lost.

To apologize is human—all too human; to refuse verbal alms to those we have wronged is divine. The arch-unrepentant awes us in his assumption of power; in his fine disdains we catch gleams of the elemental, the barbaric. His is the confidence of the predestined; the aloofness and soul-sufficiency that rely on fate, whose will will be done. He is of the open spaces; conscience, with its sick-room airs, has not yet alchemized the Promethean fires in his soul to the poisonous drool wherewith the terror-hounded forever water the rank flowers of the past. He who is without conscience is without weakness—for conscience is the past trying to live twice, the frost that chills the seeds of godhood in us, the backwater that we hold to scour our souls when life is at low-tide. A poet of transcendent overdreams recorded the fact that "Conscience does make cowards of us all"—and he gave us Hamlet from his hot, subtle brain to prove it.

To trace the evolution of conscience—of that pathologic still, small voice which mankind declares tells it when it is doing wrong—would be to write the history of mankind's defeated dreams. Anything that man can accomplish is right—by a trick of thought; goaded on by some stern, masked necessity, he makes it so. What he has failed in he decrees wrong. The race is eternally adjusting itself to its own weak-

nesses, which it styles its virtues. The individual soul is a hell of lost lusts whose ghosts forever trouble us with their claims. We seldom stop to ask whether they have real rights, whether the fetor of their breath on our pale, anemic souls is not the poison that our later selves have breathed into these wondrous, ancient beasts, whom we have denied in our fear, but who lie deep-buried in the sands of our souls, mumbling and drowsing and calculating like the Sphinx who flouts the pretty Chimera.

There is a living soul behind that hand which in the shadow of the gibbet firmly waves aside the rose-water consolations of the priest. The gesture has the sombre majesty of the inexorable. Murderer he may be ten times over—a murderer, like an adulteress is a legal fiction, a transitory opinion—still he will not sully his soul with that last, greatest infirmity—the cry of the human to the Eternal One to reverse the iron order and sponge from time what time was bade do. We may hurl at the malefactor who is sullen defiance to the last our fatuous anathemas with the marvelous syntax, but in secret we revere his grim amiability in the face of the irrevocable. An inflexible necessity hounds him to the scarlet end. Is he the mesh-weaver? What has he to do with his own soul? He who builded the house, let him look to it. The tenant must take what he finds. And if we forgive him—that is the crowning puerility of mediocrity. For at bottom “I forgive thee” means “I no longer fear thee.” We never forgive those who have it still in their power to harm us. And the patronizing forgiveness of Eternal Omnipotence, the pat on the head, to have the dust smilingly flecked from your coat by the finger of Omniscience, what great soul will submit to that?

Hope is a masked blasphemy—and repentance is the mask turned inside out. The self swells to huge proportions beneath the introspective eye. The ego, reeling drunk on its own private lusts—intoxicated by its very thirst—makes of its own desires an endless tape-measure, which it unreels from the cradle to the pit—and even upon the brink of the clay-walled hole, with lean and flesh-poor fingers, it tries to measure some phantom, brain-born beyond. We will have no destiny but our own—no wide-circling, fate-full laws that have not pro-

vided for us—no wind that does not blow our bark to some haven mapped out in the chaotic foreworld for the special delectation and eternal safe-housing of that gilded granule—the fadeless and indestructible *me*. This pretty egotism engenders the penitent.

There is not enough natural faith in the world. There is nothing we have doubted more than the fundamental verities. All believe that two and two make four until it comes time to die—then we ask God to make two and two five—or, please, God, four-and-a-half, and we twist and turn and try to blarney Him down to four-and-a-quarter—"just this once, God." This species of God-baiting is called repentance. Few have the courage to believe their evil deeds were predestined, were the outcome of an endless past, the sewage of great world-currents. "I am I," cried Magda, the unrepentant and regal—and that fine challenge was answered by "Come up Higher, thou."

Each trivial act is dissolved in a governing law, and all law is noosed in a remote necessity. Each smile is compounded of many smiles, and our faintest thought has a foreground that trails back to the sun. The very disbelief in a necessity for all our acts and thoughts that lies in an ageless backworld is a matter of necessity. There is a temperament that would deny the fatality of temperament. The author of Job gave us a peep into the star-chamber where our individual destinies are decided. And Goethe, who himself smiled from his citadel set on the other side of good and evil, made Faust the victim of a conspiracy.

The philosopher of unrepentance was the great Spinoza—Spinoza the remorseless and the daring. He was the master Immoralist—or non-moralist—and from his spiritual loins sprung the great German chimney-sweep, Friedrich Nietzsche. God created time, and Spinoza destroyed it. For him the past did not exist—his serene soul moved from Now to Now. Booted and sandaled, a Knight of the Open Road, he went forth in youth to do battle with the most profitable lie ever concocted—the lie of free-will—a priestly invention to absolve the Most High.

Spinoza's God we can pass over. It was nothing but a formula for *ennui*—an omnipotent, omnipresent, indestructible stupidity. It had no knowledge of good or evil, but abided in a transcendental state of total ignorance. It was a sort of spiritual glue that held all things together.

The days of this lens-grinder were white-capped negations. From the other side of life he watched the puppies playing and dissected their paltry emotions. He conceived the emotions as a sort of poisonous coil, a tangle that held man in the mud. For the tear-besotted sentimentality that is forever looking back upon an arid past he had that profound contempt which philosophers have masked under a brain-smile. Good and evil are relative terms and mean nothing to him whose vision extends beyond the immediate effect of each act. There is no code that lasts a thousand years. There is necessity, which is to say, no man can escape himself. His most unlawful acts are lawful, and in nature there are no such things as transgressions. Or, rather, there is nothing else—all is transgression. Government is an organized transgression. Its excuse for being is that it can carry on the cosmic system of vengeance of each on each *better* than the individual can. Spinoza was the most cold-blooded anarch who ever lived and certainly the boldest moral—or immoral—philosopher. He crawled out to the eaves of things, peeped over—and boldly took the leap. He burned all bridges, cut all bonds, wiped all yesterdays from his mental slate—asked for no philosophic quarter and gave none.

What is evil? he asked. Evil is that which gives man pain. Not only pain that comes from external things, but pain that comes from ourselves is evil. Conscience is evil because it is the soul preying on itself. It is a Torquemada invented by sickly souls who still dwell in the mists of the emotional fore-world. Come with me into the beyond-world of the understanding, of the intellect, and see yourself and your comic sins as my placid, immovable, passion-dry God sees you, cried Spinoza. Get beyond your petty, necessitous acts that you call your sins.

“Repentance is not a virtue, nor does it arise from reason;

but he who repents of an action is doubly wretched and infirm," he says calmly is a celebrated proposition. The original transgression has inflicted pain on some one—but the act was motived not in you, but in an endless past that stretched away before your birth and was latent in the sidereal gases. What can your repentance do but add pain to pain, tear to tear, anguish to anguish? All the waters of Araby will not wash your damned spots out—for the waters of Araby cannot inundate the infinite—and your failures, which you call your sins, were predestined in unremembered past durations.

The doctrine of human responsibility is one that has its uses. Historically, society is an evolving illusion, and it feeds on lies like the daughter of Rappacini lived and thrived on poisons. But there is a finer virtue than self-condemnation—it is self-absolution. Penitence is the basest of pains because it contains such a preponderant element of the pleasurable. It is an hysterical tickle-self. It is like one of those scorching, belly-burning dishes that degenerate Rome concocted to stimulate a jaded palate and a blasé-man. "Confession is good for the soul" it is said—that is, it is pleasurable, and we invent sins for the pleasure of confession and repentance. Like dead flies in a bowl of curdled cream so lies the soul of man in his tear-vats. The lives of men are an endless expiation, as Emerson, a crowned god of the Overworld, has said. The souls of the repentant are great penal colonies—their days a series of vicarious atonements.

Each day we should be apostate to a self, is the essence of the teaching of the unrepentant Spinoza. The progressive evolution of the individual soul is like the uncoiling of an infinite chain, each link of which differs from the other. Some links are dun-colored, some are slime-corroded, some are of gleaming gold, some of neutral tints, and some fleece-white. Not for a minute shall the slime-smeared link dominate the free soul. It was forged in hell—let hell look to her works. There are two orders of beings: they whom their devils use, and they who use their devils. Spinoza was Orestes triumphant

Goethe—Faust (for Faust was Goethe as surely as Childe Harold was Byron or Obermann was Senancour) was a spiritual

titan who strode through his own soul and reached an outermost gate where he signaled back a "Come hither, and see" to the sickly age in which he lived—an age sick because of its very virility. Goethe saw life from so high a point that his rejection of life and his acceptance of life were the same thing. He stood where things merged, and comprehended in a glance the meaninglessness of any one thing and yet the necessity which urged on all things to disappear in each other. "Sin," "evil," "pain" were to him fine experiences which no great soul should shrink from; rather should pain be courted for the residuum of wisdom that lies at the bottom of it. Does the physician who has inoculated himself with deadly germs for the purpose of furthering an intellectual lust regret his action if the experiment has yielded him a truth, even though the looking on that truth has condemned him to death? So in the spiritual sphere Goethe would urge us to live our sins half-gayly for the knowledge they bring, and never to look back lest we turn to pillars of jelly.

Let him who is perfect and stupid repent, for he has not yet lived; but he who has been bludgeoned and has bludgeoned in turn; who has been taken and given in the combats where each instinct fights for its own; who has made of his own life a shambles and yet peered at himself from time to time from the little white turret in the brain-apex—let him rejoice and repent not. The fox is caught in the gin and the star is enmeshed in law and the souls of men are matrixed in their destinies. The lithe-limbed Goethe swam through the flotsam and jetsam of his acts and brushed the slime-matted seaweed from his eyes—swam to the point where the waters meet the stars and escaped with Spinoza into the unarithmetical spaces.

How fast our sickly pasts would decompose and vanish in their poisonous mists did we not forever keep them alive with our inverted hypnotic glances! We lie on the crest of an on-moving wave, but instead of taking our bearings from that everlasting height—that immovable present moment—we glance down with tear-stained cheeks into the hollow we believe we just rose from, or stand wringing our hands in fear at the hollow we believe we are about to disappear in.

What is the outcome of our acts? Our most damnable lies may breed in time's mighty tangle immemorial virtues. And if one could trace back those actions which make him fatty-complacent he would find them rooted in a degradation that would bring the inerasible pallors to his soul. The religion of Buddha is founded on the profoundest cosmic vision that ever illumined a human mind. The world is an expedient, and nothing is or is not, but thinking makes it so. In the view of the Buddhist, repentance is as idle as rejoicing, for both spring from the illusion of self—that transitory agglomeration of millions of individuals which science calls cells. All are in the whirl of law; the individual is bound to a fiery whirling wheel that at one moment ducks him in mud and the next moment whirls him to azure gleaming vistas. You are the mud, the azure-gleam, the wheel, and the fiery whirl—you are all but yourself. So the Buddhist, negativing past, present, top, bottom, good, evil, here, hereafter, folds his toga about him and lies down to pleasant Nirvanas, where nothing happens except nothingness.

Self-consciousness may destroy or create. The first peep into ourselves terrifies us, and if we do not succumb to what we see in that first glance into the inferno out of which we have wriggled we shall live to spurn it, or, better, utilize it. Your soul will in time become a fine drama—a playhouse with one silent auditor. You will love your sins for the sake of the climaxes that their triumph or defeat leads up to. You will become your own hero, your own ideal of perfect villainy—and when you grow tired of the performance you can enter, through the medium of art, into the marvelous adventures of other men's souls, for all lofty minds at last dramatize or sing themselves in some form. Emerson's essays are the chronicle of his spiritual escapades. Ibsen's plays are his Jungle-story, Chopin set himself to music, and Balzac explored himself and made of truth a gorgeous fiction.

St. Augustine, who was so black that he turned white, and who, like Tolstoi, mistook impotency for self-mastery, says that we may rise on our dead selves to higher things. Rather may we rise on our live selves to higher things. The past is

dead only in the sense that it never existed. Walt Whitman sang of himself in his entirety—"denying nothing." He was always just ahead of himself. Nature, he saw, had no penitential days; she was ruthless and blithe, possessed something of a naive cunning, used compost and lily-pollen in her laboratories, made poems of her rain-days and fair days—and nothing was ever amiss. Both Emerson and Whitman recognized evil, but refused to admit the idea of sin into their conception of things. They lived, like Spinoza and Goethe, in the overspaces and were never troubled by that form of spiritual dyspepsia which comes from overeating at the tables of the past.

Friedrich Nietzsche saw in conscience the greatest enemy that the brooding mind of man had ever raised up. This great rhapsodical psychologist, who flung down in passionate hate the gage of battle to the other-world roisterers, saw to the bottom of that pit of slime, the soul of man. Those who had lusted and failed in their lusts had spawned conscience, which begat guilt, which begat sin, which begat emaciation, penitence and heaven-hunger, which begat another world, where the strong men cease from taking and the eunuchs get the best. The weak, the tear-stained, the neurotic, the diseased, build and build, and into their earth-palaces they enter not, so they have conspired to overthrow the palaces that have been erected by their masters, the strong, the unrelenting, the never-regretting, the unrepentants. And they have made of their weaknesses virtues and put craft and cunning into the seat of power and made idols of pillars of salt. The demon eyes of the lost flash from behind their masks of love, and the knotted veins of cruelty are concealed by a crown of thorns.

There is no motive power in regrets—that way lies death—or, worse, the jealous rage that begets him who loves his fellow-man too much and himself not at all. Self-love is the condition of all love—the bud must flower before it can seed; the sun is the sun to its last outpost of flame. The unrepentant is himself to his last act; he presages a new series—where evolution and devolution are one; where there is neither growth nor decay, but an eternal transition—a rising from equilibrium to equilibrium, from infinite sweep to infinite sweep.

THE DIVINE FUNCTION OF HUMAN CONSCIENCE.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

The good old word Conscience is susceptible of treatment from many sides and can therefore be made to stand as the embodiment of many different ideas, but when its etymology is well considered its right significance is comparatively plain. Conscience originally means general or collective knowledge whether as regards a community or an individual. A communal conscience is a definite reality with which we often have to reckon quite as surely as with an individual conscience, our own or another's. To some minds, for whom the one word freedom expresses all that can ever make life appear desirable, conscience looks like a tyrant whose hurtful sovereignty must be dethroned, but a little thoughtful analysis of the real nature of conscience must soon convince the fair-minded reasoner that freedom and conscience are by no means antagonistic. In its simplest form conscience may be regarded as an inheritance supplemented by education, but so simple a definition by no means exhausts the riches of so great a factor in human elevation. Heredity may be considered as a multitude of combined tendencies, a pre-existing bias in certain definite directions, coupled with prejudice against all counter courses of action. What leads up to this bias or constitutes this prejudgment is a fruitful topic for controversy, but seek to explain its origin and nature as we may the fact of its existence remains undisputed and indisputable. There is, for example, a strictly Jewish conscience which is concerned about matters of diet and prescribed religious ceremonials which has no place in Christendom. There is also an Oriental conscience which is greatly exercised over the rights of animals which is almost unknown in Europe and America. These expressions of conscience can readily be traced to ancestral origins and they are largely local and racial even when shared by highly individualized thinkers who have marked out for themselves a path of conduct regardless of whether their

progenitors walked in that road or otherwise. Conscience seems germinally present in animals and that it is a matter for education stands to reason if by education we mean what the word rightly implies—a process of unveiling, developing, unfolding. Conscientiousness is universally esteemed as an important virtue as it ranks with probity, fidelity and all the many heroic excellencies which go to constitute ideal human character. Virtues can fairly be divided into two classes which we may designate sterner and milder. Among the first-mentioned, conscientiousness takes very high rank, and, like all other noble traits which can be confined within a single group of excellencies, this most admirable virtue can, and, often does, exist insufficiently tempered with sweetness of disposition. There is a hard Puritanical conscientiousness which is relentless and unforgiving, determined to exact the extremest penalty sanctioned by law, seeing only the harshest and most external aspects of retributive justice as expressed in the law of retaliation. A perverted phase of such conscientiousness is finely illustrated in Hawthorne's still famous tale "The Scarlet Letter," which portrays accurately the most loveless form of legal religion which ever beclouded the beauty of a reputed gospel of good-will to all humanity. Zeal without discretion and attempted justice apart from mercy can never reveal what deserves the name of human conscience, for conscience as a word is not unduly stretched when we describe it as including the total sum of human information. Different communities and different individuals display varying degrees of conscience but it is in measure rather than in essence that differing consciences can be said to differ. We often say that one man or one set of people displays far less or much more good judgment than another, but so far as any expresses good judgment all agree. One man or one community displays far deeper insight into the motives which sway human conduct than does another, therefore the sentences passed by the less enlightened by no means agree with those passed by the more enlightened; but no matter how widely actions vary, underlying motives are in all instances fundamentally the same. An argument on Capital Punishment between two

average, well-disposed American citizens shows conclusively that two business men doing business in the same line in the same city can radically disagree where ways and means are concerned and yet be in perfect agreement when it comes to basic intent. One man believes that to execute a criminal is to exercise a deterrent influence upon crime; his object is to warn others against committing a similar offense, and as he not unreasonably estimates public weal beyond private consideration of a malefactor's feelings or even the feelings of a family to which a criminal may particularly belong, he stoutly defends hanging or electrocution, not because he is a cruel man but because he is a believer in the salutary effect of the death penalty when rigidly enforced. The other man is actuated by precisely similar motives; he is no weak sentimentalist swayed by maudlin feeling, but heroically resolved to do his utmost to raise the moral tone of the community in which he is included, but he opposes capital punishment as strongly as the other citizen advocates it, and for the same reason, because he entertains the view that to hang or electrocute a murderer not only fails to prevent future murders, but does actually endanger social order the more by stirring up additional ferocious feeling and suggesting modes of vengeance even to the unborn.

These two men, if they are ever to dismiss their problem rationally, must acknowledge that conscientiously they are agreed though intellectually they disagree, and a very great step has been taken toward ultimate intellectual agreement when two such equally conscientious men will meet to engage in amicable debate and resolve not to let it degenerate into acrimonious controversy. With those two gentlemen the Decalogue is standard authority—*Thou shalt not murder* is their basis of agreement and their united conscience agrees to the Sinaitic command; but as to how it shall most effectually be enforced they differ widely. Let us seek to find the occasion of such divergent views. One of these men is evidently an extreme literalist who places great confidence in strenuous external measures; his eyes are not much opened to the beauty of holiness, his sense of righteousness is stern and unrelenting;

God is to him Supreme Judge but scarcely Universal Parent. Such a man is often, indeed usually, a rare stickler for conventional religious and social usages, but beyond the formality of etiquette he has not seen far. The children of such a man may be reared to respect conscience greatly but there is little light or sweetness in their creed; they are indeed *under* the law and they are certainly not free from that yoke of submission which renders all mere legality irksome and unloving. The man who sees a better way to safeguard and to elevate society runs the risk of being looked upon by many as one who delights in sentiment and though good-natured to a fault is not to be trusted as a safe custodian of the people's interests. This example is only one out of very many which could easily be cited to illustrate the distinction between conscience as a root element in human character and intellectual enlightenment, without which conscience cannot be intelligently expressed. If we instance a very much lower state of enlightenment than that of either of the men just mentioned we can see that even in savage states there is some glimmering foredawn of what will finally shine forth as enlightening conscience; and we need not stop even with barbaric human beings, for animals also show some degree of rudimentary conscience in wild as well as in domesticated conditions. Rudyard Kipling, whose "Jungle Stories" prove him to have been a close observer of wolves, lions, bears and other far from "domestic" creatures, shows quite conclusively that there is a "jungle law" amounting to a code of honor among savage beasts; and surely no one who can lay any reasonable claim to rank among students of human nature can doubt that some degree of ethical feeling or moral sense plays an important part wherever humanity is found. To teach that conscience is subject to educational influences is rational, but conscience itself precedes all educational methods. Reason compels us to admit that we can only educate, *i. e.*, unfold, an inherent faculty. Schooling or training cannot endow an individual with a faculty, it can only serve to encourage some faculty to develop.

When, according to tradition, about thirty-four centuries ago the Ten Commandments were announced to Israel in the

desert, this announcement testified to preparedness on the part of certain people to distinguish themselves as higher moralists than the bulk of their contemporaries. The negative form in which the Ten Decrees have been handed on to us is certainly susceptible of improved translation and the day may come (may it come speedily) when necessity will no longer exist for threat of penalty, should salutary precepts be disregarded; but in the light of that glad morning, as prophets have gloriously foretold, all humanity will obey from love where many now submit from fear. Obedience is not submission, for while slaves submit, intelligent free men and women gladly obey. Conscience rightly interpreted is not accuser but elevator, its glad triumphant watchword is evermore *excelsior*. Not as an officer of dreaded law but as a teacher of righteousness which spellet liberty doth conscience call in trumpet tone *come up higher*. It must make enormous difference to whoever listens to the voice of conscience whether he regards the shrill tone of the judgment trumpet as a condemning or as an inviting voice. Self-condemned in a very real sense we all do stand when we become inwardly aware of the folly of our past as we see it in contrast with a blessed vision of wiser life, now for the first time made clear to us. When Spinoza broke away from every tradition of his past and stood forth as a free man, regardless of even the anathemas of an ultra-conservative synagogue, he did not rebel against his conscience, nor did he repudiate or discard it; he followed it as all intrepid souls have done whether their so-called heretical and revolutionary views and conduct were displeasing in particular to ecclesiastical or to civil entrenchments. To follow one's own highest light, to find divine law within oneself rather than communicated to one through another is not anarchy or rebellion against order, it is the attainment of the Gnostic consciousness where the "knower" hesitates not to say "I know." Conscience is not weakness but strength. Not he who confesses error but he who will not own his mistake is the weakling, for it requires bravery to own up to an error while the veriest coward will seek by all imaginable sophistry the attainment of self-justification. Human nature can be

justified to itself for it is at root heroic, but acts committed in ignorance or in petulance must be atoned for, and he who is bravest of all will seek most earnestly to make full restitution. But reparation is never made by whining self-abasement; not whimperers but workers make true atonement, and it is the province of conscience not to drive us to wretched self-abasement, which is alike impotent and contemptible, but to urge us forward to do to-morrow that which on the day of our penitence we regret that we did not do yesterday. Conscience is never satisfied with tears and groans. To-day, as when the book of Isaiah was written, it is very easy to bow the head like a bulrush and smite the breast in public, but far more difficult and certainly incalculably more effective to exalt our living and be just in future where we were unjust of old. Conscience rightly interpreted never summons us to mourn over a wasted or ineffective past; it calls us to act to-day in harmony with our loftiest vision and forget, even as we forego, the limitations of departed days. If in Hamlet's immortal soliloquy "Conscience doth make cowards of us all," that so-called cowardice which Shakespeare designated is in itself an incentive to virtue and a restraining impulse which saves from self-destruction. It is to make heroes of us all that conscience speaks and even when there is an accusing note in its warning, let the wisdom of past generations rebuke, if it can, the folly of the present; yea, let us encourage even Japanese-like veneration for illustrious ancestors, if by such method we can be prompted to emulate the virtues of our progenitors and avoid the mistakes into which ignorant, because inexperienced, youth is often falling. To look behind and also to look forward is the part of wisdom, but he who looks intelligently backward and then with equal intelligence gazes toward the future, spends no time or tears in vain regrets or futile self-denunciation. Self-absolution is indeed a wondrous triumph of the soul, but absolution follows penitence and penitence is not craven dread or bitter remorse, nor aught that borders on despair, but frank acknowledgment of error which must not be permitted to weigh down the spirit or clip its wings in view of coming flight to loftier altitudes than in days of yore.

When George Washington apologized to a private soldier he did not lose dignity as General of the Army; he rose thereby to a pinnacle of greatness in the esteem of the men he was commanding to which he would never have attained had he been too haughty and too petty to make confession of his mistake. Only they who claim infallibility and impeccability can dispense with conscience, and such people are sorrowful specimens of ludicrous conceit. The "still small voice" within our human temple speaks not in anger but in love. God viewed intellectually as a cold abstraction can never satisfy humanity, and man without a glimpse of loving Deity is like a traveler lost in gloom upon a rayless night. Conscience, the elevator, is God's witness in the human spirit. "Ye are my witnesses saith the Lord" can apply only to such as are ever hearkening to the voice divine which speaks within, and such only are prepared to go forward as light-bearers among less enlightened brethren. The patriarchal history of Abraham is a story of human moral evolution and serves, especially in so far as it treats of the sacrifice of Isaac, to elucidate the problem of the education of our moral sense. Abram, the man with but two syllables in his name, is fettered by ancestral superstitions, and to him the voice of a departing *Zeitgeist* sounds as a call from Heaven. Barbarians had long believed that to sacrifice a first-born son was to curry favor with divinities, thus the chieftain of a tribe when preparing to place his dearest treasure on the sacrificial altar was inspired by altruistic sentiment. One must be surrendered that many may be blessed; such is the savage creed, therefore the father of a people must immolate his own beloved offspring that the entire tribe may flourish. Abraham, the patriarch, who has three syllables to his name, has outgrown the barbarous beliefs of his predecessors and on account of his utter fidelity to the best he knew in days of darkness he has emerged into a glorious light. The father of the tribe is still the zealous guardian of its highest interests but now he raises the glad triumphal song of praise to the spiritual God, whom he now is beginning to perceive and to appreciate, whose angel has commanded the devoted father to bless all nations through

issuing the proclamation to the world which forever banished all belief in human sacrifice from the minds of the spirit-guided. The moral sense in the Abrahamic stage of human conscious evolution has grown so large and its vision has become so clear that human sacrifice far from appearing acceptable to the Most High is henceforward regarded as an abomination. Slowly but surely did the House of Israel emerge from savagery to civilization, and as it emerged it was always led not by its priests but by its prophets. There is a priestly conscience which closely resembles our proverbial "Mrs. Grundy," a not altogether admirable embodiment of conventional beliefs, but useful in certain immature stages of human evolution. The prophetic conscience is ideal as it points forward, not backward, and this sort of conscience is the only certain guide of the human race in its incessant striving for better countries than any we have yet explored. Such expressions as "good" and "guilty" conscience are quite permissible because the former testifies that we are living up to our present light while the latter remonstrates with us, with a view to our decided betterment. A conscience "void of offense" is the highest kind of conscientious state we can readily imagine, and whoever is the blissful possessor of so great a prize must indeed be realizing much of heaven on earth.

To stifle any voice of conscience or to disregard any of its warnings is arrant folly because by so doing we are turning deaf ears to the monitor who is inviting us forward. There is but one possible sort of self-justification compatible with moral progress and that is the calm philosophic attitude which, while not regretting or condemning aught that is past, looks serenely and joyfully to a far more glorious future. The super-man or over-man conceived of by Theosophists is one who has outgrown all need for the painful discipline of regret, for being now on a plane of development where no goads are necessary, he experiences no longer the lash which conscience formerly administered. The true philosopher looks upon all stages of human experience as having parts to play in the total education of humanity, and while rejoicing in freedom from the stings of outraged conscience knows that the sharpest

sting of remorse can and does serve some useful end before we have grown to listen to the voice of another aspect of the same great elevator. The hornet may serve as useful a purpose as the angel in the exodus experiences of races and individuals alike, but the hornet's work is done when we are willing to listen to the angel. Experiences teaches in manifold ways, and though we can discriminate between higher and lower ministrations all ministries that serve a benign purpose are included in the universal plan of supreme beneficence. There is but one fundamental proposition which we must never doubt, one safe anchorage from which we must never drift, and that is the ineffably blessed truth that all events are working together for the best. This is an uncompleted world, and during the process of its building much chaos must prevail. Unenlightened conscientiousness may be sad because it does not see the great work which is being done and the place which immediate havoc plays in the erection of a beauteous and mighty spiritual structure. Sense of sin and failure can only be temporarily of use, and then the use is to set before us higher goals and encourage us in our pursuit of them. When we have become truly lovers of righteousness we need no longer to visit that Sinai which represents to us God's law revealed in smoke and flame. The new view we take of Sinai re-translates the ancient Decalogue altering its tone from legislation to assurance. It is a long journey from terror to confidence, from old-time fear of punishment, should we rebel, to that glorious freedom of the spirit which assures us that we shall always walk securely in the path of virtue because we are lovers of rectitude, and love will save us from falling. Then has died away the old, sad plaint "thus conscience doth make cowards of us all" and in place thereof rings out the new glad anthem of peace and joy unspeakable "thus conscience maketh heroes of us all." From cloud of judgment to star of victory, from voice of protest to voice of loving welcome, doth conscience grow in human concept as man finds God within and is at peace with all the universe.

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"Heresy is underdone truth—truth in the making."

THE ANGEL IN THE SUN.

By MABEL GIFFORD.

"And I saw an angel standing in the sun; and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of Heaven, come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God." Rev.19:21.

Every soul is an angel standing in the sun; but so long as a soul is blinded by the light, he dwells in darkness and in cold. Truth heals him of his blindness. When he seeks truth, light dawns; as long as he seeks truth, light grows. If he seeks in the darkness, light grows very slowly; if he turns his eyes above to Infinite Truth, light grows fast. This angel of revelation has turned to the source of light, and he sees that he is standing in the sun. In this clear light of truth, all the false beliefs, and loves are gathered together and absorbed—eaten by the living truths that are now making their homes in his mind. These living truths are the fowls that fly in the midst of Heaven—the reign of truth in a human soul. This eating, or absorption is performed by the law of reversal, every evil being a good reversed, and every falsity being a truth reversed. When a soul comes into the consciousness of the light, he sees what the goods and truths are that he has been entertaining in their reversed forms, and he converts them, changes them about again, sees them in their true light, and holds them so, and knows no more the perverted phases in which he first knew them. This is the glorious law of reversal, which takes place with every soul that comes into the light, and sees that God is good alone, and truth alone, and creates nothing but good and truth, and that nothing but good and truth can exist. Men create hideous, perverted forms that hide the truth and good, and only as fast as they come into the light, do they understand that it is their own creation and not the true forms which they have hidden. Men who are taught of men live mostly in the perverted forms, for men teach them that evil is a necessity, and that it must exist, and that we cannot escape its con-

ditions in the earth plane. But those who seek truth itself, are taught of God, and they learn how to reverse every evil and falsity, as they appear, and to dwell in the sun of love and truth consciously, while in the earth life.

Love is the purifier, and the light which creates the truth. So all the perverted loves and beliefs are purged in the lake of fire; the darkness—the opaque, perverted forms are burned away, and the new appear; love through truth has filled the old forms with so much light, that they appear to grow more and more transparent until they vanish in light, and the real forms are seen.

Whatever is left, that is, whatever appears of evil and falsity to the angel standing in the sun, after this transformation, he is able to establish in its true form by the clear knowledge of truth which he now possesses. This knowledge is the "sword," and the loves of this knowledge, the "fowls" that keep the dead carcasses, or falsities cleared away.

The "beast" is the symbolical figure for perverted goods in general, and the "false prophet," perverted truths—all the perversions that go to make up your life. When a soul looks to men and asks "What is truth?" it gets true and false answers; when it looks to infinite truth for light, it receives truth in forms the nearest to perfect truth that it can comprehend, and as much as it can bear. In this light the teachings of men can be received with much more benefit, for now the soul has discernment, and can distinguish between the true and the false.

If you wish to find yourself standing in the sun, put by all beliefs, all theorizing, all reasoning; make a clean, fair, white chamber ready for the coming; "and the King of Glory shall come in."

Truth is harmony, and harmony is perfect order. There are two kinds of inharmony; false statements, and false arrangements of truths—truths seen as truths, but not in their right relations. Two people may have the same beliefs, but express themselves in such different ways that inharmony is created between them. Also their outlook may be so narrow that each sees a different side of truth, and imagines the other's view is false, because it is not like his, and his, each is

convinced, is truth. If there is inharmony anywhere in your life, in your body, your mind, your environment, in your relations to others, there is lack of truth. The magnetic vibrations are the wrong kind, and you attract the very conditions you wish to avoid.

Truth is the medium of life. It is the only medium through which life can be conveyed to the earth plane, or any other plane. Life is love, and love's body or visibility is truth. If you wish more physical vitality, more strength and breadth of mind, more talent, development in the higher planes, seek more abundant life through truth.

You will not only find yourself standing in the sun, or a world of light and love, when you diligently seek truth within but you will find yourself an angel in the sun, or a messenger of the Infinite, carrying to others the good tidings you have heard and seen and experienced. Every thought of truth and love is a message that reaches human hearts with illuminating and saving power. And you will soon begin to see other angels standing in the sun; souls who have received truth, who have been illumined—made living by love. Love is the light of truth, the quickening, vivifying power.

Bear in mind that every soul is an angel standing in the sun; every soul is folded about with the illuminating and protecting halo of the presence of the Infinite, whose aura is so far-reaching that it includes every soul that exists within it—one great sun, filled with myriad other suns, which ever grow more perfect images and likenesses of the One, as they progress, each one finding its true place and its own special development, the special truth or phase of a truth that each one is created to express. The more God-like we become, the more perfectly we show forth that truth, and so our individuality grows eternally more perfect, and more in harmony with the great universal plan.

Turn to the Infinite for light, and you shall receive the revelation of Truth Himself, in His brightness and purity, and also the angel standing in the sun,—the symbolic figure of illumined souls. It is the strong, bright souls that have found the light that dwell in the sun consciously, that ever stand

ready to do God's work among men. In the inner way, God enters every heart, in the outer way, his messengers go to and fro through all the earth. Some of these messengers are those who have passed to a higher plane, and some are those in the earth body with us. We are always in the light, but not till we realize it, do we hear the voice saying, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come."

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LABOR.

Thou art the strong man, majestic and commanding.

Thou art the nation's hope.

Thou dost control its life.

Thou dost speak weal or woe in vibrant tones, which echo to the world's remotest corners.

Thou art the bread of life. But for thee the green fields would wither and die, the harvests remain ungathered, the sickle become red with rust, and the plowshare grow dull in the furrow. But for thee, the mill-wheels would cease to turn, the shovel and pick lie idle, the lathe stop its whirr, and the anvil's ring be unheard.

Thou dost furnish the loom with its thread, and the merchant with his fabric.

Thou hast given to mankind his home. Thy toil has supplied his physical wants, thy brain has filled his libraries, thy delicate and artistic touch has painted his pictures. The pursuit of thee has given man his greatest happiness.

Thou art man's greatest friend.

Thou dost employ his mind, his hand and his brain.

Thou art the enemy of sloth, disease and misery.

Thou dost bring beauty and joy and health.

Thou hast all the virtues.

Thou art the arch-enemy of vice.

The world is learning its dependence upon thee.

Thy star is rising.

Thou wilt conquer.—*Kate Alexander.*

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"Every day is Judgment Day."

IN EVIDENCE.

BY HELEN CHAUNCEY.

CHAPTER VII.

"Man's health and greatness consist in being the channel through which Heaven flows to earth."—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*.

Entire absence of carping criticism was a feature of the household at Wynncote. Speech about others was uniformly kind. If a caller made a derogatory remark, Mr. Wynne or Marion would at once change the conversation to some topic remote from personal allusions. Yet so tactfully was this done that the critic was neither antagonized nor made to feel at a disadvantage.

No one was ever mentioned as ill, for sickness was not recognized as a reality. It was merely the result of error thought. Father and daughter were not only healthy, in the acceptance of perfect health from the giver of all good, but they radiated it continually. Even the servants regarded their young mistress as endowed with miraculous healing power.

"Shure Miss Marion's wan iv the blissid saints," Norah, the cook, would say, "an' the Howly Virgin Mither taches her pwhat to do!"

One morning Ellen, the waitress, was not on duty and was reported by the housemaid as "in bed wid a faver belike. An' she axes wud yez plaze coom to her afther the breakfast, Miss Marion?"

"Perhaps she has typhoid," said Miss Miller in an anxious tone.

"We have no fear of typhoid," answered Mr. Wynne, "nor of any so-called disease, for we know that Immanuel, God with us, is as present to heal now as when Jesus was on earth. I will wait to see if you need me, Marion."

"Go right on, Papa," said the girl, and kissing him good-bye, she ran lightly up to the third story where the servants had their rooms.

"I am ashamed to be afraid of typhoid," said Miss Miller, "but the old fear still holds me, and I sometimes think I shall never overcome it."

She and Mr. Wynne stood in the doorway, and the breath of the summer morning came to them, fragrant with the perfume of flowers on the lawn. The grand old elms on either side of the street were in full foliage and made a leafy arch over the broad avenue. Through their interlacing branches, patches of radiant blue sky appeared, and the sunbeams flickering among the leaves threw a network of light and shadow on the pavements below.

"Fear?" repeated Mr. Wynne. "What right have we to fear on a day like this, or at any time? There is absolutely nothing to fear when the true relation of God to humanity is recognized. Do not let your thoughts rest on what seems sorrowful or dark, my dear friend. Shut and lock the door of memory on the delusions of the past; then give the key to God. Train yourself to look out and up, as we are doing now. Fix your thoughts on the Fatherhood of God, who desires *only* good for every one of its children. But the good must be claimed and realized in human consciousness before it can be manifested in outward expression. The shackles of belief in sickness and suffering have bound you for so many years that it will take time for you to realize your freedom. 'Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherein Christ has made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.' Displace the old-time fear with strong and uplifting thoughts. If you find yourself wavering, turn to some cheering promise like 'Fear not, for I am with thee.' Say it over and over till it is assimilated into your very being, as real as life itself."

Following this advice, Miss Miller took her sewing to the library and placing her Bible on the stand beside her, she opened to the words "God is my salvation. I will trust and not be afraid." Again and again she affirmed it till she felt the consciousness of the divine presence in her soul. She turned the pages and her eyes rested on the promise, "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." This she also repeated in the same way till she *perceived* clearly that

she could obtain whatever good she desired through the exercise of faith, as one would let down the bucket into a well to bring it up full to the brim of living water. There could be no limit to the blessings, since the wells of salvation are fed from the river of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

She was startled from her reverie by Marion who cried joyously, "Good news, Auntie! Ellen is herself again and is downstairs."

"Tell me about her, dear," said Miss Miller.

"God came to the rescue," answered the young girl quietly. "When I saw Ellen after breakfast, she said that her head ached and her throat was sore, and when I put my hand on her forehead I found it burning hot.

"Must I be afther havin' a docther?" she asked.

"O no," I said. "I will lay your case before the Lord who loves you too much to wish you to be ill or in pain. You will be all right in a little while."

"I went to the studio and gave thanks that she was perfectly well, then, at that instant, and claimed divine health for her as a matter of course. I affirmed that she had no appearance of sickness or suffering, and praised God that she was healed.

"For a few moments I stayed there alone with the Father. Then I went back to Ellen whom I found sitting up in bed.

"I do be feelin' betther," she said as I entered the room, "an' I'll slape a bit, plaze, Miss Marion."

"The best thing you can do, Ellen," I replied, "and when you wake up God will have made you well."

"She smiled a happy smile and murmured drowsily, 'I do be knowin' it, Miss Marion.'

"She slept for two hours and I stayed with her, letting God health, everlasting life, flow through me to her. When she opened her eyes she sprang right out of bed.

"Faix, an' it's mesilf I am again," she exclaimed, "an' it's beholdin' to yez I am, Miss."

"Not to me, Ellen, but to the dear Father who has cured you, just because he loves you."

"Then I came away leaving her to tell her beads in an ecstasy of gratitude. Now I must go to the stable, for my dear horse, the Captain, has hurt his leg."

"But you cannot help *him*?" said Miss Miller incredulously.

"Why not? It is the God life that flows through animals as well as human beings."

Her companion drew a long breath of amazement.

"I confess that I am faithless as to your helping a horse," she said. "May I go with you?"

"Certainly, Auntie dear. I shall love to have you."

Through the garden they went till they reached the open door of the stable where Caesar, the colored man, greeted them with a delighted "Cap'n all right, now Missy hyah."

He led the way to where the beautiful bay horse was lying in his stall. Marion threw herself on the floor beside him and put her arm around his neck.

"You are perfectly well," she said, slowly and distinctly. "God life is what makes you my dear noble Captain. There is nothing the matter with you and we will have a ride together this afternoon, my Captain."

The intelligent eyes of the animal looked in her face with a depth of expression that was noticed, even by Miss Miller.

"I wonder if he understands you," she said.

"Of course he does. Don't you, my Captain?" His answer was a convincing whinny. For several minutes Marion remained beside him, whispering words of affirmation in his ear. Suddenly he attempted to get on his feet, and Caesar exclaimed warningly, "Take keer, Missy! Dem hoofs mought gib yo' crack on de haid!"

"Oh, Caesar!" she cried with a reproachful glance. "You know Captain would not hurt me for the world. Would you, dear old darling? Just see!" and she laid her head among the struggling hoofs which were still at once.

Carefully the animal drew up his forefeet and sprang clear of her with a bound that proved the soundness of every limb. Then he stood, arching his neck while she fed him with sugar, and called him caressing names. He followed her to the lawn where she sprang on his back, and at a word he was down the

drive like the wind. Going at full speed she had but to say, "Whoa, my Captain," and he would stand perfectly still, a statue of living bronze.

"It do beat all," said Caesar, "how Missy train dat hoss! Yaas'm! She done train him herse'f. She say she ain't gwine had no pusson lif' a han' to de Cap'n, dat she gwine train him wid lub; and she done it, too!"

Although the Captain wore neither saddle nor bridle, Marion kept her seat securely as he carried her across the lawn, up and down the drive, and around the house. At last she dismounted, and Caesar led the horse back to his stall.

"Are you physician for all your animals?" asked Miss Miller, who felt that a fresh page had been turned for her in the book of divine manifestation.

"Not I, but Christ," reverently answered the young girl. "Of my human self I can do nothing, but as the channel of God's saving power I am able to do all things, through Him who strengtheneth me, for when I would be weak in human effort, then am I strong in the Lord and in the power of His might."

CHAPTER VIII.

"This shall be thy reward—that the Ideal shall become the Real."
—*Olive Schreiner.*

"No such fortunate and beautiful time as Now has ever been known before."—*Lilian Whiting.*

"Have you seen Miss Bird's last poem?" asked Mr. Wynne of Marion one evening as the three friends sat around the library table.

"No," she replied, "but I glanced over two criticisms. One said it was worth being acted upon; the other called it transcendentalistic and high-flown. Read it aloud, Papa; we shall all enjoy it."

Taking a magazine from the pile beside him, Mr. Wynne found the place and read, in a low musical voice,

"THE SIGNET.

"When, at the early dawn thine eyes unclose,
And thou dost watch the light that slowly grows,
God gives thee power to stamp the spotless page
Of day before thee as an heritage
Of joy and beauty, since thy signet there
Can make each passing hour divinely fair.

"For thought can leave its impress, graven deep,
On each new day, if thou but wake from sleep
Serene and peaceful, letting God-Life flow
Through thee unchecked, till thou art wise to know
The might within thee and canst truly feel
Inspired to set thy love-directed seal.

"The thought, 'This is a bright and happy day,'
Will stamp such glory on the forward way
That every minute will be glad surprise,
As, one by one, new blessings meet thine eyes,
Until, divinely guided, thou shalt bear
Thy signet of enchantment everywhere."

"It sounds so like Bird," said Marion. "She was always on the watch for lovely things. I remember her saying to me on that last drive, 'The quotation, 'Not by appointment do we meet surprise and joy. They heed not our expectancy,'" is utterly false. We *do* meet them "by appointment" and it is because of our "expectancy" that we obtain them.' "

There was a puzzled frown on Miss Miller's face as Mr. Wynne looked at her for an expression of opinion.

"The verses have little meaning to me," she said. "I do not understand them."

"Yet the rule of action there suggested is one that we obey every morning of our lives, Marion and I. I am surprised that we have not mentioned it to you," said Mr. Wynne, "although I have endeavored not to crowd you with new ideas. In the Kingdom of God there are so many sweet and rare flowers that it takes time to appreciate each one.

"This privilege of stamping the day in advance with the God-given signet of beauty belongs to every steadfast believer in omnipresent good.

"My own experience may explain it to you. I usually awake very early in the morning. As I lie there, with every channel of my being open to the divine tides of love and power, I say aloud or think steadily, 'This is an enchanted day. Only good awaits me from its beginning to its close. Divine forethought has laid away for me all manner of beautiful surprises. Gladness and harmony and perfect peace fill every hour. *I know it.* I put the impress of my unfaltering trust in omnipresent good upon the smallest division of this day of God.' Then I leave divine love to fulfil its purposes in the carrying out of my affirmations and I do not recall one day that failed to fulfil the promise of its early morning hours. Unexpected letters, delightful meetings with friends, new manifestations of God bounty, inspiration for whatever work may be in hand, thousands of blessings have come to me as the inevitable sequence of my expectant thought. One need not have a minute of gloom or depression if the signet is used faithfully each morning before rising, or before leaving one's room."

"Then you believe that we can arrange circumstances to suit ourselves?"

"Most assuredly."

"But it seems like trying to change God's will for us. 'Forbear thee from meddling with God' is a very decided command."

"Yes," replied Mr. Wynne emphatically. "Your text contains the gist of the whole matter. '*Meddling with God,*' interfering with the divine plan of beauty and brightness and blessedness has brought all the sorrow and suffering on earth that we see to-day.

"This is plainly shown in the history of Adam and Eve. So long as they accepted God's purpose for them in loving obedience, and listened to the divine voice, they lived in Paradise. Fear was unknown. God and man were in perfect harmony.

"But the desire to satisfy mortal appetite, to meddle with God, changed the whole face of Nature. It was to them no longer the Garden of Eden. To the perverted thoughts of Adam and Eve their loving Father seemed an avenging Deity. They saw evil wherever they turned.

"The pitiful mistake runs through the centuries down to the present time. Here and there enlightened faithful souls have apprehended the divine will as wishing good alone for its children, and their lives have been beacon lights to the world.

"In the fulness of time Jesus came to manifest, as no human being had ever done before, the purposes of infinite love, by overcoming and proving the unreality of sin, suffering and death. His life on earth was in perfect harmony with the supreme will. Conforming our lives to his we realize that fulness of joy which is the birthright of every one, but only apprehended by the children of the Kingdom.

"But to answer your question, from which your text started me off, it is possible to arrange each day in advance by quiet thought with God in the silence, so that it will be, indeed, enchanted.

"When Marion was seven years old I taught her to say in the early morning, 'I thank you, dear God, for a happy day,' and her little heart was full of delight at the prospect each sunrise opened before her. Yet I did not realize how thoroughly she understood that all is good till she said one evening, as she kissed me good night, 'It's a lovely game we play, God and I!'

"Tell me about it,' I replied.

"'Why, it's your very own game that you plays yourself, Papa!' she exclaimed with surprise at my apparent forgetfulness. 'An' you taught it to me. God hides away lots of nice things for me when I am asleep. When I wake up in the morning I thank Him an' then I go find 'em!'

"'Do you always find these beautiful things?' I asked.

"'Oh yes, every single time! 'Cause I 'spect's 'em an' God couldn't dis'point me!'

"Her unquestioning faith taught me a lesson I have never forgotten, and I often say to myself when needs arise, 'Cause I 'spect's 'em, God couldn't dis'point me!'"

"You have made the poem so clear," said Miss Miller, "that I shall read it with enjoyment. Dear little Bird was indeed a ministering spirit to me. Right here let me ask you what

you believe of those who have crossed the border. Are they still with us? Or, if not, do they come to us from time to time? Miss Bird felt that there could be no separation."

"Yes," answered Marion, "Bird was certain that there is constant communion of spirit with spirit, whether in or out of the body. Death could make no difference."

"I am not a spiritualist," said Mr. Wynne, "yet I feel that her views must be true. Take Miss Bird, for instance. We know she is the same sunbeam of love and joy, although she has passed on a little farther than we can see. She was always helping every one by strong, uplifting thoughts. Can we suppose, for an instant, that she is prevented from encouraging others in the same way now? I am sure we shall often recognize her loving thought messages as they come to prove that she is ever with us in all the highest and best."

"Does not our inability to understand or receive these messages cause pain to those whom death has taken?"

"We do receive and understand them," said Marion. "Yesterday I was in the studio, cleaning my brushes, and all at once a feeling of sunlight and birds and flowers came over me. Then I heard dear Bird saying to me softly, with the ripple in her voice that always came when she was deeply moved, 'I love you, child, I love you!' It was just as if she had run in to make a little call in her old way. 'Lighting on a branch,' she used to call it. Oh, it was lovely to feel her close beside me again!"

"As the laws of mental suggestion are better understood," said Mr. Wynne, "we shall have a code of thought transference that will keep us in conscious communication with those who have passed through the event called death. We are learning to flash our messages to them on the waves of thought. We must keep ourselves in the love of God and then we shall receive ever more and more the answers they send back to us."

CHAPTER IX.

"This beautiful invisible presence all about us and within us is the substance of every good we can possibly desire. There is power in our

word of faith to bring all good things right into our every-day life."—*H. Emilie Cady.*

"Man is a spiritual dynamo here and now."—*Henry Wood.*

The theories of need and supply held by Mr. Wynne and his daughter were very simple. There was never the least doubt or balancing. Need evidenced supply. Whatever good was desired, thanks were at once returned to God that it was already in possession and it always made its appearance.

Mr. Wynne was not a rich man in the usual acceptation of the word. His salary at the art school and the money received from the occasional sale of a picture were all of his regular income. But he knew that abundance was his for the claiming, and his faith in a loving Father taught him that the God-Nature yearns to lavish infinite blessing on every one who recognizes his true relationship to the giver of all good.

Nothing in the lives of her companions had seemed more remarkable to Miss Miller than the confidence of their belief that they who seek the Lord shall not want *any* good thing. They were so care-free about money, giving away their last dollar, apparently, to relieve some case of poverty or suffering, that she asked Mr. Wynne about a fortnight after her arrival at Wynnecote, "Do you put anything aside for a rainy day?"

"Not a cent," he replied, his eyes twinkling with amusement at her look of disapproval.

"You have your life insured, I hope?" was her next question.

"Neither the one nor the other. There are no rainy days for the soul that apprehends

'How good is this life, the mere living! How fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!"

Sunshine only lies around and before us. Then why should I insure my life for Marion or for any one? Should I be called away by death, there would be no change in the great fact that God, the good, is omnipresent omnipotence and there is *no other* power. Marion knows how to draw for herself from

the measureless stores of bountiful supply. What would a poor little ten or twenty thousand dollars from an insurance company be compared to the riches of God that are hers for the claiming?"

"How improvident!" thought his auditor, with a grave face wherein he read her judgment more clearly than if she had spoken. But he left the matter there, knowing that as she advanced in understanding of herself and her union with divinity, her anxious care would disappear.

No beggar was ever turned from the door at Wynncote, no applicant for charity refused. There was always money to bestow alms, although an hour before Marion might have emptied her purse, or Mr. Wynne overdrawn his bank account. At first Miss Miller thought this mere coincidence, but as day after day and week after week money flowed in to supply every need, her criticism changed to wonder and then thanksgiving that absolute reliance on God could produce these glorious results. Gradually she found herself following the example of the others, until the purse that had seldom opened in response to the plea for help, unclasped at the slightest demand.

Then for the first time, the divine side of giving was revealed to her, for the promise "Give and it shall be given unto you" was so actualized in her experience that for every cent bestowed on others she received more than double. Letters from friends frequently enclosed gifts of money. Mr. Wynne often handed her a bank note with the words, "Pass it along," and she lived in an ever-widening atmosphere of exhilaration and delight.

One morning she heard Marion giving joyous welcome to some one in the parlor, and the next minute she was called to meet a sweet-faced woman, whom Marion introduced as "our friend from the west, Mrs. Varnum." A cordial pressure of the hand, a few words of greeting, were all that passed for the time between Miss Miller and the new-comer. Yet then and there soul met soul in everlasting sympathy and love.

"Have you any fairy tales for us?" asked Mr. Wynne of his guest at luncheon.

"More than I have time to tell," she replied. "They are always in the making as you and Marion know. Since I saw you a year ago I have had such continual showers of blessing I hardly know where to begin."

"Right where you left off," said Marion.

"It is a long story," answered Mrs. Varnum, "but I will condense it and talk rapidly. It is well worth hearing.

"Last fall my husband was holding a large tract of wild and unsalable land in northern Michigan, that paid him no income. There was constant outgo for taxes and one thing and another, so that we had very little money on hand.

"The carpets on the parlor floor of our house were very shabby, and I said to Mr. Varnum one day, 'We are going to have new carpets. God does not want us to use these any longer.'

"He looked at me inquiringly. Then his face brightened and he said, 'If you feel that we must have new carpets, we shall certainly have the money to buy them.'

"He went to his office and going to my dear old mother, I said, 'Mamma, I am to have new carpets before long.'

"She dropped her knitting in her lap, and looking at me gravely over her spectacles, she shook her head.

"'How will you get them?' she asked. 'It will be very wrong for you to go into debt for them.'

"'We shall not go into debt,' I said. 'We shall have money enough to pay for them the very day we buy them. I don't know where it is coming from, but I am sure we shall have it. I am God's child, and he doesn't want me to have such shabby carpets any longer.'

"I affirmed this continually as I went among my friends, although there was not the least sign of our having the money for buying them.

"About a month afterwards Mr. Varnum came home to dinner one day. 'Well, wife,' was his greeting as I met him, 'you can buy your carpets as soon as you please. Very unexpectedly father sent me a check for a thousand dollars, and a man from whom I had long ceased to expect payment came into my office this morning and gave me the whole amount he had borrowed with fourteen years' interest.'

" 'Did you thank God, John?' I asked.

" 'No,' he replied, 'I didn't think of it.'

"So we knelt down and offered grateful praise to the divine bounty which had thus fulfilled our expectations.

"The next day we went to Grand Rapids and bought the best Axminster carpets, curtains, and other things we needed.

"Not long after this, our carriage was going to pieces and I affirmed that we had a new one till the money came.

"Another time Mr. Varnum had a note falling due at the bank. I affirmed that we had the money to discharge it, that it was all settled. Two days before it was due my husband came home with a beaming face.

" 'Some clients have settled old claims,' he said. 'I have paid up the note and have several hundred dollars to my credit in the bank.'

"A short time before these experiences and while we were, to all appearances, in financial distress, we were burning wood in our furnace for we had not felt that we could afford coal. One day God told me that we need not burn wood any longer. The next morning I said to Mr. Varnum, 'I wish you would order several tons of coal for the furnace when you go down town.'

" 'Just as you say,' he replied. 'I haven't the money to pay for it but it is all right!'

" 'God will pay for it,' I said.

"The very next day he received quite a sum of money from an unexpected quarter.

"This is one of my fairy tales which is better than those I used to read when I was a girl, because God's fairy tales are always true. In this way God supplied all our need until we sold the land."

"Your experiences are simply the fulfilment of the promise 'according to your faith be it unto you,'" said Mr. Wynne.

"Yes, Papa," said Marion, "and 'O woman, great is thy faith. Be it unto thee *even as thou wilt.*'"

Tears were rolling down Miss Miller's face as she turned to Mrs. Varnum.

"If I could only trust implicitly!" she exclaimed. "But it seems to me I never shall have unwavering faith."

"Is anything too hard for the Lord?" replied Mrs. Varnum. "I well recall the time when I felt as you do and poured my troubles into the ears of my dear old pastor. He was a man of advanced views, with charity towards all, and would have been in full sympathy with our thought to-day.

"'Never forget,' he said, 'that having is using; not using is losing. Keep the little faith you have in constant exercise and it will increase amazingly. Expect more and more of God every day. You will be surprised at the way in which your faith will take hold on God. Live out the command 'Delight thyself in the Lord' and the promise will be fulfilled to you, 'He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.'

"Following this advice, it led me ever nearer the Kingdom till at last I rested from all doubts and fears, safe in the promised land."

CHAPTER X.

"The day of dogma has gone by and the day of high and holy living has begun."—*George H. Hepworth.*

"We live to make it possible for all to live a joyous, holy, free and pure life."—*Lady Somerset.*

September had come and Miss Miller thought often of her brother whose return she soon expected. The three months with Dr. Stanley were at an end, and Major Miller was pronounced entirely cured.

"I have decided to take Marion abroad at once," Mr. Wynne said, when Miss Miller had told him her plan of keeping house for her brother. "We may be gone three years. Would you and Major Miller remain at Wynnecote during our absence?"

She gave delighted assent and he continued, "If you are here, Marion's pensioners will find in you another Lady Bountiful. I, too, have a number of those to whom God has made me the almoner of divine abundance. If they are left in your care, they will not miss me and I shall be content."

"Yes, Papa," added Marion, "and Auntie will keep the door on the latch for all, just as we do. By the way, I notice you do not fasten your room door now, Auntie."

"Indeed, I do *not*," said Miss Miller emphatically. "I have learned that God is a wall of fire round about us and I believe in His protecting care every second. To fasten my door, as I used to do, would imply doubt of omnipresent love. Dear friends, how you have changed my ideas! What can I do to thank you?"

"Make our home a radiating center for love and joy and peace and plenty," replied Mr. Wynne. "But you will have to bring the Major over to your new outlook."

"He has come the greater part of the road," said Miss Miller. "He firmly believes that the power of God has given him fulness of health in mind and body once more. From this there are but a few steps to realization of divinity as salvation from all evil. My heart sings for joy when I think how my dear brother and I are to be channels for omnipresent good to the world, as you and Marion have been to me."

"That alone is the happiness of this, or of any life," said Mr. Wynne. "It is a glorious work: to open the eyes of the blind who will not see that God is love; to bring those who are bound in the beliefs of sin, sickness and suffering, out of the prison house of error thought; to lift up the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees."

The late afternoon sun was shining through the stained glass windows of Marion's studio where they had come to look at her latest miniature. The room was full of golden light, but a brighter radiance shone in the faces of the three friends.

As the silence closed around them they were caught up into the secret place of the Most High and received inspiration for days to come.

"A vision was given me for Marion," said Miss Miller that evening. "While we were in the silence and I was holding her in the embrace of infinite love and power, all at once she appeared to be standing before me. As I gazed at her slowly, upon her forehead, as though written with the finger of God, I read, in letters of living light, the word 'Success.' As I looked in amazement the letters changed to 'I Am.' "

"How beautiful! How wonderful!" Marion cried. "Papa has always taught me that there can be no real success save

as we open ourselves to the tides of greatness and genius, and beauty whose source is the I AM. I feel intensely about my painting that it is wholly God's work through me."

"Your rapid progress is due to that very fact," said Mr. Wynne. "It is a surprise even to me, Miss Miller, that Marion has advanced so far in her art. I did not intend to have her study in the foreign schools until next year. As it is we shall sail on Saturday. Your brother will be here by that time, I hope."

"O yes. He is only waiting to know my plans. I will write him at once that our loving Father has provided for us beyond our brightest dreams."

"That's just like God," laughed Marion.

"Yes, I can truly say, 'He is better to me than all my best,'" replied Miss Miller. "'What *shall* I render to the Lord for all His benefits?'"

"Take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord,'" said Mr. Wynne. "*Take* the cup. Do not push it aside. Drink of it deeply and realize its contents—*salvation, full and free.*"

"Auntie," said Marion, "I have a dear friend for whom you must care very tenderly while I am gone. She has been in Brooklyn for a year, so that you have not seen her. But she will come back next week and has taken a room near here.

"Her father was a wealthy man and left her a nice little property but she had never learned the value of money, and it was not long before she had spent the whole of her patrimony. She passed through no end of sorrowful experiences and believed that they were sent by God as a punishment for her sins.

"About three years ago she called here to see if we would buy a book she was selling. I had never met her before but in spite of her forlorn clothes it was evident that she was a woman of refinement and education. I persuaded her to stay until Papa came in, and had Mary bring her a luncheon. She ate as though famished for, as she told us afterwards, she had not had a mouthful of food for twenty-four hours.

"She was trying to support herself by canvassing for books but she was almost discouraged. The rent of her room was

one dollar a week and she boarded herself, but she had not taken an order for several days. Her rent was three weeks in arrears and she had neither food nor money.

"Papa asked her to stay with us for a while and she was here two months. When she comprehended that God desires to give only good gifts to His children, and that all troubles are caused by error thoughts, she was as happy as a queen.

"She went right on in the new path with the most simple childlike trust in love divine as all good, and has lived from that time entirely by faith, doing whatever work comes for her to do and when there seems nothing to do by which she can earn money, 'simply trusting, that is all.'

"She is sometimes, from day to day, with just food enough for one meal. But before the hour for the next arrives, supply is *always* provided; some one brings her a basket of provisions or she is invited to dine with a friend, or *some* way is opened by which she may obtain what she needs, and her life is like that of Elijah, fed by the ravens. She has no lack.

"It is the same about her room rent. She may not have a cent on hand the day before it is due, but she will assure you that it will certainly come in time since God is true to His word. And it always *does*. You will love her, Auntie, and you will each be a help to the other."

"I am sure of it, my child, and the carrying out of your blessed charities will be one of my greatest pleasures."

No sadness clouded these last days together of the three friends. What though the ocean should roll between them? They would still be soul to soul and heart to heart. As Marion said brightly, while she held Miss Miller in a long embrace, "Friends in Christ never say good-bye, Auntie dear, except as we say it now. 'God be with you till we meet again.' "

"And God is omnipresent good. That is our watchword throughout Eternity," said Mr. Wynne, as he followed Marion to the carriage. Their joyous smiles found answering gladness in the faces of Miss Miller and her brother who waved farewells till the carriage was out of sight.

"What an atmosphere of rest pervades this house!" said Major Miller as after a visit to the different rooms, the brother

and sister sat down in the library for a quiet talk. "Yet rest is hardly the word. I noticed it when I entered this morning—an inscrutable influence that filled my being with genial glow."

"Strangers often speak of it," answered Miss Miller. "I think the infinite love and peace have been recognized and given welcome so fully here that they rest in benediction on all who come within these walls. It is our privilege, my brother, to be so in harmony with these precious influences that Wynncote may continue to be not only the 'House of Bounty,' as Marion always called it, but also the 'Abode of Peace.' "

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A PRAYER.

BY T. SHELLEY SUTTON.

God, give me strength, or teach me to command
The latent forces of my inner soul—
Give me the guidance of Thy potent hand,
Or teach my own its conquests to control.

God, give me health, or teach me to enthrone
Those laws of life by which it may be gained—
Give me Thy love, or teach me that my own
May break the gyves that unto death have chained.

God, give me truth, or teach me that my mind
Has but to seek Thy wisdom; teach me this,
That in the knowledge of Thy love, I find
All truth, all strength, all knowledge, health and bliss.

.....

"The flower of life is a gift without money and without price. The supreme gift of the gods can neither be discussed nor deserved. Believe in happiness; expect it, make room for it in your life. Have faith; faith moves mountains. And happiness is of the swift-footed immortals, and descends only on the garlanded altars of her worshipers."

RELIGIONS OF THE EAST.

BUDDHISM.

BY SARAT C. RUDRA.

Buddhism is one of the phases of ancient Aryan philosophy antedating by five hundred and fifty years the advent of Christianity and Mohammedanism by twelve hundred and fifty years. Students of Hindu philosophies are familiar with the fact that the idea of the development of man to Buddhahood pre-existed with Aryans. But it is to Gotama, the Prince of the Sakya tribe in Kopilavastu, Nepal, that the human race owes gratitude for the spread of the knowledge that every man and woman has the inherent right and qualification to become a Buddha (the enlightened). According to the substantiated records of Aryan Sages and Brahmans there were fifty-six Buddhas who preceded Gotama.

The word Buddha comes from the Sanskrit word Buddhi, meaning intelligence. In nature are found two conditions of things, namely, gross matter and intelligence. It is the true understanding of these that should be the highest ambition of man. The recognized Buddhas were men who obtained the highest knowledge. Hence they are the revered ones on the earth, as in the Heavens.

The early Buddhistic doctrines of Hinduism, such as have been expounded by Prince Gotama—later Buddha—and his immediate disciples, are now known to the major portion of the thinking and reading world. Intrinsically, the methods adopted by Gotama Buddha in reaching the highest goal of man were identical with those adopted by many of the Munies and Rishes before and after him. Those familiar with Patanjali's Yoga Shastra will readily appreciate this.

In Lalitavastu, the best Sanskrit book on the life and teachings of Gotama, it is said that after leaving his regal home in search of knowledge Gotama became the disciple of various eminent sages. Having learned all that was imparted to him

and being convinced but not satisfied with their practice, he had to leave them one after the other in quest of his ideal—the knowledge and relationship between matter and spirit. Gotama's next step towards advancement was to select a quiet place and struggle alone for obtaining that knowledge which later made him free from the bondage of Maya, birth and death. After seven years of arduous asceticism, repressing in vain both his mind and body, when he found that his body would no longer stand the strain of insufficient nourishment, he made up his mind to follow the same system in the practice of meditation that he used to do when a little boy, under a big tree, in the woods close by his father's palace. He therefore adopted the following simple but all-conquering practice, which at last procured him knowledge of his Self.

(1) Savitarka, Savichar, Samadhi. (At this stage the mind is bereft of the desires, and one is able to concentrate and to be ready for the next stage.)

(2) Nirvitarka—Nirvichar—Samadhi (brings out strongly the spirit of renunciation).

(3) The next stage of Samadhi is Nishpratika, which prepares the way for the next:

(4) Nirvija Samadhi, by the exercise of which there remains no trace in the mind of the pleasures and pain of the world, and in which stage the mind, having withdrawn all its functions into itself and owing to its purity, recognizes the self. This true cognizance of the self, the relationship of the unqualified with the qualified mind of matter in all forms is settled to the satisfaction of the person while in this Samadhi and is the key to the history of his evolution.

Patanjali's Yoga philosophy has taught mankind all the above methods employed by Gotama. Those who believed that Buddhism was a new thought are mistaken. In fact, thoughts and channels of thought are co-existing with the universe, and only in the course of the evolution of the mind, old, forgotten thoughts appear new or are accepted as such.

However old Buddhistic thoughts were and whatever methods were adopted by Gotama, his lucid exposition on the fundamental doctrines regarding the life of man and his undoubted

ability to develop his latent powers in obtaining the knowledge of "the self," so stirred the human races to an honest search for truth, that in following his divine example many of his enthusiastic followers declared that "Buddha Dharma" was a new religion. Of course it would be foolish, nay, impossible, to associate modern "Buddhism" with any other than Buddha Gotama, as it would be impossible to regard modern Christianity without the light of Christ Jesus of Nazareth.

Here are a few salient points of study. Gotama and Jesus were both men with unyielding thirst for knowledge regarding the self. With great patience and arduous application they found the truth they sought for. Gotama enjoyed a long life devoted to the spread of his knowledge, while Jesus had a short and unfinished career of usefulness.

The Aryan Hindus recognized in Gotama "The Buddha" and the Christians in Jesus "The Christ," titles which no doubt were well earned. Gotama Buddha was born at a "psychological hour" of the world's history. The sublime philosophical teachings and practices of the ancient Aryans were being supplanted by sacrificial religious ceremonies, which embodied at best the cravings of the desire Manas (mind). Owing to the glamour of pleasure, matter and spirit remain unrecognized and the human Ego unrevealed. The religion which bears the name of Gotama Buddha has rendered very real service to the world at large, such, indeed, as the world of to-day cannot realize or repay. Gotama Buddha was a student, master and teacher, and an organizer of a superior order such as the world has no record of before or after. The history of Buddha or Gotama's work is a very complete one in every way and the light thrown on the subject places him in the front of human evolution.

It is the teachings of Gotama Buddha and his followers that were and are reflected in most of the advanced thinkers of the ancient and modern world. The religion and philosophy of Christ, when properly interpreted, reflects Buddhism in a great measure. Jesus Christ was undoubtedly influenced by Buddha's thought. To get the right understanding of this, the correct oriental interpretation of Christ's parables and

sermons are needed, the wisdom that procured his Christhood.

Buddhism, as was first propounded by Gotama Buddha, remains pretty much the same in its essential teachings; although change, mutability and certain fungus growths have certainly taken place, as indeed is to be expected in the long lapse of years (in this case 2600 years). Yet the change is not as noticeable as, for instance, in Christ's teachings, which are of a much later origin.

The essential points in Buddha's teachings were:

(1) Of all the manifestations of life, the life-manifestation of man is the highest. Pleasure and pain are the ever-recurring conditions of life, the origin of which is desire or thirst, which knows no quenching or satiety by its possession.

(2) It is this desire for pleasures, exalted or otherwise, that subjects individuals to repeated births and deaths, which are only conditions of life with mixed pleasures and pains.

(3) Pure pleasures can not be obtained for long, for even the gods of heaven are limited by time, by their own works.

(4) It is, however, not pleasure but pain that sharpens the better intellect to wish for a condition where both these are absent.

(5) To attain this condition, the mind must be trained gradually to withdraw all its functions in itself by the practice of contemplation and meditation and finally through concentration to the state of "Oneness," in which the knowledge of matter and spirit unfolds in the true light.

Almost all the Hindu philosophic thoughts and practices were and are based on this thought-principle of life. Buddhism was no exception. It has, however, in it the combined theories and practices of both the philosophies—(Kopila's) Sankhya and (Patanjali's) Yoga.

The general conviction, that Buddhism is a religion without God is partially true. This conviction is based on the fact that the sacred records of Buddha Gotama's teachings have no reference to Iswara (God). On the other hand his teachings were clear and broad as how to attain Nirvana through individual efforts. In fact, if a man instead of making himself a slave to his surroundings wishes to be a Master, he must

work for it, since no outside agency or power can accomplish it for him.

There is a minor division among the Buddhists who acknowledge God as Adhi-Buddha, but he interferes in the Dharma-Karma (law of causation).

Many are the ways to reach the centre of a circle, so many are the means to obtain knowledge, even the highest, but no religious teacher in the history of the world, having found ideals for himself, ever worked so carefully, methodically and ardently, and for such a long period for humanity in general as did Lord Gotama Buddha. Before Gotama's death, nothing was left undone. Before him, missionary works were not only unknown in India but outside of India. He told his disciples to go and preach Dharma and Buddha in the interest of the human race in all countries. Buddha Gotama's own example, his repeated and extended travel in India, gave great impetus to this noble enterprise, and before his death he had the satisfaction of knowing that his earnest and enlightened disciples would faithfully carry out his mission of knowledge.

Students of comparative religions know and realize the fact that although great were the names and numbers of the Aryans who preceded Buddha Gotama, none worked so unselfishly as he to impart freely the *summum bonum* of his highest knowledge which after years of hardship he so heroically acquired. Gotama's long life after attaining Buddhahood was one of usefulness unexampled in the history of the world, devoted wholly and solely to the benefit of the human race.

It is, I fear, the general impression in the western world that a follower of Buddha-religion should necessarily leave his home and community, and neglecting all earthly duties take a secluded place to live by himself in deep meditation. Buddha Gotama clearly saw the dangers of such a course and had therefore organized a body of earnest and truthful workers for the propagation and diffusion of Buddha doctrines so as to prepare the minds of people for attaining Nirvana whenever they found themselves ready. That he did not fall into the errors commonly attributed to him regarding the conduct of human life is gathered from the fact that, though the members

of the "Sanghi"—his enthusiastic disciples, who of their free will renounced home and all such functions of life as could induce them to be born over again, and lived and died in serving humanity, there were thousands of followers besides, including kings and peasants, in all the ordinary vocations of life while preparing the path for Nirvana.

The Buddhists, like the Hindus, believe in the reincarnation of human souls, that births and rebirths are the sources of the greatest troubles of man; to succeed in arresting the manifestation of future life is to know the path to Nirvana. Life on earth is a conditional existence; so is life in the heavens and hells. These conditions of life are not assigned to men or Gods; they are there, because the individual Ego wanted to have them in that way according to the desire, the will!

The enjoyments of heaven are craved for and aspired to by many of the Hindus, but with the wise among them the pleasures of heaven do not hold any allurement, for although the duration of the heavenly condition of bliss may compare favorably with that of the earth in many respects, they are at best temporary. The gods of the heavens share death equally with the mortal men.

It is written in "Lalitavistar," as well as in other books, that once Gotama remained all day in meditation. Night came and he was still deep in meditation. But the time was ripe to reap the benefit of what was sown. During the first part of the evening he became possessed of the knowledge which dispelled all ignorance. Instead of darkness there was the illuminating light of knowledge, through which Gotama became aware of the cause of the miseries and sorrows of all living creatures. Gotama continued in his meditation and concentrated his mind which was then in a state of purity and without functions, until he became aware of the past lives of numberless animals as well as his own. Still he kept on his meditation, and, having acquired all knowledge concerning life, the "Am I," and therefore of Avidya or ignorance, the fountain source of desire, birth and death and their attendant pleasures and pain, he then directed his meditation until he

became possessed of the truth and knew how to suppress Avidya or ignorance or the knowledge of "Me and Mine."

This knowledge has in it no germ for creation or manifestation; through this knowledge Buddha reached his state of Nirvana.

The literal meaning of Nirvana is extinguishing. And in this sense the Buddhist's Nirvana should be understood and realized. Life is compared with a fire or flame which burns and consumes. Life's consuming flame is desire; the attempt to extinguish desire is by renunciation—water of knowledge obtained through the springs of meditation.

Nirvana is therefore not annihilation of the self as is commonly spoken of by western translators of the Word, but the emancipation of the self from the bonds of desire and manifestation.

Buddha Gotama worked and lived with his disciples, and among the people, in general, high and low. He was the most democratic, spiritual teacher known in the world's history. His instructions and preachings were all delivered orally, but emphasized by his practical life. His views were extremely broad, liberal and comprehensive. He was the only one of the small band of men whose moral and spiritual or philosophical teachings now flourish as recognized religions, who was not represented to have laid claim to power and wisdom from a source other than his own self. The powers and knowledge which he succeeded in being master of were not, however, his exclusive privilege to obtain, but he taught that every man was entitled to endeavor and accomplish equally with him.

Buddha Gotama impressed forcibly on his followers that they need not unnecessarily invoke aid and assistance from an outside power to raise the self spiritually, because the help is derived within the self. If prayer means "earnestness" and not "idle supplication" let this prayer do its work, otherwise it is an unprofitable waste of the short life of man. Things and objects external serve man in various ways; so serve the rest of men, the beasts of the wild, the mighty forces of the wind and waves, the soft luster of the stars and the moon, the scorching heat of the sun; the material is there within the reach of

every man, it only requires effort and energy on the part of man, to get control and proclaim mastership.

These who are in the habit of asserting the superiority of their own opinions and who ask others to believe and think only in their line of belief, will undoubtedly find it difficult to appreciate the simplicity of the truth of the statement that all men are not equal but are capable of being equal, nay even in becoming the highest. This being once appreciated, however, the realization is not then far off.

Buddha Gotama's Nirvana teaching applied equally with men and women and boys. Among his earliest followers who renounced the world, like many of his devoted disciples, were his son, nephew, wife and other ladies of his father's court, who were the first founders of the monastic order of life for women.

Buddha Gotama did not relinquish his mortal body and life, leaving any important work unfinished; his perfect knowledge of life and soul enabled him to organize a body of true workers in the cause of humanity to be left after him to elaborate the bonds of universal brotherhood and the diffusion of knowledge as to the object, value and mission of life on earth.

Buddha Gotama did not ask all men and women to relinquish and forsake home and family, the duties of society and individuals, and teach that by so doing Nirvana was surely theirs. The ethics of his transcendental teachings produced no jarring note in the normal surroundings of life. The struggle and conflict for the mastery of knowledge to attain the Nirvana state is started, fought and won in the mind, the suppression of whose functions will alone uplift the veil of ignorance to reach the native purity.

As mentioned before, Buddha Gotama used to acquaint his disciples with the mysteries of life verbally. He did not write any book. All that has been preserved of his sayings are gathered from his hundreds of immediate disciples who have written on the subject, especially from three of them, Kasyap, Ananda and Upalee.

Kasyap, who was Brahman by birth and a man of great reputed learning, was one of the earliest disciples of Buddha

Gotama. Kasyap and Buddha Gotama had repeated philosophic discussions, it would seem. Buddha Gotama's lucid and intelligent exposition won the head and heart of Kasyap; and he came to be a devoted disciple. Before Buddha Gotama expired, Kasyap was designated by him as the head of the "Sanghi," the famous and heroic band of truth seekers and workers. It is said that after a strenuous work of nearly forty-four years, one day while at Keushasvita, Buddha Gotama perceived that owing to his old age it was time for him to leave the body; therefore, summoning all the disciples present together, he gave them stirring advice and adding that his body was old and that his life's mission was at an end, and that within three months he was to leave them, he said that in his absence he hoped they would live in the path to Nirvana and obtain that glorious knowledge of Nirvana he had endeavored to diffuse to all humanity without distinction of sex or country. Afterwards calling Kasyap aside, he asked if after his death he would represent him. To this Kasyap meekly gave his consent. He also asked him to change clothes with him, so that they might henceforth live in each other.

This Kasyap was the author of "Achidharma." Buddha Gotama's dear disciple and nephew Ananda was the author of "The Sutra," and Upalee, a sudra disciple, was the author of "Vinaya." These three books written soon after the death of Buddha Gotama are known as the "Tripaytaka" or "Three Gems." Kasyap's "Achidharma" deals and explains the deep import of the Buddha doctrine regarding the self and the universe.

Ananda's "Sutra" is a collection of the sermons and instructions delivered by Buddha Gotama.

Upalee's "Vinaya" is a compilation of Buddha Gotama's life and a collection of the precepts of the Buddha religion.

The authors of these books were the direct disciples of Buddha, with whom they had long years of intimate association. For these reasons apart from their real merits these books are now held by all the Buddhists in the highest regard.

Buddha Deva (Gotama) enjoined the following ten commandments upon his disciples, of which the first five are to be

observed by one and all while the last five were especially for his disciples—the members of the “Sanghi.”

- (1) Do not harm any animal.
- (2) Do not steal.
- (3) Do not desire to possess others' wives.
- (4) Do not speak lies.
- (5) Do not drink intoxicants.
- (6) Take your meals after the second period of the day (12 noon).
- (7) Do not engage in light sports and music.
- (8) Do not indulge in personal ornaments and scented articles.
- (9) Do not get used to sleeping in soft beds.
- (10) Do not accept precious metals or minerals or coin in any form as gifts.

“Financially, valuable things are worth what they are because human efforts have made them so. Every dollar is a concrete representation of human effort and thought, and everything called wealth is the product of the work, the heart-throbs and the mental powers of some man. Money is the tally-stick of muscle-contractions, of heart-beats, of lives worn out; from everything purchasable with money the dead eyes of a human soul who fashioned it look out with significant demand, with every board or brick that shelters us, with every woven thread that covers us, with each morsel of food, and each pleasure we enjoy, the shadowy ghost of some other humanity calls out to us—“Take, eat, this is my body; drink ye all of this my blood which was shed for many.” Our life is but the surface embroidery, worked upon the strong warp and woof of other men's services and of dead men's deeds. A spiritual eye can see the bones of buried miners glowing deep among the burning coals of our own hearth-fires.”

“Visionary? What of that? If I am to believe only what is told me by men who have never risen above the common level, let me die.”—*Phillips Brooks*.

THE TEST OF WISDOM.

BY ANITA TRUEMAN.

“Here is the test of wisdom;
Wisdom is not finally tested in schools;
Wisdom cannot be passed from one having it to another not having it;
Wisdom is of the Soul, is not susceptible of proof, is its own proof,
Applies to all stages and objects and qualities, and is content,
Is the certainty of the reality and immortality of things, and the excel-
lence of things;
Something there is in the float of the sight of things, that provokes it
out of the Soul.”

The above lines from Walt Whitman’s “Song of the Open Road” embody to my mind the finest definition of wisdom that could possibly be framed. Whenever it is necessary to distinguish between the spiritual judgment which expresses the soul’s wisdom, and the merely intellectual judgment which is founded on the mind’s imperfect knowledge, they provide a faultless criterion.

The distinction between wisdom and knowledge is here very clearly shown. Knowledge depends upon proof, but wisdom “is not susceptible of proof, is its own proof.” Knowledge, though it cannot be passed from one mind to another, is derived from study and comparison of external objects. Wisdom comes from within, responding to the impressions received by the mind from the “float of the sight of things.”

The first and most important test of wisdom is that it comes from within. When wisdom is declared in our consciousness, we cannot refer it to any book or teacher. We have not derived it from any experience, but every external thing becomes an occasion which “provokes it out of the soul,” when once we realize that we are agents for the expression of that same Infinite Wisdom which governs the complex harmony of the universe.

The next indispensable sign of wisdom is its universal application. In this it differs widely from knowledge, which concerns itself with differences of form. Knowledge divides

the universe into myriads of parts, and examines and classifies these numerous forms according to their relation to the observer. Only such as directly affect him are worth consideration. Those which do not please him, he casts away angrily. But wisdom "applies to all stages and objects and qualities, and is content." The intellect declares, "this thing is useless and unpleasant." The soul answers, "It is good in its place. Each of its qualities is good. In its present stage of development it cannot be used for a certain purpose, but it may serve for another. The present stage is necessary in its development. It could not become perfect if it did not pass through all stages of unfoldment." So Wisdom is content. It appreciates the smallest of things, and comprehends the greatest.

Whitman's own work exemplifies this spirit of wisdom. His long catalogues of commonplace objects, so wearisome to the critic, force the reader who follows him carefully, to form the habit of seeing the same divine life and purpose in all things. He finds something real and immortal and excellent in everything he contemplates.

"Wisdom is not finally tested in schools." It is the work of schools to teach the young mind how to learn. To establish right habits of thinking in the mind of the student is the teacher's greatest task. A mind that is properly trained will be able, with comparatively slight effort, to gain information from books, knowledge from experience, and wisdom from within. What the student has learned in the school when he leaves it, is but the beginning of what he must yet learn. The studies pursued in the class-room merely furnish material for the mind to exercise its powers upon. If they have been wisely directed, the student will go forth to meet life, ready to judge the right value of every object and opportunity. He will be strong and content, for the reality and immortality and excellence of things will be apparent to him.

Thomas A. Kempis embodies the same idea in the words, "If thy heart were sincere and upright, then every creature would be to thee a living mirror and a book of holy doctrine. There is no creature so small and abject that it representeth not the goodness of God."

Concerning the attainment of this wisdom, this great mystic says, "The more a man is at one within himself, and becometh of single heart, so much the more and higher things doth he understand without labor, for that he receiveth the light of wisdom from above. A pure, single and stable spirit is not distracted, though it be employed in many works, for it doeth all to the honor of God, and being at rest within, seeketh not itself in anything it doth."

REINCARNATION.

BY FANNIE HAYNES MARTIN.

I strayed at eve adown a verdant mountain,
And watched the sun's swift sinking to the sea.
What profit me to bend my footsteps upwards,
When over all the darkness soon would be?
Far, far the shimmering summit gleamed above me—
In Heaven's upper air it seemed to float—
Could e'er I pass those amethystine cloud-gates,
And reach that crystal ether so remote?
Because I could not reach it in one day-span
I hasted down the mountain in despair!
And where unto my errant footsteps led me
I little knew, nor gave I thought or care.
But there were spirits unseen in the mountain—
And yet with voices audible to men—
And unto me one whispered as I wandered!
"Dost not thou know the day will come again?
Thou needs must spend the night upon this mountain.
The morn will find thee on the pathway still!
And knowest not that shadows of the valley
May fright thee sore or strive to do thee ill?"
Then paused I in mine aimless journey downward,
And thought once more upon that radiant height.
A faint sweet hope rekindled in my bosom,
And grew until it filled me with delight.

And in this rhythmic ecstasy vibrating—
 Responding to the magnet in the goal—
 I straightway turned and journeyed up the pathway,
 Nor doubted now the prophet in my soul,
 That in the dawn had promised sure achievement
 When joyously I first essayed to climb.
 What said that psychic prophecy of distance?
 Had it said aught of such a thing as time?
 It only said, Thou'lt surely reach the summit—
 That glorious height where thou so longst to be,
 Why had I doubted, why had I descended?
 What if the whisper had *not* come to me?
 Ah! ye who are discouraged and go downward
 And know not of the "goals" gained through rebirth,
 Look up to God's great symbol in the heavens,
 It uttereth His Wisdom through the earth.
 Day unto day it ever, silent, sheweth
 The darkness is succeeded by the dawn,
 Night unto night the unfolding star-scroll gloweth
 With God's own thoughts imprinted thereupon.
 As from the stars and silent mystic night time
 Sublimest inspirations fill the soul,
 So in the night called death the self is quickened
 By viewing the unchanged, all-perfect whole.

.....

"The natural appetite of the human mind is for truth; whether that truth results from the real agreement or equality of original ideas among themselves, or from correspondence of the various parts to the whole. It is the very same taste which relishes a demonstration in geometry that is pleased with the truth of a picture, or touched with the harmony of music."

.....

"Out of the dusk a shadow, then a star; out of the cloud a silence, then a lark,
 Out of the heart a rapture, then a pain. Out of dead cold ashes, life again."

WHAT THE PHILOSOPHERS AND MYSTICS SAY.

CHRISTIAN IDEALISM. By Rev. Charles E. Locke in "The Treasury," July, 1905.

".....Jesus did not enjoin Edenic, or angelic, or absolute perfection; but a perfection of principle, of purpose, of pattern and of vision. Christian idealism is the Christ realized, the spirit materialized in human character. It is the vision of the Transfiguration Mountain crystallized into a ministry of sympathy to the swarming multitudes at the base of Hermon. Christian idealism is the pursuit of ideals according to Christ. Ideals are revelations of God. Said Mazzini to the young men of Italy: 'Love and venerate ideals; ideals are the Word of God.' In painting and poetry, in sculpture and in music, by as much as the masterpiece reaches the ideal by so much is it a revelation of God. Hence in Raphael's 'Sistine Madonna,' and Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' and Angelo's 'David,' and Handel's 'Messiah,' God is speaking another word to His people. Ideal character is God's divinest revelation; and it is in the field of goodness that any man is justified in ambitious yearnings to reach the highest standards. He who approaches an ideal approaches God. He who achieves an ideal becomes a high priest of the Perfect One.

"It used to be said of Lord Chatham: 'There is something finer in the man than anything he has ever said.' Yes, there is an unexpressed and inexpressible residue of the soul. It is the effort to apprehend and translate into the terms of life what the soul feels who enjoys rapturous interviews beyond Sinai's veil. There are notes of music beyond those recorded by the infinitesimal filaments of the auditory nerve. The fourth dimension of space is an intuitive reach of the mathematical mind for something beyond. The most thrilling messages we give to man are the truths we feel, but cannot tell. Man's reach is far beyond his grasp, but in endeavoring to achieve an ideal, we grasp something which would otherwise be far and forever beyond our reach.

"The real man is invisible, and his best associations must be with the things of the spiritual world. The true man is taller than his height, broader than his shoulders, handsomer than his profile, stronger than his right arm. His physical being is merely the point at which his nobler self as an inverted pyramid touches the earth—his real self expands toward the infinite. Ideals are not only, as Cicero said, overtures of immortality, but they are overtures of life.

"Men and women endeavoring to fulfil their ideals are making civilization. The John Baptists, willing to decrease; the Pauls, obeying to the death their heavenly visions; the Savonarolas, and Wesleys, and Knoxes, following their divine guidance until they become pivots upon which epochs are turned. Put a man with a fact in his soul anywhere and he will soon gather a constituency. If he is incarcerated for preaching the Gospel in the street, he will write his convictions into a 'Pilgrim's Progress' in a prison cell."

THE NATURAL AND THE SUPERNATURAL. By Joseph Hamilton in "The Treasury," 1905.

"I am convinced that the trend of modern thought in explaining away the miraculous is a profound and dangerous mistake. The suggestions and analogies of this material world are most fruitful in illustration of the powers of the world to come. What we call the supernatural is only the natural on a higher plane. I believe the day will come when we shall marvel at our audacity of disbelief in the supernatural. When we know enough, we shall come back to the simplicity of faith in the record just as it stands. The analogies and suggestions of nature, as these are more and more discerned, will lead us into a more intelligent faith in the realities of the spiritual and the unseen.

"More striking than the invention of spectacles was the invention of the telescope and the microscope. We never knew how blind we were until we saw through the telescope. Then the dazzling glories of creation burst on our astonished sight. And in the direction of the minute the microscope showed us drops of water to be worlds of living beings. Now if we, in our dull, limited, mechanical way, by simply putting two bits of glass together, can have our vision so wondrously improved, what may not the spiritual body be capable of—a body quivering with the energy and elasticity of immortality?

"Some years ago I read of a curious speculation as to improved vision which has been remarkably fulfilled. The idea of this author was that some day we may be able to see through substances that are now opaque. Possibly our present ability to see through a solid sheet of glass suggested the speculation. At any rate, the late discovery of the X-rays has enabled us to do the very thing which this ingenious author predicted. By this new discovery we can now see through a mass of flesh, or a block of wood, and many other solid substances. And who can say that far greater possibilities are not realized in this direction in a higher state of being?

"This becomes the more likely since we know that all the substances popularly called solids are very far from being solid in reality. It is our gross perception of them that ranks them as solids. One writer goes so far as to suppose that this earth, if compressed into an actual solid, would not measure more than a cubic inch. I have no doubt our author's principle is right; but of course there is no data for such exactness of detail.

"However, this exceedingly porous character of all substances known to us makes it easy to believe that there may be an acuteness of vision that sees through all solids as easily as we see through glass. Yes, and we perceive, further, how a spiritual body might pass easily through a closed door—a thing that has staggered the faith of some. Truly, 'it doth not yet appear what we shall be.' No; but we certainly have hints of glorious possibilities."

FREEDOM. From "Eternal Progress," August, 1905,
Christian D. Larson, Editor and Publisher.

"Freedom is the consciousness that you have applied the truth and lived according to eternal law. When you know that you have done right you create a state of mind that to you, fulfils all the essentials of freedom.

"A person who believes freedom to mean the liberty to do as you please is in almost absolute bondage. Whenever he is called upon to do something different, he either rebels, or fulfils the request with the feeling he wishes he didn't have to.

"The person who does as he pleases is on the down grade; he is following the senses and the flesh; and these guides always lead to trouble and pain. The soul never asks to be pleased; the soul asks, what wouldst thou have me do? And the soul is so constituted that it receives the greatest pleasure and growth from serving humanity and God. The happiest and the freest man in the world is the one who never thinks of satisfying self, but lives, thinks and acts according to the law of truth and for the benefit of the world. When you live to please yourself, consciousness becomes absorbed in the personal ego and separated from its divine source; the result is isolation, weakness, darkness and death. When you live to follow the laws of life regardless of present personal desires, you place yourself in harmony with the source of all things needful for the person's welfare. By a seeming personal sacrifice at first, you enter into the larger life, and come into possession of all that body, mind and soul may now require.

"Freedom never comes through the separation from what

we call undesirable persons, or environments. Freedom comes when we discover that these persons and things have a beautiful side, and then enter into conscious spiritual unity with that side. So long as you have a desire in your heart to separate yourself from anything, you are in bondage. The very fact that you desire separation from a person, an environment or a condition proves that you believe there is something evil in those things; and no one can be free so long as he recognizes, and rebels against evil. When you seek to unite more closely with the true side of what you previously disliked, you find the feeling of bondage disappears, and the desire for separation gone.

"Freedom is a state where everything is in its true place and performing its true function; that is, absolute order and perfect harmony of action. And the only way to have order is to follow the law; to live the truth; to do things as they ought to be done."

BUDDHA'S DEFINITION OF A BRAHMANA. From "Prabuddha Bharata," March, 1905.

"Him do I call a Brahmana, whose body, speech and mind do no evil and who is (thus) protected by these three.

"None becomes a Brahmana by matted hair, caste, or birth, but he alone is pure and a Brahmana, in whom truth and virtue reside.

"Him do I not call a Brahmana who is born of a Brahmana mother, for if he is full of desires, he is a Brahmana only in name; but him I call a Brahmana who is free from desires and attachment.

"Him do I call a Brahmana who is unattached to desires like unto a drop of water on a lotus-leaf or a grain of mustard on the point of a needle.

"Him do I call a Brahmana who has seen the end of his misery in this life and has become disburdened and disentangled.

"Him do I call a Brahmana who is of deep wisdom, talented, cognizant of the right and wrong ways, and has attained the highest goal.

"Him do I call a Brahmana who is friendly to his enemies, unresenting towards aggressors and lives unattached among those who are attached to things.

"Him do I call a Brahmana whose attachment, aversion, pride and craftiness have fallen down like unto a grain of mustard from the point of a needle.

"Him do I call a Brahmana who speaks words that are sweet, informing and true and by which no attachment is produced for him.

"Him do I call a Brahmana who hopes to gain nothing in this world or the next, and is free from desires and ties."

"Him do I call a Brahmana who has no hankering, and by removing all doubts by true knowledge has attained the depths of immortality."

"Him do I call a Brahmana who, giving up merit and demerit and attachment, is griefless, passionless and pure."

I AM THE ALL. THE ALL I AM. Poem by Sankaramarya, translated by Swami Vivekananda in *Vedanta Monthly Bulletin*, September, 1905.

I am neither body nor changes of the body;
Nor am I senses or object of the senses.

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute, Bliss Absolute;

I am He, I am He.
(Shivo Hum, Shivo Hum.)

I am neither sin nor virtue; nor temple nor worship;
Nor pilgrimage nor books.

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute, Bliss Absolute;

I am He, I am He.
(Shivo Hum, Shivo Hum.)

I have neither death nor fear of death;
Nor was I ever born, nor had I parents.

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute, Bliss Absolute;

I am He, I am He.
(Shivo Hum, Shivo Hum.)

I am not misery, nor ever had I misery;
I am not enemy, nor had I enemies.

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute, Bliss Absolute;

I am He, I am He.
(Shivo Hum, Shivo Hum.)

I am without form, without limit, beyond space, beyond time;
I am in everything; I am the basis of the universe; everywhere
am I.

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute, Bliss Absolute;

I am He, I am He.
(Shivo Hum, Shivo Hum.)

Translations from the works of Meister Eckardt by C. H. A. Bjerregaard.

"Just in the proportion as a man denies himself by God's help and becomes united with God, he is more God than man. When man is entirely liberated from self and lives in God only, he becomes in *Grace* the self-same which God is by Nature, and God recognizes that there is no difference between Himself and that man. I said in Grace. God is good by nature, but the man is good by grace.

"God is ever and always active in the *now* of eternity. His activity is the bringing forth of His son. Him He is bringing forth always. The son is the first-begotten from the fruitfulness of the divine nature, and this begetting is without any medium; therefore He is called the Image and the Word of the Father. In this Word God speaks my soul and thine. He brings forth His son in the soul in the same way as in eternity He brings Him forth and in no other way. The Father brings forth His son unceasingly; yea, I will say more still: He brings forth me as His son; yea, He brings forth me as His being and essence. Then I flow forth in the Holy Spirit; then there is one life, one being, and one work.

"I do not thank God that He loves me, He cannot do otherwise, nor does He wish to do otherwise. I thank Him because it is impossible for Him to deny (go back on) His godhead.

"When the will is so united that it becomes a *one* in oneness, then does the Heavenly Father generate (*gebiert*) his only begotten son in Himself and in me. Why in Himself and in *me*? Because I am one with Him; He cannot exclude me. From the self-same act proceeds the Holy Ghost; hence from me, too. Why? I am in God. If the Holy Ghost derives not His being from me, too, He derives it not from God. I am in nowise excluded.

"God has not only become man, He has assumed human *nature*.

"It is the Father's being to bring forth the son; it is the being of the son to be born, *and that I am brought forth in Him*. It is the being of the Holy Spirit that I be burned in Him and be melted to pure love.

"The Father brings forth His son in the righteous man. All the virtue of a righteous man and all his good work is the bringing forth of the son by the Father. The Father does not rest till His son is born in me; He forces me to bear the son. Wise people ought to know this, and common people must believe it.

"Learned people do not like that the soul be placed so near

the divine and attributed so much divine likeness. The reason of this is, that they do not know the nobility of the soul from the bottom off. If they knew it, they would not, on some points, make a distinction between the soul and God.

"It is a wonder to me, and I have often pondered upon it, why the soul is not capable of speaking the Word as powerfully as the Heavenly Father. Some masters say that the reason is this: that that which is *essentially* in the Father is only in the soul as an *image*. I do not believe in such talk. If you take away the attributes of the soul, she is anyhow essentially like unto God. Other masters say that which God is, He is from Himself, but that which the soul possesses, she possesses as a gift, hence she cannot be like unto God in doings. I contradict this, too. The son has also received from the Father, that which He is, yet He acts with the same power as the Father. He and the Father send forth the Holy Spirit with equal power and perfection. Hence this cannot be a hindrance to the soul."

WHAT MYSTICISM IS. By C. H. A. Bjerregaard.

"Mysticism is not in any way allied to magic, necromancy, mind-cure, Christian science, or the occult, although it is the source of all these. It is a religious philosophy, or a philosophy of religion. Its field is the "Inner Life," the life of the soul in its relation to God, nature, and itself. Its fundamental support is the universal experience of mankind that at the bottom of human nature there is an original, spontaneous perception of the truth; in fact that on the retina of the soul, as it were, the image of God is to be seen by those whose vision has been spiritually cleared and turned inward.

Its nature is intuitive; it deals with the heart and with feeling rather than with the intellect. It is absolutely non-sectarian, because it is not concerned with creeds. It exists in the formalistic cults of China, in ritualistic Brahmanism, in the nihilizing ideas of Buddhism, in fatalistic Mohammedanism, in Free-masonry, and in every Christian sect, but has nothing to do with the distinctive dogmas of any one of them."

HOW TO MAKE UNFERMENTED BREAD. From "The Naturopath," August, 1905.

"First it will be necessary to get the wheat from the mill or grain store and grind it in your little vegetable mill or coffee mill as fine or coarse as you like. To do so, grind it twice which will make it very nice. It will take you, on an ordinary coffee mill, about one-half hour to grind five pounds of grain. It is splendid exercise and affords great pleasure.

"Before retiring to bed mix the dough as follows: Take one quart of luke-warm water, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoons of oil. Stir in the wheat gradually until a thick paste. Cover the dish with a cloth and set it in a cool place and allow it to remain there over night. This will give the wheat, which is partly coarse, an opportunity to soak and swell. In this swelling process it lightens the consistency and makes it quite light. In the morning work it well, adding fine flour to it if so desired. Do not roll it out upon the board but work it in the pan for about one-half hour until it becomes gummy, and rolls up like a ball, but not stiff. Have a moderately hot oven. Put the dough into covered pans, well oiled, and put into the oven without delay. Let it bake slowly from two and a half to three hours. If using a gas range put out the light and leave the bread in the oven to cool off. If you like a soft crust, roll a wet cloth around each loaf from three to five minutes. If you like to have a bread to aid you in your constipated condition just knead into your dough seeded raisins quite freely, and you will be pleased with the result. To keep the bread well and to improve its taste, put it, after cool, into an earthen crock and cover it. After four days the bread will taste very sweet and will please the children very much, the big ones as well as the little ones. One two-pound loaf will suffice an ordinary person for a week. Dr. O. Z. Harnish."

"And this I know that good shall fall at last, far off, at last
to all,
And every winter change to spring; that nothing walks with
aimless feet,
That not one life can be destroyed or cast as rubbish in the
void,
When God hath made the pile complete."—*Tennyson*.

"The ideal of a man's real self is hid in the bosom of God, and may lie ages away from his knowledge; and his ideal of woman is the ideal belonging to his unrealized self. The ideal only can call forth or long for its counterpart ideal."

"To perform is to promise:
To-day's dawn pledges the sun for to-morrow."

MY THANKSGIVING SONG.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

If I knew the worth and beauty—
Of our daily round of duty,
I'd rejoice as birds that gladden all the spring;
And a song my heart beguiling,
Would inspire me with its smiling,
And the whole day long I could not choose but sing!

There'd be nothing dark and dreary,
And I'd nevermore be weary,
For the play of goodness round me is so strong;
I'd forget the wind and weather,
As friend Joy and I together,
Trudged up hill and down with snatch of song!

I could see the hope and blessing,
All my life with strength caressing,
And how beautiful it is from day to day;
And my heart would have the treasure—
Of this secret source of pleasure,
And the winter then would be as sweet as May!

I should walk the way of flowers,
And sunshine would fill the hours,
And my life would have the bliss of angel youth;
I should know delight of duty,
Its enchantment and its beauty,
And I'd live the life of thankfulness and truth!

"We are so circumstanced here that we can define centers
only by calculations from small portions of circumferences."

"Love is the true key to all history."

COURAGE, THE LIFE WORD.

BY J. WILLIAM LLOYD.

It would seem that we are to regard life as a military campaign in which the rewards are all in proportion to the active service. We are not to seek for sluggish ease or stagnation of peace, knowing that that way is losing ground to the enemy which later will have to be fought over and recovered with heavier pains.

Neither peace nor pleasure is to be sought as an end, but higher and ever-higher ideals discovered, fought for, attained, finding a constantly enlarging and more satisfying joy in spiritual gain, in wisdom, courage and moral strength.

When a little boy, I conceived a daily prayer for strength, courage and wisdom, and it returns to me that these are still the greatest of human needs.

As the soldier does not ask for lazy comfort and routine promotion, but the glorious struggles and deathless fame of true war, so we. Life is a battle and we accept it and thrill to the clear-voiced bugles and step to the throbbing drums. After all nothing so awakens our admiration as to see the fire of courage kindle in a dauntless eye and great obstacles steadily and skilfully overcome. No sybaritic idleness, no *dolce-farniente* can ever so allure.

In the past the world's worship has gone to the victor and the pioneer, and it will be so to the end, only on ever-higher and more spiritual planes.

The old battles of club and gun, of blood and brawn, will die out, but soul will struggle with soul in sublime agonies of stress and sacrifice, of enlarging liberty and uplifting ideals.

I must know! I must be! cries the God-kindled one, and then the issue with that which remains and that which reacts is joined. Every lifting of even a foot forward means tears of blood and we must all shed our share. We must trample down our terror, though it hiss with vipers, sting with scorpions, and blast with fire through eye and brain. Courage is

the life-word of man, the only countersign of those who proceed.

Life is not for peace without pain, life is for that peace which accepts and includes pain, which is above, which is itself the fruit and spoil of pain forever.

"Courage is a great attribute and involuntarily exacts a generous forbearance whether met with on the crowded plane of human, animal or vegetable life. I was at work in my little garden plot the other day after an absence of two months from home. Five years before, when I bought the place this special plot had been an eden for a certain native vine, against which I had waged a relentless war of extermination, and had from season to season indulged in a too sanguine hope that I was well rid of it, only to find the plucky little shoots springing to the surface again and again. However, just before I left home this time, I had had every part of the ground not occupied thoroughly sifted and as I thought the last white fiber uprooted. So you may imagine my surprise when stepping close to the water's edge there was a thick net of the vines on the ground while others had crept to neighboring shrubs and were well on their way from the earth. I lifted my hoe determined to strike a deep and a death-dealing blow if possible, but one of its bright blossoms caught my eye as it waved on a branch of the tree; I noticed the aspirations of its tendrils that seemed to be reaching out for a sustaining branch higher yet and more exposed to the sun. I dropped my hoe. This sturdy refusal to accept death as the inevitable called for recognition in the human plant who was also trying to demonstrate over the darkness of past beliefs. I said, 'I will train you so as to keep this exuberance in bounds, but my hand will never be lifted against your life again.'"*—Hester Annie Bernard.*

"Hold the trinket near the eye and it circles earth and sky,
Place it farther and behold, but a finger's breadth of gold,
Thus our lives, beloved, lie winged with love's fair boundary,
Place it farther and its sphere measures but a fallen tear."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE CONTINUITY OF LIFE.

" All leads up higher,
All shapes out dimly the superior race,
The heir of hopes too fair to turn out false.
. . . . So far the seal
Is put on life
And a new glory mixes with the heaven
And earth
to fill us with regard for man,
Desire to work his proper nature out,
And ascertain his rank and final place;
For these things tend still upward, progress is
The law of life, man is not man as yet.
Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth,
While only here and there a star dispels
The darkness, here and there a towering mind
O'erlooks its prostrate fellows; when the host
Is out at once to the despair of night,
When all mankind alike is perfected,
Equal in full-blown powers—then, not till then,
I say, begins man's general infancy."—BROWNING.

Just at this time the press on both sides of the world is discussing the question of long life. More than one scientist of note has publicly averred that at least a century should be accorded man as his natural length of life on this earth in full possession of all his faculties, arguing in some cases by analogy from the maturity of animals and their length of life after that period as compared with that of man. Now, this is just what mental scientists have declared for the last twenty years. It is interesting to note how, point by point, investigators along material lines are conceding in the main nearly all that New Thought stands for. This matter of health and longevity

is an important case in question. We are told by the more advanced physicians and more liberal scientists that if we would change our habits somewhat—abstaining from some things and observing others with regularity—there is no reason why the majority of us may not reach this high-water mark of long life. One of the most important things from which to refrain, they tell us, is worry. Now this, again, is in exact agreement with the teachings of mental science as well as the Bible. Jesus did not go into physiological details and explain the chemical changes resulting from worry of mind when He said: "Take no anxious thought for the morrow, neither be ye of doubtful mind." Elsewhere, however, he added that if any one should do His will he would know the doctrine, if he followed his word he would later discern the reason for its being given. Mental and other scientists are now only giving us the reasons—classifying the causes and results. Eminent scientists have told us of the effect of fear and anger on the blood and the tissues of the body. Worry and anxiety have a similar effect. And not only do these and kindred emotions produce such changes in the fluids and tissue of our own bodies, but often when we eat meat we assimilate material already disordered by such passions which, of necessity, tend to reproduce themselves in us, poisoning the blood by disturbing—recombining, so to speak—the elements of our bodies, and so disordering the whole physical organism. Of course, one may say, this is only disorder, but it is none the less poison, and none the less leaves its injurious marks upon the life. Centuries before the old Levitical law was given, the eating of meat was held as deleterious to development by those who would excel in spirituality. The advice of the scientists of to-day and the apostles of longevity is in exact accordance with these traditions of the ages. The meat-eating nations of the world are the most warlike, and they also are, as a whole, under the

greatest dominance of the fear of death. Tests have been made in Germany in hundred-mile races between the endurance of vegetarians and meat-eaters. In one instance none of the latter were able to finish the race, and in every case those who had confined themselves to a fruit, vegetable, and nut diet showed themselves capable of the greatest endurance and ran the full hundred miles. Even the greatest of the Christian churches found it expedient to advise a certain period of abstinence from meats. Heretofore many people have thought that the incorporation of a certain amount of animal tissue with their sustenance was necessary to keep the body in proper order—that the nervous system especially required it. A number of highly developed people instinctively turned against it, but ate it, nevertheless, as a duty, and not because they craved it. The cold-blooded animals, not having as highly developed mental and nervous systems, have not the same capacity for suffering, and hence in eating the flesh of these one does not incur, to the same degree, injurious effects, as, in giving up their lives, they do so with less disturbance of the organism. But the purest flesh and most enduring physique is built of sun-ripened fruits and grain.

Another point insisted upon by the scientists of the hygienic world of to-day is the necessity for plenty of fresh air. Now you know there may be any quantity of clean, wholesome air all about us, and yet we be unable to appropriate the amount necessary for health because so few of us know how to use our lungs as they should be used, and so get little benefit, even when we are bathed and enveloped in the purest of air. A ship was once becalmed where the Amazon empties into the gulf, its great volume of fresh water pushing out the salt for miles and miles, when another vessel came in sight and was hailed for water. "Let down your buckets where you are," the other signaled back, and they did, and found an abundance

to quench their thirst. It is just so with ourselves and the air that surrounds us on every side. If we lived natural lives we would have no need of giving special attention to our breathing. As it is, however, the majority of us must make a constant effort to inhale and exhale in the right way. We have five or six times the lung capacity that we use, and yet some of us go through an entire lifetime without knowing what it is to have one full, rhythmic breath. Nevertheless, this apparently simple matter of breathing is the key-note, one might say, of almost every other phase of life.

Then there is the question of sleep. Scientists of to-day are giving an increasing amount of attention to this. We all know how uncertain a matter it is, and how seemingly at times beyond our control. One night we will derive great benefit from our sleep, and another, under apparently the same conditions, we will feel none at all. Now one great reason for this is the state in which the mind is when sleep overtakes us. If we are filled with thoughts of care and trouble as soon as we enter the sleeping state the mind becomes associated with the whole world of care and trouble, and is helpless, one might say, in its grasp. One or two hours of good, natural sleep are worth as many whole nights of disturbed mental consciousness. The mind is almost as active but not so positive in sleep as during waking hours. We should be careful to fill it with good suggestions—uplifting thoughts—before losing physical consciousness, and then it will continue along these lines throughout the entire night. Much of the past asserts itself in sleep through the subconscious mind. If we systematically make an effort to direct the activities of the mentality during sleep we will find not only that we can control our dreams, but that a little sleep will give us the refreshment and benefit which formerly we did not derive even from a long period of semi-unconsciousness. We can have that so-called dreamless sleep

that is most restful of all. Now, as a matter of fact, I do not know that it is really a dreamless sleep. I think, rather, that it is the freedom to go over to another plane of life so different from this that there is no interpretation possible from one to the other. It is a complete change, and in this lies its chief benefit. If we do not worry (for worry vitiates every fiber and activity of the body, so that even the most wholesome food taken into the system is perverted and causes distress)—if we do not assimilate poisonous materials, such as the disordered carcasses of animals who gave up their lives under terror and pain—if we breathe and sleep properly, there is no reason why we may not, at the age of a hundred years, be enjoying the full use of every faculty with the added riches of experience to guide us, and the prospect of still more years of interest and activity. So much for the outer conditions that conduce to longevity. I have touched on these first because they are the more apparent, and because material scientists are giving them more prominence at the moment. But it is altogether probable that it will not be long before their laboratorial experiments will uphold the belief of the mental scientists, that it is the mental condition even more than any outward place or pressure that determines the activities of the life. They now concede that worry is deleterious. Why do they not go a step further, and admit that the mental attitude decides the activity of the digestive organs. For this is true, and it is our state of mind that determines whether the same food shall go to the upbuilding or the down-pulling of the body. It is wholly true that it is “not that which goeth into a man that defileth him, but that which proceedeth out of his heart.” There is still another sense in which we should eat “in remembrance of me”—take all sustenance in the thought of the highest, of the Christ within, in remembrance of the “temple of the living God,” for the upbuilding of which it is.

But, one may say, this is impossible; there is so much to claim one's attention, one's thought—even anxious thought in this workaday world. Now this is the fact, *worry never accomplished anything*, worry only pulls down, never achieves. There is nothing that "requires" worry. There may be much that demands close and intelligent attention, our best mental activity, but worry thought, fearful thought, anxious thought, never accomplished anything but harm. We are told to bear one another's burdens—some may interpret this to mean that we should hold anxious thoughts for each other. But this is not so. We can help others only as we keep strong and true ourselves. We are also told to work out our own salvation. This is not contradictory. We can help each other most by working out, in so far as we can, our own problems. None of us can do this wholly independent of any one else; we need each other, and separateness means weakness, always; but in so far as we are able we should walk each in his own way, yet living in the larger consciousness of life, in the knowledge that all are related, and only as we live as members one of another can we ourselves grow mentally and physically. All life is from the one source; only as we live in the full consciousness of this can we live the full, natural life—only as we realize to the uttermost that there is no separation between ourselves and God, ourselves and our fellow men.

Thoughts of peace and good-will are also like an armor. Surrounded by these, any antagonism or unkindness from others or the thrusts and bruises of adverse circumstances do not hurt us. They are like a barrier to keep out all that is harmful. Whereas, on the other hand, if our minds are filled with unkind thoughts and we feel hardly toward others, we have, as it were, thrown the door open to all sorts of harmful influences and put ourselves down on their plane. Otherwise, people may think and act as they please; nothing unrestful

or discordant could enter our atmosphere, "no harm can come near thy dwelling-place."

Some people say that the world is growing worse, and point to isolated instances of evil in illustration. But this is not fair. We must view life as a whole, and as a whole the level of good is far higher than ever before; the standards of the masses are higher, and increasing numbers of people are reaching out for nobler and better things. Consequently, within the last generation the average lifetime has been prolonged from five to seven years. Life must lengthen as it grows better. The names of our diseases have increased in number, but the average of health has improved nevertheless. When we all come to the conviction that the causes of disease are mental, then in eliminating one cause we will at the same time have thus wiped out of existence perhaps half a dozen so-called diseases. Most of those who leave this world now do so by the way of ill health. While we still believe ourselves under the dominance of disease, we have no opportunity of discovering what length or perfection of life we may attain. Our going is not the natural one, as is the falling of a ripe and perfect fruit, but it is involuntary and painful, and, therefore, unnatural. The germ of disease is not physical; it is in the mind, and not in matter. If the whole world were full of "germs" a man may so place himself in relation to these or any other force in the universe that nothing can harm him. The 91st Psalm has been called "a poem of the New Thought:" "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." It is the dream of some (I say dream because it is still undemonstrated) to remain eternally on this planet. Now it does not seem to me that this would be wholly desirable. It is desirable that we live out our natural length of days, and go only when we have learned our lessons and finished our work. There are certain phases of knowledge to be gained here, and if

in our weakness and fear of disease and imaginary evils we allow ourselves to give up, and succumb before we have been through our allotted experiences, then we have not lived out our days. Knowledge must be gained by the individual through individual experiences. Another may help, but no other can live our life for us. We ourselves must go through every experience necessary for development. Some one else may help us, but no one else's experience may be substituted for our own. For instance, one may talk to us about insomnia or indigestion, and may give us a very good mental concept of such disorders, but we can have no real knowledge of them until we have had a moment's personal experience of them. There is a development that is more like an unfolding—gradual, natural, beautiful. But if we will not surrender our wills to the universal will, if we will not open our hearts at the touch of the universal love, then experiences come to us that open our eyes and open our hearts, and turn us—forcibly, if there is no other way—in the way that we should go—the way that is a way of pleasantness and the path that is peace, for we must all be purified and made strong—either by meeting and overcoming temptation, or by meeting it and falling before it. Failure sometimes teaches us more than victory. Nothing is meaningless. What we need comes to us, if not in one way then in another, and all works together for good—for the development of the latent possibilities within us. Everything counts, everything is adding to the store of wisdom and usefulness—both good and the so-called evil. There is no such thing as standing still, or, for that matter, of going back—except as the arrow is drawn back, perhaps, that it may go more surely and swiftly. When you saw off a tree you notice the innumerable circles within circles that make up the huge trunk from heart to bark, some of them little wider than a pinhead. Each of these circles required a year in the making, and it is not

difficult to trace the years of drouth and those of full rains by the width of these rings. But no matter how unfavorable the conditions, something was added each twelvemonth. And so it is with our lives. We keep on developing, unfolding, through whatever circumstances may come, to the end that the innermost may be expressed in the outermost, living our lives in this world to the fullest and deepest, for this is the truest and best preparation for all life to come.

A New Testament writer tells us that we "shall not all sleep, but that we shall all be changed." He refers to this something which we call death as sleep. Jesus also spoke of it in this way. He said: "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth. I go that I may awake him out of sleep." The disciples said: "If he sleep, he shall do well." Then Jesus said, plainly: "Lazarus is dead." He had to make use of the generally accepted term to make them understand. Over and over again Jesus referred to the Father as "not the God of the dead, but of the living." And yet despite the spirituality of his teaching, Christians seem to hold, more tenaciously, perhaps, than any other religious body, to the idea of a resurrection of matter. Just now, throughout the world, groups of people are organized to investigate psychic phenomena as bearing on the subject of the continuity of life. Many people have proved this to their own satisfaction, but it is not yet on a basis that is provable to others, and the great outer world is still densely materialistic. Even many of the larger religious bodies lay great stress on the material side of life—the amassing of riches and earthly possessions. Now the coming of these into the life is only right and as it should be when they come in accordance with the law that when we "seek first the Kingdom of God all these things shall be added." But when they are striven for as an end in themselves it is a different matter, and not helpful to the development of true spirituality. We

know, all of us, that we can take none of these things with us, that through the door of death no material thing may pass, and so of what profit is it that we spend a whole lifetime for that which we must leave when we leave this earthly plane? Only a few years ago I heard a clergyman say, in consigning the body of a friend to the grave: "The soul has gone to its Maker; the body we lay in the ground, but it will rise again, and the two will be united." Now, in my opinion, it is just this belief that is keeping us from a true spiritual conception of the continuance of life. It is the spirit which quickeneth; the flesh is of no vital import. Jesus said: "I have power to lay down, and I have power to take up again." This is the Christian attitude, or should be, that the body is a garment, to be used and laid aside at will. The body we now have is not the only garment of the soul, and immortality is in nowise dependent upon the gathering together again from the elements of every particle of matter that this earth garment comprises. For that matter, we now know that every few months every atom in our make-up changes, and new fiber and new material takes its place. Now, how could all of this—all these various, successive bodies, one might say—be resurrected and reunited? Some people say that as long as the world lasts there must be birth and death. But it is not the mere fact of death that the more serious minds would desire to blot out. Death, under true circumstances, is as natural and grateful and welcome as any other event in a normal life. It is the unnatural and premature coming of death (it should be like sleep, a simple, restful rounding out of a normal, completed activity) that I would protest against. It is the "sting of death" that makes it an "enemy." It is because we have associated the thought of sin with death that it has such terrors for us. And it is only too true that broken laws are the cause of many deaths. If we lived in accordance with the laws of life—the law

of love—it could not be said of us that we do not live out half our days. As long as we believe ourselves under the law of sin and death—a law that we have invented for ourselves—so long will it have dominion over us. And not until we come into the realization of the law of the “Spirit of Life” are we freed from its force. In the early times death came more nearly as it comes to animals—wild animals, now—as a simple going to sleep. Domestic animals are more in touch with human thought, and often suffer sympathetically in consequence. With the increase of thought and feeling and nervous development in man has come added capacity for pain, both in its endurance and its anticipation. As a matter of fact, the most of our suffering is in its anticipation. The actual moment of pain often brings its own anesthetic. All natural passing away and change, whether of the body or of other forms is painless—a ripening and a sleep. It is only the unnaturalness of man’s life that makes him dread the coming of the time of his own passing out. And it required generations and centuries of generations for him to develop the idea of a life beyond that of the body. The innate and indestructible feeling that the center of his real self is without sin and true, even though he did not formulate this to himself, made it necessary for man to invent something outside of himself as a deleterious force bringing sickness and death into the world, and so the devil came into existence. Then came the idea that something must be sacrificed to propitiate an angry deity, and perfect things were offered up by priests “without blemish.” Throughout the life this idea of sacrifice continues under one form or another until at last the man comes to see that no external thing, whether sacrificed or not, can avail him anything. Then he begins to sacrifice himself—his loves and impulses, a lesser thing for a higher good, until at last the soul comes to its own, and realizes that “in the eyes of the Lord there is no iniquity,”

and then death is no longer a curse or even a judgment, but a call to higher things. And this change, this altered attitude toward the things of this world, may take place right here in this life. Jesus taught the idea of judgment in His own generation for those who were ready for it. The last sacrifice we make is that of the law of sin and death to which we have held and through which we have failed. St. Paul said, "Love is the fulfilling of the law;" St. John said, "God is love;" and Jesus had said, in that wonderful prayer of His, that "to know Thee is life eternal." When you are at one, in every avenue and detail of your life, with this law of love—the will of God—then you become a law unto yourself, and all material things are subject unto you—even the last enemy, death. The body may pass when its work is done, but the spirit that animated it is one with the eternal. Jesus said, "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto Me;" in other words, "If I attain to this eternal knowledge, so will all others. As it came to me, it will come to them." Paul said, "If the dead rise not, then is Christ not risen." The law that governed His life and unfolding governs yours and mine. There are different conditions leading up to this supreme condition: "there is an earthly and a heavenly;" we must not confound the two—those of the first order are passing at best. If we are basing any hopes on the physical, then are we getting away from the thought of the Master. The informing spirit will choose its own form when this body shall have passed. We shall take with us all the true riches: all that we have truly worked and lived for, every good feeling, every good thought, every impulse of love—the love we have given others—this is the love that abides with us. These are the real riches of which no one can rob us, that day by day we are storing up in life. Knowledge that pertains only to this world we can not take—of what use would be a knowledge of botany or theology on the other side? St. Paul says:

"And whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away," and "when that which is perfect is come into the life, then that which is in part shall be done away." This world's knowledge serves to bring out latent possibilities, and so is useful, but it is not a thing to be striven for as an end in itself—to the gaining of which are to be sacrificed the "abiding riches." And so, though we "shall not all sleep we shall all be changed," we "shall have power to lay down and power to take again," we shall live out the "length of our days," and go willingly, gladly, into the brighter day that is beyond.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

.....

"First the grain and then the blade, the one destroyed, the other made;
The stalk and blossom and again, the gold of newly minted
grain.
So life by death, the reaper, cast to earth again shall rise
at last;
For 'tis the service of the sod, to render God the things of
God."

.....

"So long as we love, we serve. So long as we are loved by others I would almost say we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend."—*Robert Louis Stevenson*.

.....

"What is lovely cannot die, but passes into other loveliness,
star-dust
Or sea foam, flowers or winged air.
If this befalls our poor, unworthy flesh
Think thou what destiny awaits the soul,
What glorious vesture it shall wear at last."

.....

"We are deeper than we know. Who is capable of knowing his own ideal?"

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA. London and Benares: The Theosophical Publishing Society. Chicago: The Theosophical Book Concern. New York: John Lane. 1905.

This is a little book (12mo. of 59 pp.) issued by The Theosophical Publishing Society without any reasons being given for its issue, nor are the extracts accompanied by any introduction, notes, etc.

We extract from it some notes on "The Gnostic" because they are of general interest. Clement uses the word "Gnostic" for his ethical ideal, and the word must not be understood as describing the Gnostics of Gnosticism. These latter were philosophers and given to speculations concerned largely with supra-mundane existence. The "Gnostic" of Clement answers to the "wise man" among the Greeks, and is the ethical representative of the church such as Clement thought of him in his controversies with Gnosticism. The extracts are taken at random from the above book and that again is simply a copy of Clement's "Stromata" or "Miscellanies" translated by the Rev. W. Wilson in the "Ante-Nicene Library." Clement of Alexandria lived c. 150 to c. 213 A. D.

"The Gnostic will never have the chief end placed in life, but in being always happy and blessed, and a kingly friend of God."

"The man of understanding and perspicacity is a Gnostic. And his business is not abstinence from what is evil (for this is a step to the highest perfection) or the doing of good out of fear. . . . Nor any more is he to do so from hope of promised recompense. . . . But only the doing of good out of love, and for the sake of its own excellence, is to be the Gnostic's choice."

"The Gnostic must be erudite Is not knowledge (Gnosis) an attribute of the natural soul, which trains itself for this, that by knowledge it may become entitled to immortality?"

"The Gnostic is such that he is subject only to the affections that exist for the maintenance of the body, such as hunger,

thirst, and the like having most gnostically mastered anger and fear, and lust not liable even to such of the movements of feelings as seem good, courage, zeal, joy, desire, through a steady condition of mind, not changing a whit"

"The Gnostic does not share either in those affections that are commonly celebrated as good, that is, the good things of the affections which are allied to the passions—such, I mean, as gladness, which is allied to pleasure; and dejection, for this is conjoined with pain; and caution, for it is subject to fear. Nor yet does he share in high spirit, for it takes its place alongside of wrath; although some say that these are no longer evil, but already good."

"To him knowledge (*Gnosis*) is the principal thing. Consequently, therefore, he applies to the subjects that are a training for knowledge, taking from each branch of study its contribution to the truth. Prosecuting, then, the proportion of harmonies in music; and in arithmetic noting the increasing and decreasing of numbers and their relations to one another, and how the most of things fall under some proportion of numbers; studying geometry, which is abstract essence, he perceives a continuous distance and an immutable essence which is different from these bodies. And by astronomy, again, raised from the earth in his mind, he is elevated along with heaven, and will revolve with its revolution; studying ever divine things and their harmony with each other"

"The Gnostic always occupies himself with the things of highest importance. But if at any time he has leisure and time for relaxation from what is of prime consequence, he applies himself to Hellenic philosophy in preference to other recreation, feasting on it as a kind of dessert at supper."

"Ruling over himself and what belongs to him, and possessing a sure grasp of divine science, he makes a genuine approach to the truth, for the knowledge and apprehension of intellectual objects must necessarily be called certain scientific knowledge, whose function in reference to divine things is to consider what is the "First Cause."

"In the endurance of toils and at the same time in the dis-

charge of any duty, and in his manly superiority to all circumstances, he appears truly a man among the rest of human beings."

"Perchance also some Gnostic will abstain from the eating of flesh for the sake of training, and in order that the flesh may not grow wanton in amourousness."

"The Gnostic makes his prayer and request for the truly good things which appertain to the soul."

"Prayer is, to speak more boldly, converse with God."

"Prayer may be uttered without the voice, by concentrating the whole spiritual nature within on expression by the mind, in undistracted turning towards God."

"Nor is he ashamed to die, having a good conscience, and being fit to be seen by the Powers."

THOUGHT-FORMS. By Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater. With fifty-eight illustrations. London and Benares: The Theosophical Publishing Society. Chicago: The Theosophical Book Concern. New York: John Lane Company. 1905.

Modern psychology is truly marvelous. Not only does it strive to penetrate into the depths of the soul in order to lay bare its workings, but it attempts also to bring these mysteries out into the open day and to manifest them before our eyes in visible forms.

For years Dr. Baraduc, of Paris, has photographed astronomical images and thus actually broken down the boundaries between animate and inanimate matter. A year ago Mr. C. W. Leadbeater published a book "Man Visible and Invisible," in which were shown in colors the auras that surround man under various psychic conditions. And now the same author, together with Annie Besant, issues "Thought-Forms" or the actual proof that thoughts are things—as asserted so often, but seldom proved by speakers. The book is a most important contribution to the new psychology, forming as it does, a new department of psycho-physics.

In the opening chapters, the authors deal with the diffi-

culties of representing the subject. The difficulties, it must be admitted, are great, because the vast majority of those who are to look at the illustrations in the book are absolutely limited to the consciousness of three dimensions, and furthermore, have not the slightest conception of that inner world to which thought-forms belong, with all its splendid light and color. To help the reader unacquainted with theosophical teachings, the authors preface their exposition, as follows:

"Man, the Thinker, is clothed in a body composed of innumerable combinations of the subtle matter of the mental plane, this body being more or less refined in its constituents and organized more or less fully for its functions, according to the stage of intellectual development at which the man himself has arrived. The mental body is an object of great beauty, the delicacy and rapid motion of its particles giving it an aspect of living, iridescent light, and this beauty becomes an extraordinarily radiant and entrancing loveliness as the intellect becomes more highly evolved and is employed chiefly on pure and sublime topics. Every thought gives rise to a set of correlated vibrations in the matter of this body, accompanied with a marvelous play of color, like that in the spray of a waterfall as the sunlight strikes it, raised to the n^{th} degree of color and vivid delicacy. The body under this impulse throws off a vibrating portion of itself, shaped by the nature of the vibrations—as figures are made by sand on a disk vibrating to a musical note—and this gathers from the surrounding atmosphere matter like itself in fineness from the elemental essence of the mental world. We have then a thought-form pure and simple and it is a living entity of intense activity animated by the one idea that generated it."

When a man is of a gross type, his desire-body is denser, when he is of a higher type it is composed of finer qualities.

Each definite thought produces a double effect—a radiating vibration and a floating form. Radiating vibration conveys the character of the thought, but not its subject. A man thinking keenly upon some high subject pours out from himself vibrations which tend to stir up thought at a similar level in others, but they in no way suggest to those around him the

special subject of his thought. The floating form is often by theosophical writers called "an elemental" or they call this "quickened matter" simply elemental essence. There may be infinite variety in the color or shape of such thought-forms, and it is with these the book before us is occupied. Incidentally, the book also gives an excellent representation of the so-called Chladni figures, both with illustrations and explanations. We can not find space to explain in detail the three classes of thought-forms defined in the book. We can only mention them; they are (1) that which takes the image of the thinker, (2) that which takes the image of some material object and (3) that which takes a form entirely its own, expressing its inherent qualities in the matter which it draws around it. They are all fully illustrated in color in the book. Besides these it contains numerous color pictures of emotions and forms built by music.

It goes without saying that the book is unique. There is nothing like it in the whole range of literature. It has suggested to us comparisons with those marvelous animal and plant forms which Ernst Haeckel is now publishing in his "Kunst Formen der Natur." Haeckel shows us the protists or one-celled animalcula, the radiolaria, thalamophors and the infusoria among the protozoes (or ur-animals); and, he shows also the diatoms, etc., among the protophytes (or ur-plants). The comparison proves most emphatically the unity of nature and the fact, which the authors of "Thought-Forms" so often insist on, that the thought-forms are living things. A comparative study of the two books proves conclusively that "thoughts are things" and conversely likewise that "things are thoughts."

.....

A MESSAGE FROM "MIND" TO THE MINDS OF THE MANY.

THIS is pre-eminently the day of good things for the many. That means easily accessible things—cheap things, if you will. It is not at all impossible that goodness and cheapness may one day prove synonymous. A really good thing is not afraid to be cheap.

It is in step with this particular line of progress that MIND, "the leading exponent of New Thought," is planning to make a two-fifths reduction in its subscription price after November 1st, 1905. It is now a \$2.50 periodical. It is going to remain a \$2.50 periodical, but hereafter the cost, per year, will be only \$1.50. When it consisted of but eighty-four pages of reading matter it made a place and a name for itself at \$2.00. Now it has ninety-six pages and intends to make a still better record at \$1.50.

Many of our ablest thinkers—the mental dynamos of the world—are not financial magnates. To the majority of these a dollar often means the difference between having a thing and going without it. Over and again letters come to us—"I want your magazine but I do not quite see my way to paying the subscription price." Now it is just these people that we want as subscribers—those who want us.

We would like to have a general re-union of our old subscribers, all of those who know us and know what the coming of such a magazine into the home, month after month, means.

Now, we probably cannot come into immediate touch with a tenth of those whom we really ought to reach, and we would therefore be glad to have every subscriber—and every prospective subscriber and every ex-subscriber,—speak of the magazine to at least two or three friends. If three new subscriptions are sent in with a renewal, the four yearly subscriptions may be secured for the very small sum of \$4.50—the renewal at \$1.50 and the three new subscriptions at \$1 each.

THE term New Thought is in a way a misnomer. There is nothing intrinsically new about the view of life so designated, though it is new to many people. As a matter of fact its philosophy is as old as the world, one might say, and at the same time it is applicable to every phase of activity and need that confronts the world to-day. If this latter were not true it would be of but transient, if any, service. It is the conviction of its adherents that New Thought has a vital message to the world and a lasting contribution to its progress. Its basic principles, though called by other names, perhaps, underlie the bulk of the reformation and progress of the day.

New Thought is not a cult. It draws no lines of demarkation; it separates itself from no good thing. It stands for the impartial investigation of all

systems of thought, and all human experience, and the acceptance of all the truth which can thus be discovered. It antagonizes, excludes nothing that the sun shines upon, or the mind of God in creating called "very good." Philosophically, it might be called the fourth dimension, for it interprets and interpenetrates all philosophies; it underlies and enfolds all good things. It stands for the overcoming of evil, not by antagonism, but with good, the good that is irresistible, because of its courage and verity. Although it is not necessary to fight, it requires courage of soul to face the problems of life unflinchingly; and verity—the spirit of truth which is sharper than a two-edged sword—to stand fearlessly, unfalteringly, on the side of right. So only is evil, any or all the evil of the world, overcome with good.

It is this attitude that MIND desires to take. It can be a power for good only as it comes into touch with and is upheld by the many. It is to all those who believe in this platform laid down as the foundation of all individual growth and healthfulness, all public progress and reform, whether avowedly in sympathy with "New Thought" as they at present know it, or not, that MIND now makes its appeal. It wants the comradeship, the fellowship, of all on the side of right.

There is work to be done in this world—this world of thought as well as this world material. Much good work can be done by individuals, as such; infinitely more can be done by individuals in unison. The forces that make for separateness accomplish their own destruction; the force that makes for unity—under whatever name—is everlasting. There is no limit to the achievements of many minds in unison. Join forces with us and watch the result.

We would be glad if every reader of MIND would give us his or her opinion as to the problem, the solution of which is of most vital importance. In what specific way can MIND be of realest service to the world? We want your advice as well as your cooperation.

New departments will be included in the magazine and authorities on the various subjects treated will contribute to its pages during the coming months. Several of the best known writers on philosophical and metaphysical themes, both of the Orient and Occident, will give of their best, and every effort will be made to render MIND of real service in the cause of the right and the work of the world to-day.

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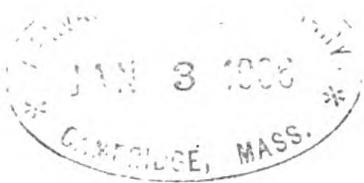
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"There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. Let a man then know his worth."
—EMERSON.



VOL. XVI

DECEMBER, 1905

No. 6

"PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN."

BY URSULA N. GESTEFELD.

A new idea and a new movement, that promise a better than the past has afforded, is welcomed with eagerness by those who have experienced a lack when they looked for supply.

A striking example is offered in the progress of psychotherapy in the last twenty years. A method of dealing with pathological conditions that seemed unnatural and incapable of success, has proved so successful as to have now made for itself a permanent place, and changed detractors and opponents into friends and supporters.

Many of those who experienced the benefits of thought-force applied as a remedial agent became converts to views, contrary to their lifelong habits, that compelled a new basis for living and effort. Many, again, became extremists, both in theory and practice, and invited by their attitude equally extreme ridicule and outspoken contempt. Nevertheless there was a steady growth in the number of adherents to the new view and new method, a growth that perceptibly affected both strictly medical practice and denominational religion.

Many physicians and clergymen were foremost in denunciation of the new foolishness and heresy, and exerted their in-

fluence to prevent it from spreading, but under the regrettable aspect given it by those of its adherents who had more zeal than wisdom, was a sound truth and potent force for good. Little by little, pulpit denunciation ceased and physicians experimented for themselves, with the result that "suggestion" was found to be a helpful adjunct to their previous methods, and was offered as their explanation of the results obtained without them.

To-day many of the profession are employing "suggestion" openly, and a still larger number unavowedly, not only for diseased physical conditions but for mental and moral defections as well. The scope of the physician's effort has been increased to include what formerly was supposed to lie outside his domain, and to pertain, rather, to the office of the clergy.

Meanwhile, those who saw that a beneficial result was only an indication of something greater, that the whole realm of being must be investigated to account satisfactorily for the results on any one plane of being, continued their researches by the study of principles, as more important than experiment with phenomena, with the result that the limitations of suggestive therapeutics are clearly discernible, together with the need that lies beyond them and its supply.

Again and again it has been proved that the mental, or inaudible, suggestion "you are not ill, you are perfectly well" made to one who is suffering, has resulted in alleviation of the suffering and even in its removal when accompanied by kindred suggestions opposed to his specific symptoms and conditions. Those who have experimented widely and persistently in this direction have gained the proof, they avow, that all are susceptible to suggestion, though in differing degree.

It follows that if there is universal susceptibility, if all kinds of suggestions, good, bad, and indifferent, are possible, then all are susceptible to the bad and indifferent as well as to the good and helpful, natural impressibility making one susceptible to the suggestion of another, whatever its kind.

Another fact is that the kind is dependent upon the will of the operator. The addition of these two facts makes the patient dependent for good or ill result upon the will of the

one who makes the suggestion. Logically, a man is as susceptible to evil or detrimental suggestion, as to good and helpful suggestion. Practically, he is most susceptible to the kind against which he offers the least resistance, for, together with natural susceptibility to impression in every man, there is also inherent power of resistance to impression. The active form of this power of resistance is self-impression or self-suggestion.

Results, then, to the individual, of exterior suggestion are modified or determined by his use, or lack of use, of his own power of self-impression by auto-suggestion. Both successful achievement of desired ends and failure to achieve them are due to this cause that limits the practitioner's area of accomplishment.

Whether or not the practitioner be a member of the medical profession, a psychologist, a mesmerist, a hypnotist—names count for little when principles are under investigation—he has had his successes and his failures. He has proved his power to so impress his thought, for the time being, upon another, as to induce in that other action in accordance with it. He has also made the same effort in other instances and failed to obtain this result. It becomes desirable, then, to extend the area of accomplishment by lessening the failures.

Clearly, to this end, intelligent use of auto-suggestion is necessary. Such use depends upon knowledge, a knowledge not possessed by the every-day man who is concerned, chiefly, with the cares of every-day life. A new education, new to the one who receives it, becomes a necessity, which has been met by the efforts of those who have learned the wholeness of the human entity, and the part played in human life by this individual power that makes of it a place of torture, or a heaven of harmony and peace.

The mental treatment of a Christian Scientist, or of any practitioner of a mental method of dealing with diseased conditions, owes the *fact* of successful result to universal susceptibility to suggestion; and the *kind*, or quality, of result to that which is impressed upon the patient by means of the suggestion. In work of the highest order, suggestion from another can be but a means to an end involved in the very

nature of the human species—a work that must be supplemented by a man's intelligent, and intelligently directed, work for himself.

It is obvious that one can not impart to another, by means of voluntary suggestion, that which he does not himself know. If, because it is necessary in order to induce a result permanent in kind and of the highest benefit, that self- or auto-suggestion, should work in harmony with the remedial suggestion, then the practitioner must be able to initiate the patient into the knowledge required, and of which he must first be the possessor.

Auto-suggestion builds moral, and more than moral, character, strengthening against all attacks, or opening all outposts to assault. When in accord with right knowledge it yields always, at all times and in all circumstances, beneficial results, and when according to mere instinct and ignorant estimation of the meaning of life, detrimental results.

A channel excavated for a canal is a good thing as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough to accomplish the desired end—transportation facilities. If filled with a strong current of water, the desired end may be accomplished; if with thick mud, it will be defeated. The excavated channel is the same in either case.

When exterior suggestion becomes instruction in the nature of health, how to cultivate and keep a health that applies to and includes the physical, mental, moral, and spiritual planes of existence, it has reached its limit as a means. When is added the application of this instruction by the individual, through his own, or self-suggestion, these limits are passed and an area of benefit that is practically unlimited is opened and entered.

The superficial summing up of the phenomena of modern healing as "all suggestion," testifies to a lack of discrimination due, all too often, to too great reliance upon professional experimentation, and too much suspicion, not to say disdain, of explanations emanating from unprofessional sources. "Quacks" and "charlatans" may have made valuable discoveries, even though they made them unprofessionally, and as the value lies more in the discovery than in the discoverer,

this value is in no way impaired by his name and position. But they hinder, it must be confessed, established proof and appreciation.

An education that deals with the whole of a man, instead of with physical structure as the whole of him, has been instituted and fostered in late years, and those, properly instructed, who essay the task of mental treatment of human ills do far more than merely suggest recovery to their patients. Seeing the limitations of exterior suggestion they educate them to see the need, and the undertaking, of self-discipline of thought.

Because every thought held, encouraged, and repeated is an auto-suggestion, beneficial or adverse in its tendency, the point where a limited help given by another ends, and an obtainable unlimited help begins, is right here. Few could or would undertake this self-discipline without gaining, first, an understanding of why it is necessary, and what can be accomplished; but, fortified by such knowledge—that cannot be imparted by a mere hypnotist, because such understanding would prevent him from being a hypnotist—all who saw clearly would undertake it as the chief and inevitable thing to do if one would become master of conditions to which all, without respect to station, seem subject.

To see clearly that there is but one way by which such mastery can be accomplished, is to spend no time choosing between different ways; a position that need not, and should not, prevent acknowledgment of all the help to this position gained, perhaps, in many ways. All efforts and methods lead eventually, like roads to a common center, to self-help and self-effort; but these cannot become practical realities without the acquisition of a knowledge not found with either pulpit or profession; with the pulpit because "revealed religion" does not include it; with the profession because of its too religious or speculative aspect and trend.

The modern metaphysical movement has done more for the permanent betterment of human life, morally and physically, in twenty years, than both the pulpit and profession together. It has stimulated research in a practically, undeveloped field, and roused the church from its too long-continued nap of

self-sufficiency. It has educated people instead of terrorizing or persuading them, shown them their own part instead of giving them a crutch that can be, at best, but temporary. It has made real religion the most precious thing in life, and real knowledge the most valuable acquisition.

It has not yet, as some of its most zealous adherents claim, abolished sickness and pain, or the death they bring, but it has brought a comparative freedom to thousands who had despaired of it, by revealing a purpose in life, and the way of its accomplishment. Only as the individual is educated in this direction, instead of temporarily influenced, his own will actively engaged in voluntary self-development, can the limitations of exterior suggestion be supplemented by the unlimited possibility that is for every man.

All admit that self-reliance is an admirable virtue and to be encouraged. A wider and deeper self-reliance than that numbered among the virtues is the need, one that is truly dependent upon the infinite because it is reliance upon the infinite self in man; a self-reliance that has to be cultivated, that is cultivated only when a revealing knowledge has been gained and put to use.

No God, and no man, ever saved man from self-brought consequences, or ever will. Man must be his own redeemer by reliance upon the perfection of original being, and use of the redeeming power with which he is fundamentally endowed. Evils are conquered for the individual before they can be conquered for the world.

The truly wonderful power of what Professor Tyndall called "constructive imagination" is being demonstrated to-day as never before, for human progress has brought the time when such demonstration was possible. The employment of suggestion by medical practitioners formerly most zealous for the protection and preservation of strictly medical practice, is an outgrowth of the time. Good as have been its unchallenged results in many cases, it is a limited good that will degenerate into a not-good, unless supplemented by the education that strengthens the will, and inspires the effort to pass beyond the boundaries of exterior suggestion, for the will, as truly as a

muscle, is strengthened and made productive by voluntary exercise. Mental massage may be a helpful temporary expedient, but no expedient can successfully continue to fill the place of a fundamental necessity.

How much thoughts, feelings, and deeds are affected by unseen, but no less effective, influences radiating constantly from one to another, even when not consciously exerted, and how little, comparatively, by really voluntary intention, is still undreamed of except by the few who have probed to find the hidden reason and cause.

Both nature and the great principle of nature that is called God, work for the making of the individual out of a man, a work that neither nor both can accomplish till a man works for himself to the same end. A man has his natural limitations, but the individual that may be made of him, in his achievements surpasses all limitations. And so, and so only, can there truly come "peace on earth and good will to men."

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"I, singularly moved
To love the lovely that are not beloved,
Of all the seasons, most love winter, and to trace
The sense of the Trophonian pallor on her face.
It is not death but plenitude of peace.
And the dim cloud that does the world enfold
Hath less the character of dark and cold
Than warmth and light asleep,
And correspondent breathing seems to keep
With the infant harvest breathing soft below
Its eider coverlet of snow.
Nor is in field and garden anything
But, duly looked into, contains serene,
The substance of things hoped for in the Spring—
The evidence of Summer not yet seen."

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"There is no solitude like that of a great soul in which there is no altar."

A VISIT TO LUTHER BURBANK.

BY ALBERT J. ATKINS, M.D.

The twilight shadows were softening the tones of the landscape, as we crossed the bridge, on our way to Luther Burbank's home. It is an unpretentious cottage, nestling among the trees and vines. When we had crossed the threshold we felt an atmosphere of peace and restful quietude; within these walls were generated many of the thoughts which have given the world so much of beauty and usefulness. A few moments of pleasant anticipation and then Mr. Burbank came into the room. Surprising as are his many creations in horticulture, still more surprising is the mind from which they all had their origin; one is impressed at once with the simplicity and modesty of the man.

In Luther Burbank the world has discovered a true genius and has already made a pathway to his door. Scientists and other learned people cross oceans and continents to have just an hour's talk with this remarkable man; his name is becoming a household word throughout the world. This great fame is not without its price; in their desire to do him honor the people overstep the bounds of reason and take from him the time which should be given to rest and the conservation of that energy which would prolong his useful life.

What wonderful thing has Luther Burbank done that the whole world should be interested in him? He has simply made a practical study of nature and in so doing he has learned to understand her speech. All life has speech for him whose finer ear is attuned to its harmonious vibrations. By a close observation of natural phenomena, Mr. Burbank has found that it is possible for man to improve even upon nature's methods; that, by the light of intelligence, he may guide the very life-forces into new and hitherto unknown channels. With this practical knowledge Mr. Burbank has been able to create new and original species in vegetable life which will carry his name to posterity as one of the greatest benefactors of mankind.

Mr. Burbank has said, in his "Fundamental Principles of Plant Breeding," "the plant breeder is an explorer into the infinite." Nothing could be more true, for to seriously study nature in any phase, leads directly to the infinite. Nature is wonderfully occult, even in her seemingly simple moods. No man can hope to penetrate into her secret chambers until he has conquered selfishness and the desires of his own personality, for one who would use her finer forces for selfish ends will not be admitted into the secrets of this sacred realm. No man ascends Mount Olympus until his feet are "washed in the blood of the heart." One who would know the wondrous laws of occult nature, must write the love of truth upon his heart and become one in spirit with all mankind. Such a man will ever work for the upbuilding of all humanity, and in so doing he will forget himself; such a man will have a tender sympathy for every struggling creature, and his hands will bring practical benefit to the sorrowful earth; such a man is Luther Burbank who has brought the world so much that is beautiful, useful and good.

Luther Burbank's influence will not stop at the beautiful and useful things which his hands have created, but will extend to the thought and action of the world. The knowledge which he has revealed will broaden the perspective of science and teach it the infinity of a living universe. While the extremists of the materialistic school of science are pointing out to a hopeful world that there is no rational basis for a belief in immortality, here we find a man materializing before their eyes its sacred emblem—a veritable fadeless flower. Beautiful symbol of all nature's handicraft is this flower which has come to reflect the divine possibilities of the eternal life forces upon a materialistic age.

Mr. Burbank does not agree with all the accepted theories of science; it would be strange if he did, living so close to nature as he does. He says, "We can not get the right perspective in science unless we go beyond our senses. A dead, material universe, moved by outside forces, is, in itself, highly improbable, but a universe of force alone is probable, but re-

quires great effort to make it conceivable, because we must conceive it in the terms of our sense experiences."

One thing is certain—Luther Burbank has enlarged the possibilities of scientific research and has demonstrated that it is practical to direct the life-forces toward desired ends; this fact means much in the progress of the world. Mr. Burbank has builded for himself almost ideal conditions under which to carry out his vast experiments; these conditions did not come by accident, they came slowly and cost years of unceasing toil. As with all earnest workers, there have been times of keenest disappointment, for some of his greatest efforts have been total failures. He has been known to uproot whole acres of trees, the care of which cost years of labor, because they did not fulfil the ideal within his mind, but each failure, each success has led him one step nearer to the heart of nature, where flow the eternal life-forces of the universe.

His is a labor of love for all humanity; he has made it possible to better the conditions of the race by increasing the food supply. He has caused more grains to grow on a stalk of wheat; he has improved the potato; he has caused sweeter and better fruit to grow on the trees and has improved almost all the known varieties of berries, as well as created new species and varieties which can not be described in a single article; he has robbed the cactus of its thorns and bristles and has made it more nutritious and hardy, so that now the desert may be turned into a green pasture where cattle may feed; last but not least, he is beautifying the earth with garlands of perfect flowers.

It is when we see his work in the floral kingdom that we begin to approach a true understanding of the beauty of Mr. Burbank's character. It is here that we see him at his best, for he truly understands the very inner nature of the flowers, and, as he says, "They talk to me." It was our privilege to see him at work with these tender children of his care. It was in the early morning, he was selecting the flowers of "promise," as he calls them; he walked quickly from bed to bed among the beautiful blooms, glancing over them with eyes trained by long experience; finally one plant was selected and a

white string tied about it as a mark of distinction. That mark indicated much, it meant that only this flower of the whole group should survive; all others, though of rare beauty, must be destroyed. This seems cruel, but it is in this way only that the plant breeder reaches one step nearer perfection. It is not always the largest and most thrifty plant that is selected; in one instance it was a seemingly insignificant flower, but on examination, it showed a peculiar color which marked it as the flower of destiny. In this manner Mr. Burbank has gradually changed the golden color of the California Poppy to one of deep pink, thus adding a new variety to this beautiful species; so too he has developed the small, wild daisy into the large, graceful Shasta daisy.

It would be impossible to describe in detail all the strange and wonderful transformations to be found in these experimental grounds. Here may be seen the best that the world affords and that best is constantly improved by the deft fingers of science. From every country choice fruits, grains and plants have been collected so that their every habit may be studied as they grow under new environment. In these grounds one may catch the aroma of flowers from many lands; here you may listen to the song of the wind playing through the branches of the cedars of Lebanon, such as Solomon heard in the days of old, when he wrote, "Awake, O north wind; come thou south; blow upon my gardens that the spices thereof may flow out."

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"Lightly He blows, and at his breath they fall—
The perishing kindreds of the leaves; they drift
Spent flames of scarlet, gold aerial
Across the hollow year, noiseless and swift.
Lightly He blows, and countless as the falling
Of snow by night upon a solemn sea,
The ages circle down beyond recalling
To strew the hollows of eternity.
He sees them drifting through the spaces dim,
And leaves and ages are alike to Him."

THE GOD IN THE GLASS.

BY BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

The artist! he garners the world in a dream, and lo! the dream is more real than reality; he touches the dead and they tremble back into life and are more vital than the merely galvanized beings that stare at you in the street; his brain is fecund of worlds, of real men and women, systems and great cosmic dramas. What you see, what you feel, is not real; only feeling and seeing and understanding are the immortal realities. The mind incorporates the world, and what the artist gives forth is chaos transfigured, turmoil stilled in its frenzies, the old foolish gestures called action transfixated on an idea.

The difference between art and life is the difference between reality and a mirror—art being the reality, life the mirror. Art is the reality because it is the exact record of what we feel and know, of what we aspire to be, of the ideal—hence real—self-enactment. Life is only a faint reflection of our desires, and so the poet, the painter, the thinker, as men, are ghosts, mere flesh-films; but their poems and abstractions are the highest reality. Our ideals and instincts are our standards, and in a book, a poem, a picture, a statue, these ideals and instincts live to their fulness. Life wakes only our caricatures; art wakes the spiritual protagonist complete, substantial, sempiternal.

Art takes life for its theme; life has no theme. Practical life is aimless; it is the reel of a homeless, drunken man. It is detail, detail, detail spread to infinity. Our acts are stop-gaps between moments of painful disillusion—mud-floundering at their best; leering, obscene blasphemies at their worst. The artistic spirit constructs ends; having attained them, it rests, a marbled, immortal contemplation. It dwells in an everlasting Now, and has the power to hallow smut and aureole the beast. My vision! Who can take that from me? My impassioned dream that burst my brain-dikes and overflowed on to canvas, that forced the marble block to yield its curved

secrets, or that flashed on paper as a rhapsody—that is the *real* moment, over against which the seething caldron of mutilations we call the “great world” has only that validity for being that a fertilizer has.

The particular, seen as the particular, has no meaning. No man can understand anything until he thinks abstractly. The difference between the breed of slugs that move from point to point, from concretion to concretion, feeling their way like a snout along a dung-hill, and the god-like apprehension of the great creative artist, is not a difference in degree, but a difference in kind of brain-stuff. The mental difference between the Black Fellow and the anthropoid ape is not as great as the mental difference between a plantation darky and Henry James. Life is mean and petty to most people because they lack the artistic instinct. They see John and James, and they are commonplace. But read of John and James as Balzac saw them, or yon boor as Thomas Hardy sees him, and the scales have fallen from your eyes. The finite then has no longer any existence as such; the individual has ceased to be an individual: the man becomes a type; an abstraction made flesh—or breathing flesh becomes an abstraction; an insulated force; a con-course of ideas; an entombed universe.

It is this exaltation of consciousness—this challenge to the commonplace, this war of the Idea on the tyranny of the senses that would cudgel the soul to an abject subservience—that constitutes the superiority of the art-instinct over the life-instinct. That which we touch too often is either destroyed by us or destroys us. The habitual kills wonder and familiarity slays awe. The Alps guide has no sense of the grandeur and mystery which surround him; the astronomer sweeping the constellations nightly with his telescope soon dwindle^s to an automatic calculating machine. And the crowds of the pavement have no eye for the sublime. Did not the sun and moon rise yesterday? And Venus in her brilliance is only “pretty.”

Walt Whitman one day crossed over to Brooklyn on a ferry-boat. Years after he wrote a poem called “Crossing Brooklyn Ferry,” and all who now read that poem want to cross the river and see the sky, the boat, the gulls, the deck-hands as Old Walt

saw them. The great artist is a seer; he stands outside of the world. The human race fills in a perspective. The creative dreamer is sundered from environment; he is his own *milieu*—he is brain-light, detached cell-ecstacy. He beholds the endless procession into being from out of the womb of nonentity, and etherealizes God and the diatom. The writhing, pain-gutted phantoms called men are the Epic of Evil, an epic of the artist's creation. He alone is likest God.

Whether we writhe in the strait-jacket of pain or are solved in the radiant monotony of a transcendent perfection; whether we have flouted all the seductive but vengeful sanctities in our effort to preserve the greater sanctity—of self—whether we have challenged all the wooden deities of time and reviled the Arch-Bungler each day—these things that we have done or have not done are significant, but seldom of practical importance. The creative intellect looks down upon himself and draws the essential facts out of his experiences and fashions them into images for the elect. The artistic temperament is the philosophic temperament, and good and evil and the codified cant called the moralities are the clay with which the creative dreamer works; they have no other use. If a sin yield me truth or beauty it is no longer a sin; but this privilege belongs only to the strong. Weakness is the prerogative of power—only the strong man can afford to transgress. Before he falls he knows he will be up again. He never loses his strength. The great soul—the self-centred artistic temperament—thrives on his poisons—because to him they are not poisons. He would not always be with his Highest, because his Highest alone is sure. The transgressions of the weak have no ideality in them. The weak, in reality, never transgress; they merely lapse.

Nietzsche, Ibsen, D'Annunzio, Whitman!—four great storm petrels of the Inland Sea, workers in the Time-Mist—sombre heralds of dawn—or night. Their dreams are sublime futilities, but dreams that swaddle us in an aura of godhood. Could the crowd grasp them, could the world enact in its drab, vulgar way the passion-glozed hallucinations that are blown from the skulls of these men, life would lose its savor, ideal transgression

its fascination, and evil and good their aesthetic value. Only ideal transgressions are worth while; action is comic. What the gods wish to destroy they first make real. Were we all Hamlets, Iagos and Learns no one would read Shakespeare. Give us our immortal dreams, show us ourselves as we are not, give us the riot of our Anarch minds—foil us, foil us, eternally foil us, that we may dream again! Let the scavengers scrape the gutters for coppers and duck in the mud for dimes. They are the “Captains of Industry”—the grimy, smutty captains of the marts—and their “industry” a grimy, smutty, lurid hell of lies.

Philosophers are artists in ideas. They are the white heralds of the Great Release, eagles of the Infinite; they solve the iron thong of earthly limitation in a molten white idea, and walk not on terra firma. The creative philosopher seems in his highest flights to dam the eternal flux and in his widest generalizations to erase accident. In time under protest, he stands equipped for eternity, and his calamities are his foods. The abstract mind flows into the matrices of the concrete, but holds not the shape therein given. It hoods itself under all forms, but is none of these. It is that which perceives, but is never the perceptible. It sucks from a world of illusive appearances the marrow of reality, and spits whole epochs of social movement upon the gleaming point of a generalization. The philosophic mind of the first class packs all of history, with its crescendoes and decrescendoes of joy and woe, its evanishings and recrudescences, under a single scalp, and finds in the perversities, aspirations, meannesses and cruelties of a single soul the history of mankind in action. There lies in each soul a history of the universe; indeed, the soul of each is nothing but embryo and cadaver—the new springing from the old, life springing from death. Each impulse to action is a ghost seeking flesh again, some old dead ancestral self, scenting from its arterial prison-house its ancient loves, palpitating back into life. Within the recess of your clay, mewed up in brain-cell or aorta, there live Charlemagne, Christ, Peter the Hermit, Nero, Judas, St. Francis of Assisi, Attila and Shelley. Your temptations, your betrayals, your cruelties, your asceticisms,

your penances, your will to power, your cry for light, your lusts—that is history, and it needs not Gibbon in six ponderous tomes to tell me why Rome decayed. The poison that killed Rome is in me, and the fate of America I can forecast in a study of my own strengths and weaknesses. The law works everywhere. It is the one single reality. It is the immovable screen against which time projects her endless shapes.

The commonest objects have this in common with the sublimest spectacles which nature or man offers; that they are at bottom but phantoms of the brain, modes of cellular life. Children and geniuses bear on their faces a look of exalted wonder. That mingled expression of perplexity, awe, amazement on the face of a child when fingering a button on your coat differs only in degree from the feeling in the poet's soul when for the first time he sees Mont Blanc. The same feeling of wonder overcomes the scientist when, step by step, he has tracked the variegated universe back to an impalpable, eternally persisting force. A touch of the soul melts solids to fluids, and a flash of insight in the brain of man discovers to him the great cosmic cataracts—the trembling, flowing forces—and we humans the perpetually evanescing débris on their surfaces. We are traveling toward the zenith of self, and all great art is a report of the progress made. Action is only valuable because it engenders reaction; because it shocks the brain to thought and moulds the soul to pictured moods which seek expression. The shocks, the moods, the visions are real; the external objects that caused them are illusions. The world is my dream, but I, the dreamer, am everlasting, else I could not say "It is a dream."

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"For life means much, to do—to be,
And men must meet it manfully;—
A mingling with the world's rough strain—
A friend to help, oneself to train.
So love's not all
That to a soul may fall.
And yet, perchance it is;
For love means strength for all of these."

THE GARRISON CENTENNIAL.

BY ERNEST CROSBY.

The hundredth birthday of William Lloyd Garrison will be celebrated on Sunday, December 10th, and it is well that this great American should be remembered. His career is a conspicuous example of the way in which new ideas rise in the mind of the human race, first appearing as strange, heterodox, unpopular beliefs in the consciousness of a single man or of a few, and finally spreading until they carry the world along with them. There seems to be a sort of sunrise in the spiritual world as there is in the natural, and the light which at first is observed only by the lonely watcher of the skies, at last sweeps the laziest sluggard from his bed. Nothing more powerfully exemplifies the unity of the race than this contagion and infection of subversive ideas. At first they shock and repel and their champions are mobbed and massacred, but before long they win a foothold for themselves—become tolerated and respectable—and finally take their places among the unquestioned axioms of civilization. Happy the man who attaches himself to some such idea in its earlier days and passes his life battling for the truth which is in him! Few indeed are those who live long enough to see the final triumph, but such labor is reward enough in itself.

Garrison had the unusual distinction of virtually beginning an epoch-making agitation almost single-handed and of living until it had been carried to a successful issue. Nothing could have seemed more hopeless than the opening of his campaign. Oliver Johnson gives a picture of him getting out the early numbers of the "Liberator" in 1835, without friends or influence or money, when he was only twenty-six years of age and looked much younger, and his health was far from robust. He had indeed only just been released from Baltimore jail where he was confined for writing what he thought about the slave-trade. The whole world was against him, but he went doggedly ahead with his journal, confident in the unsupported

strength of his idea, namely, that immediate, unconditional emancipation was a moral necessity. He felt the dynamic power of that idea and he knew that in time the world would feel it. There are new forces of the kind ever on the look-out for some human conductor to make the connection between them and the race. It is because we are so insensitive, so deadened, so insulated on the spiritual side, that great reforms are postponed and great ideals neglected. We need men of the Garrison type and they should be held up more and more for our young people to form their ambitions upon. It is fine to be a popular hero, but it is a thousand times finer to be an unpopular one.

It is generally supposed that history transacts itself in courts and parliaments—at Washington, it may be, or at St. Petersburg or Berlin. But that kind of history is not the real history of the world. It is a record of mere surface phenomena, of symptoms, of unessential incidents. The real history of the world is not the history of wars or treaties, but rather the history of ideas, and ideas are more often born in mangers than the kings' houses. Wherever two or three are gathered together to think and feel deeply and to go forth to act accordingly, there is history in the making—it may be in some obscure attic or on an out-of-the-way street corner. Garrison's life teaches us to be on the alert for such humble movements, to search for the hidden live wires that some day will stir the world, to use our energies economically as near the central dynamo as we can get, where we may share in generating the great forces of the future, and not to dissipate ourselves in the more conspicuous but trivial and diffusive activities of the surface. Garrison put in his whole life-power deep down at the centre where it would do most good and produce results in geometrical progression, and he made his life count as few lives have counted.

And there is another peculiarity in Garrison's career. He absolutely abdicated all appeal to physical force of all kinds. He forswore armies and navies and even legislatures and courts. He never even voted, because voting meant the forcing of an unwilling minority. The only strength that he dealt in was

the strength of the truth. And it is a curious fact that wherever in history you find a man of this kind, you find a centre of power. There have only been a handful of them, but each has put his mark indelibly upon the world. Buddha, Jesus, Francis of Assisi, George Fox, Garrison—I can hardly think of another—and these are all names that lifted mankind perceptibly. Tolstoi to-day holds to the same truth, and as a result his voice carries farther than the thunders of all the artillery of the Tsar. Is it a mere coincidence that the one American who eschewed all physical force should have been responsible for the greatest events in our history? I think not. To be sure the result was accomplished by war, but he was not chargeable with that. All that he did was to make the longer continuance of slavery impossible. It was our fault that we did not make an end of it without disgracing ourselves by civil strife.

The lesson of Garrison's life then, is to occupy ourselves with the essential, moral, spiritual things which underlie the world of the senses—to seek influence and not fame—to love hard, and see clear, and talk plain, and act without fear of the consequences. This is the real strenuous life on the plane of our higher natures, and not the mere simulacrum of it in the newspapers. There should be a revival of interest in Garrison this winter, the hundredth since his birth, and, what is more important, a revival of his single-minded spirit.

"To the cradle bough of a naked tree
Benumbed with icy snow,
A Christmas dream brought suddenly, a birth of mistletoe.
The shepherd stars from their fleecy fold,
Strode out on the night to see—
The Herod north wind blustered loud
To rend it from the tree.
But the old year took it for a sign, and blessed it in his heart—
'With prophecy of peace divine now let my soul depart.' "

"The ideal and the generic are the same."

THE MERRY CHRISTMAS TIME.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Another breeze from that good land—
Where Christ the beautiful was born,
And we again in wonder stand—
To usher in the Christmas morn;
In worship of the ancient days,
In sweetness of the starlit earth,
We sing glad tidings of his praise,
And bless remembrance of his birth!

It was in prophecy of old,
When man was in the gloom of night,
That as the ages were outrolled,
The world should win abiding light;
It followed man in winding ways,
Revealing gleams of heavenly worth,
And brought him to the golden days—
When Christ the good in all has birth!

When then he came, in glory meet
The waiting world in silence lay,
But o'er it hovered angels fleet,
And sang their song of Christmas day:
“Glory to God—and all his ways,
Good will and peace abide on earth!”
So ran the anthem of their praise—
To welcome in his holy birth.

And will men love and keep the law—
Which maketh glad the world anew?
Stand they in love and reverent awe,
Their possibilities to view?
Yea, true as was the life of old,
A fountain of good will and mirth,

Shall be the story by us told
To celebrate the wondrous birth!

It is assurance safe and good,
The world is on its golden way—
In righteousness and brotherhood,
It comes to us on Christmas day:
We'll show in acts as well as creeds,
We need not live in woe and dearth;
It preaches charity by deeds,
And gives *within*, the dear Christ birth!

We are to grow unto his love,
To his devotion for the race;
And union is with heaven above—
To bring below this wondrous grace:
Each year from gardens of the skies,
The breezes blow upon our way,
And dreams of gladness then arise—
To make the year one Christmas day!

.....

"The whole world responds to genuineness. Be your self, all wool, yard wide, first-class material if you can—no aping of other people, or cringing before another's greatness, be he priest or prince or next door neighbor. Even as but a ragweed by the dusty roadside, hold your place with cheerful insistence and act your whole part with justification and joy in the doing. The springing impulse of life that brought you into expression is responsible for you, and guarantees you room and opportunity to make the very best of yourself. You are one of the component parts of the whole and as every atom is just as necessary as every other atom of the whole, *your* loss would be irreparable to a perfect universe. So, ragweed or atom though you be, your vibrations are doubtless needed to help hold some star in its course, without which a solar system might perish. Then let the white light of an earnest purpose radiate your life until you become the converging point of your high and holy aspirations."—*Hester Annie Bernard.*

FACULTIES.

BY FREDERIC GILLMUR TOPLIFF.

I had watched him for some time; he was such a sad, woful little sparrow—so small that when “blue” he must have been “blue” all over. And he was usually alone, never busy, but perched upon my window blind, or some other part of the house. Often I tried to allure him to me, but he eyed with suspicion all my advances. One morning, determined to make friends with him, I called and asked:

“Why so sad?—and why do you always seek the haunts of men? I should think you would fly to the park, and there, amid the trees and shrubbery, with your bird-mates, sing, and be happy.”

His words I could not understand at first, but, as I became accustomed to his language, they meant, I am sure, “Nothing but dude birds stay there—little weaklings all dressed up in pretty clothes, hopping about each day, looking after baby birds, and always afraid to fight. I like to be with men. Oh, I wish I were a boy, or girl, or man! But I can only look at them having fun all the time. I have no bicycle in summer, nor skates in winter—nothing but a pair of old wings, and it is such hard work to make them go. They—human beings—possess everything. This is the worst world I ever saw! Never mind, though, I’ll have them all in heaven.”

Ceasing, he flew away before I could reply. I laughed heartily at the little chap’s discontent, and an enforced absence from home did not allow the renewal of our conversation.

Winter came—Christmas—and alone. Eleanor and Clinton, with their mother, were brightening the day for an aged kinsman. Preparing for their return, I spent Christmas Eve doing that work so dear to every father: “fixing the tree.” With much pride I looked upon my handiwork, from the glittering ball up top to spreading and weighted limbs below. I fear, though, that I sighed a bit, as I realized that bright eyes to behold it all and sweet voices to exclaim would be a day or two late.

And, as the children say, "It seemed as if I just couldn't stand it."

As the suppressed excitement broke throughout the stillness of the morning, on that children's day, I, too, awoke very early; and, as if partaking of their hurry to "get their things," left my paper half unread, to reach the room, even though it were to go alone.

Through the opening door I saw, much to my surprise, upon the window-sill, my little friend, the sparrow. He was looking longingly in through the slightly raised sash, but drew back several times, as if afraid to enter. The temptation finally became too great for him to resist, and he hopped inside. Curious to see what this strange bird would do, I remained silent and motionless, watching every movement. His first flight had taken him to a chair, where, perched upon its arm, he obtained his first glimpse of the tree. Sure-footed as he and his little fellows are he nearly fell backward.

"This is heaven at last!" I heard him say; "and all these things are mine. Oh, goody, goody, but I'm glad! I can now play as the girls and boys do! Won't I just be happy though!"

He then proceeded to investigate. First, he hopped upon the floor, gazing up in rapture at the tinsel and candles; then he flew upward and went from branch to branch, his little claws catching in the webby decorations, but so excited was he that he noticed no havoc he was causing. Tired of just looking, and as if wishing to take the biggest first, he sought the chest of tools (Clinton's prize present), but found he could not open it. Then he spied Eleanor's best doll among the branches, and he longed for arms with which to caress it. The new bicycle would have been a delight, but now, within his reach, and no one to say "Shoo!" alas, he knew not how to ride! He scented things to eat within the pretty bags and cone-like holders, yet, even these were beyond him, for he had not the *faculties* with which to partake of his heaven's delights, nor could he take them away, and he lacked the will to cease his longings.

I ventured to speak, and he, too discouraged to take flight, and perhaps hoping for assistance, sat and listened.

"Well, Merry Christmas to you!" I said.

"Merry be hanged!" he replied—he had heard boys talk, you see—"What is the matter with me anyway?"

"Oh, I guess you have got into the wrong heaven," I answered, "and now that you are where you wished to be, and among things you longed for, you are more dissatisfied than ever. Permit me to suggest, my young friend, that you cease wasting your life craving the things that you have neither faculties nor capacity to enjoy. It is very much better to go through your bird life without restless desires for things not for birds. Cultivate and develop yourself to enjoy bird-like things. Your place is not *here*; you must find your joys in bird-land. Join your mates. There you can be of use, and an ornament, if you so choose, and *do*. You are dodging duty. The path of pleasure, or heaven, lies through duty. Think how you can brighten some bird-home, and, by-and-by, you will learn bird-land (here upon earth) is a heaven. But don't forget it is found by using your *best* effort, and it *must be found here*, or the one you hope to reach hereafter you will learn is filled with that which you cannot partake of."

His little eyes grew more bead-like, as he sullenly answered: "This is all very well, but men have such a lot of show; they are happy all the time, and can use heaven things every day."

"Oh, you little bundle of feathers!" I exclaimed, "it is because of your strange ideas. You seem to think heaven is a *place* filled with the *things* you long for."

"But isn't it?" he asked.

"Of course, I don't know," I replied, "just what is there, but we never see any one take 'things' with them. You have wrong ideas, also, of men. Very few are happy, and, like you, they imagine strange things of heaven—but I fear to tire your little brown head if I continue."

He nodded as if to proceed, bracing himself, it seemed, as I tried to explain.

"Many think heaven a place—a realm, somewhere, that is filled with such things as they long for, but do not acquire here upon earth. They paint mind pictures of heaven as 'strewn with flowers,' and 'paved with gold.' 'Gates of

pearl are at the entrance,' and 'stairs of gold lead to the throne.' And yet, many do not enjoy a flower here, and, as for gold, they will not admire it unless they possess it, and it draws interest. Streets of gold, indeed! The 'pearly gates' they would strive to strip of their beauty that they might decorate themselves. And as for stairs, many are so accustomed to elevators that they groan and grumble while climbing to the home of a friend who is compelled to do without the lifting luxury.

"'Wings,' did you say? They will be as unable to use them as you were the bicycle. It requires *effort* to develop *soaring* faculties."

"But I don't care about these things. I never wished for gold or flowers," he interrupted proudly.

"Ah, but you forget the treasures of the Christmas tree!" I replied.

"That is so. I see now what you mean," he answered, and then added, "How about the Great Father?"

"The Great Father!" I exclaimed. "How did you ever hear of Him?"

"Well," he said, "a long time ago I lived in the eaves of a church. I used to stay at night in the mouth of one of those big, queer-looking animals up there—but I had to get out pretty fast when it rained though, for somehow, all the water rushed through its mouth. I never was let alone."

"Oh, you mean one of the gargoyle," I said, "but go on."

"Every once in a while a lot of people would go into the church. And, hearing beautiful music, I used to fly to an open window; through it I could also hear a man talk and talk about the Father. Then all the people sang about Him. But tell me, why it is I never hear Him spoken of anywhere else? Perhaps you don't know about Him, either, and perhaps He is just for churches—shut up in them all the week."

I could not resist smiling at my tiny questioner (who talked wiser than he knew), as I replied:

"It is too true that He is confined largely to the churches, and that men are avoiding here what they claim to be hoping for in heaven. They shun god-like men, and god-like thoughts,

except Sundays. They think of them as not interesting—'too slow,' they say. What will they do in the glare of His light with no eye trained to look without flinching, or no faculties to see at all? Are they developing the power to enjoy that which they long for? They stunt their happiness here, and will be sad there, for few know what happiness *really is.*"

"I wish I knew how to find it," said the bird. "If you can tell me the way, please do help a fellow."

"It is," I answered, "to *look* for the best, and best only, in everything and everybody; not to sneer, nor condemn; to find the brightest, sunniest things just where you are, *and do it every day.* It becomes a habit after a time, and you will be surprised to learn how much heaven you have been closing your eyes to. That which you really look for, you are sure to find. Day-dreaming will do no good. Fairies will not awaken you and waft you to some place that is free from toil, worry, and care. Toil ought to, and usually does, make a little heaven for some one. Try singing while you work; it makes it easier. Who says 'I am worrying,' a coward soul unveils, or he is boasting—desirous of appearing to be of enough importance to have something to worry about."

"That sounds pretty harsh!" the bird exclaimed. "I thought cowards were only those that are afraid to fight."

"Ah!" I said, "worry is but *fear* expressed, while declining to fight may be prompted by the highest moral courage. But all fear can be conquered by the will. If you long for less, much worry disappears; if you long for nothing, that *you* long for you acquire, and filled by *you*, you long not again. Learn to 'let go' when your higher self so dictates. Death means liberation to just the degree that one liberates himself *here.* Strip yourself of longings, except to love; only *you* can really *love*, you can but do with love. So will the capacity for heaven be developed, and with the faculty of *love* you can partake of its sweets. Thus angels toil, and their reward is more love to give; we are *their* care. They possess nothing, as will man when he goes, except consciousness, and, as it has been builded here, so will it live there."

"Then I must be all wrong," said my pupil, "because I thought if I could only have everything I *saw*, I would be happy; I must be worse than anybody."

"No," I replied, "birds have not all the faults. We are all alike, as I have said, of greater or lesser degree, and each will go to the realm he has *fitted* himself for, not the place he longs for."

My feathery listener was silent for a moment, and then said, with new determination, "I *will* seek my mates and learn what my own life can teach." He bade me adieu, and, as I saw him winging his way park-ward, I was sure he would find there a tree that would make merry his Christmas.

I sought him again in the springtime. He was busy feeding a huge, yellow-edged mouth, and did not see me. It was useless to wait for him to satisfy the fluttering-winged stranger, so I called and asked if he was happier.

"Really," he said, with much dignity, "really, I don't know—don't have time to think about it, I am so awfully busy, you know. The babies enjoy everything and it is such a delight to watch and care for them. At first I did not seem of much use around here until a little brown widow took pity on me. Somehow I wanted pity, just then, to get back into the fold. I made sorry work of it when we began housekeeping. She had to do my part all over again. I found, though, I could carry straws, and I did, a lot of them. See!" and he glanced up at the seeming bunch of hay in the tree-top. "Finally it was finished—but tell me, are there straws in heaven? I will want to carry some there. I just love to."

His baby called him then, and I, needed elsewhere, hurried on, feeling I would find heaven, too, if I faithfully and lovingly carried "straws" to the nest, as the faculties to do and the love of doing are heaven-like faculties, which, longing and sighing, without works, never develop. Who has not, during forgetfulness of self, that his "nest" might be builded, felt himself lifted beyond all earthly desires, and at such moments realized an inflow of peace—peace that broodeth ever over all, waiting with infinite patience to be inhaled? He that can ever live in

peace, self-lost, that others may be happy, has found Heaven, and with the reborn can say:

“The night I died Thou spake to me;
I died—not I, but I, I thought was I.
The night I died Thou madst me free—
I lived—new I, the I Thou taught was I.”

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PHILLIPS BROOKS' LAST CHRISTMAS CAROL.

“The earth has grown old with its burden of care
But at Christmas it always is young.

The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair
And its soul full of music bursts out on the air
With the song that the angels have sung.

“It is coming, old earth; it is coming to-night;
On the snowflakes that cover thy sod,
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

“On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor
The voice of the Christ child shall fall;
And to every blind wanderer opens the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

“The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the holiest have trod.
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed—
That mankind are the children of God!”

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Judge no one by his relations, whatever criticism you pass on his companions. Relations, like features, are thrust upon us. Companions, like clothes, are more or less our own selection.—*Gail Hamilton.*

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

BY V. COOPER MATHIESON.

The Kingdom of Heaven! Where is it? Many imagine it is located in a far-away country beyond the clouds. Jesus distinctly said "The Kingdom of Heaven is *within you*" and "The Kingdom of God has come nigh unto you." If those words were even literally true, then neither of these could be in any one set place, could not be a locality, else how could they be moved from that place and be placed "within" a person, or "come nigh unto" any particular people or city?

The logical reason is that there is no set place or state named "The Kingdom of Heaven"—no special kingdom where any arbitrary rule of even a spiritual nature, operates—no sphere either above or below the planet we live upon, where the God of all the universe sets up His kingdom, and sits upon a Great White Throne with Jesus Christ at His right hand worshiped by legions of white-winged angels. Such a kingdom does not occupy any particular sphere in the universe and is not located in any given place therein. For the Kingdom of Heaven—or harmony—is the Kingdom of God—or good—and God is omnipresent therefore must be universal, and to be in His kingdom it also must be a universal kingdom, which cannot be a locality.

Taking the words of Jesus to mean what they imply, that "the kingdom is within," this kingdom is made by every man for himself. It is in fact a state of mentality and can only be realized spiritually when it becomes a conscious possession of the individual. But it can be enjoyed and realized just as fully upon this earth, *here and now* as in any other part of the universe, since, if God is *everywhere* we are not required to *go* to any particular place to see or know God. That would make the statement of His omnipresence a contradiction. Every human soul can see God for Himself within himself only when and how, he wills to do so, and his particular conception of God—if it be a truly earnest, sincere, and pure

conception—brings him face to face with his God and so into the Kingdom of Heaven.

No man can choose what shall constitute heaven for another, any more than he can choose how and what he shall think. Though another may rule his actions to some extent, each man's thought power is absolutely his own. Even God, Himself, cannot force a soul into any given condition. If, that were so, He surely would not delay the coming of that much-desired Kingdom of Heaven upon earth, and there would be no need of churches and preachers to coax people to seek the kingdom. God would simply speak the word to all at once and command each one to know Him, and every soul would immediately "know the Lord." But this is done through the "Logos," or "Word," and every soul that breathes has that word of the Lord within Himself, hence the power to create his own kingdom. Man's free-will is the gift of God and he must come into a conscious recognition of the Lord of his own soul before he can appropriate the joys of the kingdom. Thus every man makes his Kingdom of Heaven for himself and enters into it just when and how he will for he is Lord of his own being. Even a compulsory happiness would fall short of its purpose; so also would a compulsory spiritual state fail to realize the object aimed at as well as a forced condition of mind or body. None of these conditions would be anything like a kingdom of harmony, or heaven, to the free and unconquerable soul of man.

The great anomaly which exists between the variety of tastes and states of mind in mankind and the idea of one set place or condition of future existence, either for reward or punishment, alone should lead us to think upon the matter and reason it out for ourselves. By so doing we bring ourselves face to face with the great problem of life and our own personal responsibility in regard to every thought, word, and action during our life here upon earth. We would see that while we are living to ourselves and looking for a pleasant abode in a far country, the very place we are looking for is at hand, to be realized as the dominion, power and glory promised from the beginning. It may be put into operation and practiced

by us as souls here and now, and so we enter into our Kingdom of Heaven which is indeed very "nigh unto us."

Since heaven is a state of mentality and each man makes his heaven for himself, it is only reasonable to conclude that each makes his own so-called "hell." Yet as tastes differ and natures vary so widely in the human race, what might be one man's hell could easily be another's heaven. What else would account for the reign of so-called "evil" in the world to-day if this were not so? Can we imagine that any soul would deliberately continue in evil or wrong practices if such gave it no pleasure? There must be some delight, some gratification of the sensual desires that will induce that soul to adhere to those actions which may appear so awful to others, because they have no taste for them! But are we not justified in thinking that every such soul is living for the nonce in the Kingdom of Heaven of its own creation, and that it must be all the heaven it desires or it would seek a higher and better one? It must be all the kingdom it is fitted for, or it would get out of it immediately. Any better kingdom would not be appreciated by that soul until it has been purged of the dross or earthly desires that rule it, and the very experiences it is passing through are its most effectual purging. It must be satiated with its present "kingdom" ere it can know the yearning for one better, and if snatched out of it by force it will go back eventually, "like the sow that is washed, to its wallowing in the mire."

When the plant is no longer content to lie in the seed below the earth it forces its way up through all obstacles above the ground into the air and the sunlight. So with the soul, no impediments or environment will stop its onward move. The same force—the great life-force of the universe—God—is operating in that soul as in the plant, only in a more accentuated degree, for it is conscious force in which the soul is a co-worker, while in the case of the plant it is blind force operating through nature; it is all God in different degrees of expression.

Now seeing that these various expressions of the numerous natures of God—or universal life—are necessary to express

God, we must admit that all are good; it is only the mode of expression that is imperfect. Yet even that is also good, since it teaches by the only instructor through which the soul will learn, experience, which is the better way. Thus the eyes of the ignorant soul, learning its lessons in the great school of life, are opened to the truth that there is for it and all souls, when they are ready, a higher state, a better kingdom, and that kingdom is always the Kingdom of Heaven to that soul until it reaches it, for it is a state of harmony and happiness not yet attained or experienced by that soul, therefore desirable, and to it, good.

But, when one heaven is reached by growing mentally, morally and spiritually, the soul finds that a greater one is still beyond, still "above." The soul has been reaching out for that "heaven above" ever since it set out on the first stage of its long journey through the cosmic life of the universe when it first sprang from the fire essence of which worlds were formed; up through aeons and aeons of time it has soared above and still above its lower conditions or states of existence in whatsoever form held it. Yet, it was desire, *desire*, DESIRE that forced it onward, drew it upward, and still it is desire that is impelling it to reach out for the higher and yet higher, which is ever and always will be, *above it*. It is the unattainable and yet the attainable; inasmuch as the soul reaches what it has not yet experienced and that brings it to a point attained, which again opens a vista of grander beauty, a more desirable country than the one already reached, one that reveals a more brilliant light, the light of a greater truth.

Then like a mountain climber, the soul is impelled to press on from peak to peak, to heights yet unscaled, till it is enveloped in the mists and so lost to sight of those below, and supposed to have gone into another country, which is called "Heaven." These mists of glory veil the highest visible peaks of light and truth yet there never is a "highest" peak to these mountains of achievement for the soul of man. On the topmost peak, wherever it may be found (if ever), in ages and ages yet to dawn in this hoary old universe, that long-sought kingdom of God will still be sought by the ever-climbing

soul. Away on those dizzy heights of unconceived splendor and omnipotent power and glory, the soul of man will still be pressing onward, forging upward, ever striving to attain the highest and yet ever and always taking that highest with him, carrying the wondrous glory he beholds unfold before his dazzled eyes, deep in the recesses of his own soul. And every revelation afforded by his climbing, every obstacle overcome in his path of ascent, every dizzy height scaled, but enables the soul to plant the standard "excelsior" he has carried with him, upon each peak he reaches, to mark the progress of the sons of man, on their upward march back to the home from whence they came, to the place where they belong, their own country, the "Kingdom of their Father—God."

On they press, still onward, through the ages, while still above them a great multitude are climbing, ever climbing, and behind them millions and millions more still follow. Every height scaled is a new and grander vista of glory revealed, but none of these are the everlasting kingdom they seek, for they see still a grander and greater beyond, and must press onward to reach this goal of the soul, and their very determination causes others to emulate them. They are a glorious company; homeward bound sons of God. Till behold! at a certain point in the ascent a wondrous light bursts full upon them and they are dazzled by its brilliancy; but when they become able to look upon it they behold a mighty army, countless as the sands of the seashore, and the light which the climbers behold is the glory that beams from the faces of that company above them—a light that never shone on sea or land or ever before was seen on the face of man. It is the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world—the light of the soul, and that is the light of God. It shines from *within* and reveals to the eyes of the onlookers below, struggling now to reach that peak on which that great company stands, that they behold the gates of the true Kingdom of Heaven where God alone dwells and that it was hidden within the centre of their own being, in the Holy of Holies of their own souls.

Those in whom this light shines sing without ceasing:

"Verily we are in the kingdom, and are very sons of God,

we have had our Father with us all the time and His kingdom is not in a distant country or afar off, but here now and forever, an everlasting kingdom of power and dominion. We have brought the Kingdom of Heaven with us, and God in His kingdom seated upon His Great White Throne with his son, Jesus Christ at His right hand, who is our divine self, and all the legions of angels of holy thoughts are made visible to our opened eyes, and have been with us all the long journey which we have come, not separated but verily a blessed trinity in one. Let us proclaim this glad news to our many brethren."

Their glad paeon of rejoicing rings down the ages and far-away climbers hear the sweet notes and they are cheered in their weary ascent, while their eager feet press on, anxious to join the glad singers and learn the burden of their song. They long to join in that joyous measure that floats through the aisles of time, till it is echoed upon the plains of earth where the dwellers there hear it and imagine it is the angels' song wafted to them from a far-away heaven.

But the great company who voice these glad strains still press onward themselves; ever upward, no stop, no stay even though they come to the point where the gates of glory shine upon their wondering vision with such dazzling splendor. Yet at this point always millions more take their place and in turn echo down the ages the glad news that they themselves have heard. That song is ever new to the ones that hear it. Some turn and with tender compassion for those struggling up the steep ascent, delay their own entrance into the gates of the city, while they help the weary climbers, or their many brethren on the plains of earth below. But still the climbers press on, and the great cycles of life reveal millions more to follow, till each one will come to the point where, in his turn, he will compose one of that great company which no man can number, who sing forever at that elevation of the soul's progress, "glory, glory, glory to God in the Highest manifestation! Verily we are the sons of God and the kingdom of our Father is with us all the journey through, and will be with us without end."

Yes, beloved, we all in turn shall come to the stage of un-

foldment when we shall echo this glad cry down the ages and generation after generation shall hear it and pass it on till every soul shall know the Lord and shall have found His kingdom of Heaven within him.

Some may cry it forth from other spheres or starry worlds beyond our range of vision, but all will hear it; others may resound it with mortal voice to the ears of the dwellers upon this earth and while they, too, are inhabitants of this planet; but all are at the one point of development mentally, morally and spiritually when the strains of the joyous song, born of the wondrous revelation, burst from their lips and ring through the universe of God; and this stage of soul-growth is named "The Christ," who alone can know God as His Father, and show him forth to His many brethren. This song, then, is the music of the spheres, or the "angels' song" which always announces the birth of the sons of God; and it is only by "shepherds" or eager, watchful souls that this song is heard, souls that have climbed to the elevation that enables them to catch the notes of that wondrous music and hear the burden of that song of rejoicing and know what its heavenly message means to men. To others it has no meaning, no melody, is only a jumble of sounds, while others again are deaf to its music altogether.

To these the kingdom is far away, and they have not yet set out to seek it although they have heard of that country and it is a place they would like to see, since while still folded in the crust of materiality faint murmurs have reached their dulled ears at times, and they have even felt within themselves strange longings to behold this:

"Sweet and blessed country, the home of God's elect,
This sweet and blessed country that eager hearts expect."

So they tell themselves that when they have attended to all their worldly affairs and put their earthly house in order, they will set out to try and find that country of which they had heard; so they put it off for an indefinite period until at length they come to the edge of the river of death, or dissolution of the physical, and then think they will be at last privileged to see this much-vaunted Kingdom of Heaven.

Oh! deluded souls, know ye not that you have not even taken the first step to reach it, how then can you be transported into its very portals? That Kingdom of Heaven is *within* your own soul and if you lay down a hundred bodies you will be no nearer to its gates than when you first set out through the portals of death, unless you come to a consciousness within yourself that you really desire to reach that city of peace, which is found alone in the soul's inner consciousness of its own divinity, never mind at what stage of its life journey through the spheres that revelation may be made to it. That state of soul-consciousness *must* dawn upon every human soul that breathes the life of all life, the breath of God. It is a state of spirituality that man, as the one perfect expression of the infinite, the child of spirit, holds within himself, and there only can it be found. It is not bestowed upon him from any other source, it cannot be added to him at any particular time or place, it is *enfolded* within his being and must be *unfolded* to be enjoyed and made visible to himself and others through him. Had this been otherwise long ago, on the weary life journey which the soul of man has traversed to reach this stage of consciousness he would have found and entered into what to him would have then been heaven, and if it were indeed a place, he would surely have been content therewith and remained there eternally. That would necessarily have meant stagnation for the soul, and a cessation of progress and unfoldment of the hidden powers of the race we now know as mankind, through which alone the soul can operate and achieve the highest.

This brings us to the unveiling of the mystery of the ages, the secret of Jesus, that God the one creator of heaven and earth, the absolute, eternal and unchangeable principle of all life, finds the highest expression of Himself in the soul of man. He is called by Jesus Christ, "The Father" or "Our Father which art in Heaven" (the spiritual consciousness of our own divinity). That same God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is dwelling here among us now, is in us now, around us now—is in His kingdom now, and that kingdom is the life and love and wisdom of every soul, and the coming into it is but

recognizing His indwelling life and the "At-one-ment" is becoming able to do His will. God, the Father of all souls, can be expressed only through man. He can be manifested only through the soul of man, consequently God in man, or God in us all (the all in all) is God Himself; the Father incarnate in the son, and the son is man perfect. The human recognizing and so revealing within himself, the divine, shows forth the Christ. Thus each one coming to that condition of soul consciousness can say in very truth as Jesus did, "I and my Father are one; he who hath seen me hath seen the Father also, and from henceforth, ye know Him and have seen Him."

Then being His son, or perfect likeness of Himself, what am I, if the son of God? Why, verily a god? "Said I not, ye are gods?" Yea, very gods are all the sons of man. Gods in embryo, masquerading gods, but wearing a veil of flesh, and when that fleshly veil or temple is rent in twain (or crucified, by sacrifice of the human for the divine) then the Christ of God is revealed in us and we know that whether here or in worlds yet unseen by mortal eyes—it matters not—we are in the Kingdom of Heaven, the kingdom of our Father. For God liveth consciously, only in the Highest, whether it be in the soul of the universe the centre of all life, or the soul of man the centre of all love. All is God; therefore there is no spot, place, land, country or locality where He who is omnipresent, omnipotent and omniscient, can have His separate abode. As absolute, formless, infinite mind He must fill all space. Man alone can express God perfectly; man alone as the Christ—the spiritual manhood of the race—can manifest Him on this planet or in spheres of glory yet to be revealed to the soul of man—the child of spirit incarnate.

Then this Kingdom of Heaven is here now, and is yet to come; since it is God Himself in continuous manifestation through man; and this means for man, glory upon glory, from height to heights beyond our conception for time and eternity.

"No beauty in the fairest face, no sound of all most musical
But borrows out of Heaven its grace,
Morning and evening hold them all."

CHILDREN OF THE KINGDOM.

BY MARY KERSEY DRULEY.

The Kingdom of God is that condition wherein righteousness and truth prevail. It is an ideal spiritual kingdom, and has always been potential in the individual, in society and in nations. The prophetic instinct in man has led him to look for a time and place of its coming; he has generally believed it dependent upon locality, and placed the time of its appearing in a future life.

The theocracy of the Hebrews gives a hint of the awakening consciousness of the race to the truth, and their prophets spoke of a coming "day of the Lord" when good should triumph over evil, and righteousness and peace prevail. Their poets sang of the glory and majesty of God's kingdom—"Thy Kingdom is an everlasting Kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." But it remained for Jesus the Christ—the first-born son of God—to declare its presence, define its methods, reveal the character of its King, and exemplify the conduct of its subjects.

At the beginning of His public life, Jesus announced the Kingdom of God as "at hand," and He still talked about it during His trial before Pilate; evidently it was a pre-eminent thought with Him—the key-note of His gospel.

The Kingdom of God—that spiritual and social order whose redemptive influences are to work the transformation of the world—was "at hand" when Jesus entered upon His work, because He was manifesting the spirit which governs that kingdom. "I do always the things that are pleasing unto the Father" He said; and when He sent forth the twelve into active service, He directed them also to say: "The Kingdom of God is at hand" or "is come nigh unto you;" for they had reached a stage in spiritual consciousness, where, in a measure, they recognized its presence and were manifesting the characteristics of the kingdom. And it is always true that whenever

and wherever the spirit of the Christ is manifested, the Kingdom of God, or Heaven, is "at hand."

To correct the impression that the Kingdom of God was a political scheme, and dependent upon locality, time or material powers, Jesus said: "When they say unto you, lo, here, or lo, there, go not after them, for behold the Kingdom of Heaven is within you," thus declaring it to be an inherent quality of their being. Nowhere has Jesus' teaching a more positive ring. Realizing and revealing the kingdom in His own life, He taught His followers to look within themselves for like possibilities. He was able to penetrate beneath the weak and vacillating Peter, the doubting Thomas, and see the germ of the kingdom which only waited their recognition, faith, and coöperation in order to unfold into beauty and power.

"There is an inmost center in us all where truth abides in fulness." And the numbers are increasing of men and women whose purity and sincerity of heart enable them to discern its presence, and who understand that the faith necessary to entrance into God's kingdom includes confidence in their own possibilities, as well as reliance upon God. Like Paul, they "live by the faith of the Son of God."

The qualities approved by Jesus as pertaining to the children of the kingdom are childlikeness, teachableness, meekness, purity, desire for righteousness, sincerity and faith. Those most severely condemned as barriers to its entrance are pride, hypocrisy, greed, self-righteousness, and a wavering mind; worldly possessions give no advantage, character being the essential element. The quality of character most frequently emphasized is childlikeness, without which He declared it impossible to enter the kingdom.

To Nicodemus, the learned doctor of the law, who came to Jesus by night—the midnight of spiritual ignorance—we may imagine Him saying: "You must be born anew—born from above—before you can comprehend the nature of the kingdom in which I dwell; your faith is in things material, while I know that the spiritual is the only reality. You fear the lash of the law and conform to its letter; I am one with love which, in itself, fulfills all law. You must be converted; must change

your mental attitude and believe in and trust the spirit of truth which has moved you to come unto Me, seeking the way of life. Empty yourself of preconceived opinions and learn as a little child the alphabet of God's kingdom." No doubt Nicodemus was both surprised and humiliated to find that much of the accumulated knowledge of years of patient study was of no avail, but on the contrary a hindrance to him. Yet, this is the lesson all worldly-wise and self-righteous men and women have to learn; it is the preparatory course in the school of Christ, and while it may be stated in a few words, it sometimes requires years to master it.

On more than one occasion we are told how Jesus rebuked His disciples for their worldly ambitions; and when they asked Him who should be greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven, He placed a little child in their midst, saying: "Believe me, unless you change and become like little children you can have no part in the kingdom." And as He was going on His last journey to Jerusalem, James and his brother John, with their mother, began to plead with Him for a promise to give them places of honor in the kingdom they believed He was about to establish. He told them they did not know what they were asking—that it was not for Him to bestow honors—that the highest honors of His kingdom could come only to those who entered it as He had done—through humiliation; it was not a gift but an achievement. After nearly three years' instruction, and almost daily intercourse with the Great Teacher, they had not learned this lesson; they had yet to receive the baptism of sorrow and a deeper repentance before they could understand that true greatness in the kingdom means service; that they only can rule who know how to, and are willing to, serve.

While the Kingdom of God is primarily a moral condition inherent within, it requires a field for action and expression, and our field is the world. The universe is in reality the Kingdom of God, for the Creator's laws are the fundamental principles upon which it exists. These laws may be unknown or disregarded, but they cannot be annulled. Man may fail to recognize, or refuse to obey them, but he cannot violate them with impunity. Intelligent study, and the coöperation

with known laws are bringing man to recognize one supreme law throughout the universe—"from nature up to nature's God"—the law of love. This law has many avenues leading through the different phases of life's activities, but all have their beginnings and endings in the great heart of God and work together for good. With Browning, men see and,

"Report as a man may of God's work—all's love, yet all's law."

God meant man for action. It is the dignity of life that man has a part in the unfolding and perfecting of God's plans. The universe is perfect, not in that it is completed, but because it affords man the necessary means for the exercise and development of his faculties. Power was hidden in the lightning's flash; gold and silver in the hills and mountains; and pearls below the ocean's waves. The soil waited the ingenuity and industry of man before revealing its wonderful powers of production, and necessity urged man's inventive faculties to construct machinery for the cultivation and manufacture of its products. Thus man's physical and mental faculties have been called into play, but his spiritual nature remains as yet an undeveloped, if not an undiscovered, country. And this is the meaning of life: it is an opportunity for moral activity; its experiences serve as "punching-bags" and "dumb-bells" for the exercise and development of man's divine possibilities.

"O Lord we most of all give thanks
That this Thy world is incomplete;
That battle calls our marshaled ranks,
That work awaits our hands and feet.
That Thou has not yet finished man,
That we are in the making still;
As friends who share the Master's plans,
As sons who know the Father's will."

When we truly appreciate the privilege of sharing the Master's plans and knowing the Father's will, we shall no longer fret and worry because of our own incompleteness, or our neighbor's ignorance or perversity. Our one prayer will be "Thy Kingdom come and Thy will be done," and as we pray we will work for the fulfilment of our prayer, and our reward will be an abundant entrance into the Kingdom of God here and now,

and from henceforth we may live as children of the kingdom; for the King is our Father, and all that He hath He freely giveth unto us. But as yet we are incomplete—"our lives are in the making still"—we do not know just how, or we are too timid, to appropriate all that the Father hath prepared for us; but, being in right relations, the plans and purposes of God will continue to work out in our lives, and with hearts growing purer, and visions ever broadening, we shall be able to look

"Beyond the present sin and shame,
Wrong's bitter, cruel, scorching blight"
And "See the end at which we aim—
The blessed kingdom of the right.
What though its coming long delay!
With haughty foes it still must cope!
It gives us that for which to pray;
A field for toil, and faith and hope."

I cannot imagine a more undesirable condition than would prevail in a finished world, where there was nothing to do—no responsibility—nothing for which to toil and hope and pray. But the very things which constitute our greatest blessings are susceptible of being misunderstood or perverted; hence the importance of getting a right view of life and becoming alive to its blessings, and of learning to distinguish between realities and counterfeit appearances. Nothing exists *for us* until we become conscious of its existence. One may save himself untold annoyances by remembering that this is true of the jarring discords, as well as of life's sweetest harmonies. We may educate ourselves to see only the beautiful and desirable in all things and conditions—to believe in and anticipate the good, refusing to see or to allow anything that appears otherwise to make any lasting impression upon us. Faith may be trained to reach out "beyond the present sin and shame" and "scorching blight," and "see the end at which we aim, the blessed kingdom of the right."

Our beliefs concerning the things of which we become conscious depend largely upon our point of view, and our understanding of the laws governing the object. To illustrate: A tourist car is approaching the Rockies—the occupants are anxiously looking to catch the first view of old Pike's Peak.

Some one discovers a cloud-like bank near the horizon and believes it to be the mountain range, but others think it is only a cloud. So the company, while looking at the same object, is divided in opinion, and one of the train men whose knowledge of the country is unquestioned, being appealed to, replies: "O no, that is only a bank of clouds." A few miles further on, the train swings around a bend in the road, changing the viewpoint, and the clouds disappear. And in much the same way we often mistake clouds for mountain peaks, shadow for substance, and passing conditions for real entities. Jesus said: "Judge not according to appearances, but judge righteous judgment." But we can do this only by viewing parts in the light of the whole, and by clinging to the faith that sees the end at which all things are tending—"the blessed kingdom of the right."

The thorough conviction that the King means good to his subjects, and has power and wisdom to rule to their advantage is necessary to a perfect reliance upon him and his methods. It was part of the mission of Jesus to reveal to the world the character of God—His Father and King. He said: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father;" and all must admit that Jesus was the incarnation of love, wisdom and power. We should dwell in thought upon the character of God as revealed in Jesus until we feel sure of His goodness and can trust Him implicitly, knowing that whatever comes to us, is drawn by the necessity of the case, and offers just the discipline or exercise we need. If the day brings joy and gladness, let us rejoice! if pain, let us endure patiently! if quiet, let us rest and gather strength for the day of strenuous activity; and when such a day comes let us work with a will, in the full assurance that in all things it is our privilege to coöperate with our Father to the perfecting of His plans for us, and for the establishment of His kingdom in our midst.

Of all God's creation it is only to man that He gives freedom of will—the power of choosing or refusing to coöperate with Him. Divine love is ever appealing to the good in man, and drawing him heavenward; but man has the power to close his ears to the "still small voice" and to refuse to be guided by the

"Light that lighteth every man." And his choice determines his condition now and ever more. We do not always like to admit this, but it is nevertheless true that man's destiny is in his own hands.

"Since what we choose is what we are,
And what we love we yet shall be;
The goal may ever shine afar;
The will to win it makes us free."

God does not by an arbitrary act give man whatever he loves, or make him what he chooses to become. The result of every act, whether moral, mental or physical, is fixed by divine edict. The effect of every cause is pre-determined by God, and man cannot escape it; but he is not left powerless; he may choose the character of every force that operates in His life. What we love and what we choose determine our polarity, and we take on character from that to which we attach ourselves. If we love the good, the beautiful and the true, and choose them under all circumstances, we shall grow into the likeness of our choices, gradually building into our characters those qualities which make for righteousness, beauty and truth. If, on the contrary, we waiver in our choices, or deliberately refuse the good, and prefer the evil, the distorted and the false, we shall develop characters correspondingly weak and sinful.

It is the *will to win* his chosen good that frees the man, not the winning. "The goal may ever shine afar." It must, of necessity, advance; as we approach one ideal another and a higher takes its place. "Man's reach should exceed his grasp —else what's a Heaven for?"

It is cause for thankfulness rather than discouragement, when we can not quite measure up to our ideals; but, choosing the highest—loving the true—willing to win—this it is that develops a Christ-like character.

We have said a good deal about the "children of the kingdom" as individuals; let us consider briefly the methods of the kingdom and its relation to society. Jesus likened the Kingdom of Heaven to "leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal until it was all leavened." "Until it

was all leavened" is a beautiful prophecy of the permeation of society with good from contact with individuals whose lives are charged with the spirit of the kingdom; the good seed, which is the "word" of God—the Christ spirit—having been sown and rooted, produces a harvest in their own hearts, and they in turn become sowers. The "word" which they are to sow means more than the repetition of a text, or the reiteration of a wise proverb. A "word" is the expression of a thought or idea. Christ was the "word" of God, because He expressed the idea of God. There are different ways of expressing an idea; we may express it by our words, our deeds, or by our lives. In this way the seed of the kingdom is to be sown; a word of truth spoken in due season—an act born of self-sacrifice and love—a beautiful life of service, are "words" which fall into the hearts of those with whom we come in contact, and according to the degree of their receptivity, will the good seed take root, grow and reproduce itself in their lives. And they in turn, will influence others for good, and so the Kingdom of God will finally triumph by the transformation of character, in man, in society, and in nations.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

"A little Boy of Heavenly birth,
But far from home to-day,
Came down to find his ball, the earth,
That sin had cast away.
O comrades, let us one and all
Join in, and bring him back his ball!"

"I have no designs on society, or nature or God. I am simply what I am. Don't try to convince men, they will believe what they see; let them see. Do what you love. Know your own bone, gnaw at it, bury it, unearth it, and gnaw at it still."—*Thoreau*.

"Truth is God manifested in the soul."

COSMOS.

BY JOHN HENRY BROWN.

Lo! the spirit-self is born,
And the old world fades and dies!
Change past pain of all regret!
And the new-born infant's cries
And the earth-self's agonies
Pay illusive Nature's debt—
Nature ended and outworn.

Lo! the earth-self's life is flown,
And the spirit flings its span.
Lo! life's Lord and life are one,
Vibrant being, form and plan,
Son of God and soul of man—
All Time's travail fierce is done
As the spirit finds its own.

Lord of Spirit! Soul of soul!
Life of life and light of light!
Airy, fairy forms of earth,
Sages', seers', and vision bright,
Starry splendors, ocean's might—
All Thought's mystic, magic birth,
Lost in radiance of the whole.

Lost and found! in thee the All!
Thou the Spirit! thou the One!
Thou the Light and Life and Love,
Picture, poem, star and sun,
Truth that frees and glory won—
God-bright—Nature's power above—
All in One and One in All!

A MESSAGE FROM THE EAST.

BY MARCIA DAVIES.

Scarcely more than a generation ago, little or nothing was known by English-speaking people, of the great faith of Asia, as exemplified by the teachings of Guatama Buddha, and which it is claimed, at the present time, exercises its sway over more than a third of the human race.

With the appearance of Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia," a tremendous interest was aroused in the theological speculations of the east. Weary of the scientific discussions of the time, and the depressing much-talked-about doctrine of positive philosophy, so prevalent at that period, the miscellaneous reading public turned, not only with interest, but with real relief, to the hitherto inaccessible religion of the Orient.

Following the lead of a book which outlined a spiritual belief, allied to rational methods of thought, came a new literature into our civilization, whose avowed object was to define and set forth to western readers, the philosophical system based on the religions of the east. Magazines and journals, founded for the purpose of propagating the principles of the "new" philosophy, were published in the great cities of the world. Societies were formed which included all classes and conditions of men.

In direct opposition to the enthusiasm excited by this phase of thought and the interest shown in the examination of the literary antiquities of an ancient civilization and the widespread interest in the comparative study of word religions, the most violent antagonism has been aroused. With that dislike for anything "new" as opposed to existing conditions of thought, which is so singular a characteristic of human nature, the most hostile attitude has been shown towards the encroachments of a totally opposite system of philosophy, while those practices which are maintained to be irrefutable facts in these different systems of ethics, have been ridiculed as false, and positively denied.

Yet notwithstanding ridicule and denial, this philosophical interpretation regarding the facts of religious thinking has passed through those two stages said to be a feature of all movements which presage a change of thought, and has now reached the third stage, that of consideration. The literature of the system and the psychological societies, which have had such a revolutionary effect upon modern thought, and which are the outcome of this class of thinking, plainly prove the fact.

The great revolution in religious thinking, incidental to the investigations of science, is too well-known to be considered here. Broadly speaking, the thought of our time can be classed into three great divisions. On the one hand we have religion, holding to those principles of faith it believes divine, clinging with a deathless grasp to the "miraculous" element in religion which is supposed to be a part of its structure, insisting that reverence shall be given to ritual and ceremonial, and declaring itself the absolute dictator of the human conscience. Science, on the other hand, positively protests against the spirit as well as the letter of such a system. Pointing to the ruins of past civilizations, and extinct religions, it proclaims the mutability of nations, as of religions, and warring against ignorance, superstition, and fanaticism, holds in contempt those forms and ceremonials, which fallible men insist essential to what is called "religious belief," while it industriously labors to emancipate the human mind from all such useless and illogical sophistries. Between these two extremes of thought, there exists another great class—men in sympathy with the investigations of science who feel that "there is no religion higher than truth," who scorn vain idolatry, and hysterical emotionalism, but who yet possess that reverential attitude of mind that is the acknowledged attribute of all good men. The human mind is naturally reverential to a power above its comprehension. If there were no other gods or idea of God, men would cry again to Baal.

Admitting this reverential attitude of mind, admitting some form of religion to be necessary, and aware of the antagonistic stand of science, as opposed to accepted dogmatic modes of

worship, and conscious of a great company of men and women, whose opinions are, for the most part, shaped by the dictates of science, or influenced by the mandates of religion, we perceive how conflicting must be the religious thought of our time. We see about us creeds abandoned and outworn traditions strangled and beliefs dying hard. We see the whole structure of ecclesiastical and dogmatic Christianity torn with internal agitation. When we consider the various influences that have wrought so great a change in religious opinion, when we see the confusion of theology and behold the chaos which comes from doubt, it is easy to understand the widespread interest in a system of philosophy which declares itself to contain "the fundamental principles of all religions and philosophies" and particularly when it is insisted that this system of thought is not of a superstitious or stultifying character, but founded upon scientific laws, "exact enough to suit the requirements of the materialist, and yet be in sympathy with the most lofty aspirations of the idealist." A quotation from the system we are considering may not be amiss.* "Esoteric Buddhism claims to be a more direct outcome of the universal esoteric doctrine, than any other popular religion, for the effort in its construction has been to make men love goodness for its own sake, and for the effect it has upon their future incarnations, not to keep them in subjection to any priestly system or dogma, by terrifying them with a personal judge, waiting to try them for more than their lives at death. The doctrine stoops to materialism, as it were, to link its methods with the logic of that system, and ascends to the highest realms of idealism, to embrace and expand the most exalted aspirations of the spirit. It cannot be too frequently, or too earnestly repeated, it is the union of science and religion, the bridge by which the most cautious pursuers of experimental knowledge may cross over to the most enthusiastic devotee, by means of which the most enthusiastic devotee may return to earth and yet keep heaven around him." It will be seen from this that the eastern philosophy makes a claim that has never before been made by any other religious system and which is absolutely

* A. P. Sinnet in "Esoteric Buddhism."

incompatible with the tenets of any known philosophy. Declaring itself the exponent of religion and science, it maintains that these two great powers are positively essential to one another in the construction of a religious system of ethics, suitable for the needs and necessities of all men. This policy is, as we know, exactly opposite to the policy that actuates the spirit of theological Christianity. This spirit has ever tried to frustrate the purpose of science, denied its mandates, and been deaf to its irrefutable logic. Science, on the other hand, cannot find ridicule too keen, or wit too powerful to level at the "miraculous beliefs of Christianity." Of course, neither Hume, Gibbon, Paine nor Ingersoll was opposed to the power of good in Christianity, but warred relentlessly at the faults and frailties of theological Christianity. It was the vaunt of Hume, Gibbon and of Paine, that Christianity, *i. e.*, dogmatic, was staggering to its fall, and the boast of Ingersoll and his followers that its downfall was a foregone conclusion.

But these prognostications, however, scarcely need refutation. Apart from statistics, which prove to the contrary, Homes, Asylums, Relief Committees and benevolent associations of all descriptions, meet us at every turn in all of the large cities of our civilizations. No one questions the self-evident fact that Christianity raises these institutions. The achievements of this colossal power are patent at a glance. Judged by what it has accomplished, we face the most enlightened civilization of the world. Historically considered, Christianity has been the great civilizing factor in human progress.

Admitting the reverential attitude of the mind, the necessity of some outward form of worship, and regarding Christianity, if on no other grounds, simply as an enlightening factor in human progress, no course could be more unwise than to defeat the purpose of such a system. Because Christianity has been grossly misrepresented and the Christians have ever been its worst foes—the system itself should not be so contemptuously derided, for notwithstanding its monstrous faults, degrading fanaticisms, violent cruelties, unscrupulous methods, and unflinching audacity, it stands to-day the greatest disseminating factor for good, because its reality is so much

more powerful than the sum of its aggregated faults, because it is founded upon the most complete system ever formulated for the guidance of man—humanity. As there is no religion "higher than truth," and as science declares itself the exponent of this great principle, it is impossible to approach this lofty power without sentiments of the most profound and sincere reverence. The temper of our time is unquestionably scientific. Science is the god of our age, and before it we lie prostrate. Its mode of procedure must, in the very nature of things, be agnostic. Its unequivocal attitude we must both respect and admire. It will not haggle nor will it compromise. Its yea is yea, and its nay, nay. Itself a despot it has the ways of a despot. Without sentiment, it cannot affiliate with sentimental things, and scorning to be the dupe of idealism it pronounces in favor of realism.

We have then in our "Christian" civilization two great powers both acknowledged to be necessary to enhance the comfort and the peace of living, yet these two forces for material and spiritual improvement, apparently stand violently antagonistic to one another. The war between them wages furiously; yet each has grievous wrongs, and each undeniable rights, for truth is many-sided and both armies hold it dear. The leaders on both sides of these diametrically opposed forces, have endeavored again and again to effect some sort of compromise. Numbering among her communion thousands of men who have declared themselves the advocates of science, the church of England has labored earnestly to bring about friendly relations with her great antagonist. This was the dream of Kingsley, the hope of Farrar, and the ideal Dean Stanley ardently desired. It was Kingsley who dreamed of a day "when all theological students should be required to study at least one course of physical science, if only to acquire habits of sound scientific thought." It was Stanley, who, following the researches of Darwin, proclaimed in favor of the hypothesis of evolution, and Farrar, who was unwearying in his efforts to show the historical evidence in favor of Christianity, the necessity of historical criticism, and to set forth the practical value of the life and teachings of Christ.

It is impossible to enumerate the names of those men of science whose patient investigations have done so much to advance the interests of mankind, who, serving God by seeking to unfold the secrets of nature, have been called "ungodly" for this service, and reproached as "agnostics" because they could not agree to the miraculous in religious belief, which they believed to be a transgression of natural law. These great men have never sought to overthrow what was good in religious ethics, but they have labored honestly and conscientiously to undermine those sensational and fanatical beliefs which have too long degraded the noble character of Christianity.

There are few thinking men of our time, that have not stood between the horns of this dilemma. Shall they on the one side ally themselves with that worshiping portion of humanity, who profoundly believe in the so-called "supernatural element in Christianity," or shall they, on the other, take arms with that colder, more intellectual company, whose attitude, however repelling, has for its watchword, truth? The appeal from both sides is powerful. But no man wants his conscience cheated, or his mind enslaved. Which are the ramparts to be protected, and which the cause to be defended—religion or science? We are told there is no neutral ground, and our great thinkers declare there can be no fraternization. It has been maintained for centuries that "reason" has no place in religious thinking, that thought applied to matters of belief is idle, vain and foolish, that we must become as "little children and have unquestioning faith."

With every desire to comply with these conditions, many of us find them impossible. And when we reflect seriously upon this most serious matter, we are conscious that these conditions shock the reason, and offend the understanding. In every department of life we are made aware of the value and utility of knowledge. It is the thought of man that has lifted the race from barbarism. This god-like attribute of reason was surely given for some great purpose. Shall we, then, apply our knowledge to advance material, physical, and moral welfare, and yet not give reasonable thought to those

ethical conditions which govern the immortal spirit? Who shall declare the boundary of human reason, or define the limits of the understanding? What strange fallacy is this which insists that men shall not concern themselves thoughtfully and profoundly with speculations of a future state, nor endeavor to seek to answer the stupendous "wherefore, whence, and why," of the anxious, beseeching human spirit? With every desire to be philosophic and consistent in their mode of thought, nothing could be more unphilosophic or more inconsistent than the idea of a large majority of the men of our day. So great has been the upheaval in ethics concerning all departments of thought that anything like consistent thinking is at this time almost impossible. We can divide the thought of this extraordinary period into two classes or into ten, or more as the case may be, but when we give attention to individuals, we perceive that those who represent the different interests of these different classes of thought, are themselves torn with many confictions. Science can demonstrate its position, and dogmatic religion declare its issue, and both insist that a union of these interests is impossible, and while we may agree to this theoretically, we see the refutation of the fact in the life of every great man who has exerted an influence upon his generation. This vigor of the human heart which animates the conduct of heroes, this generosity of mind which labors for the good of all men, this thing we call "greatness," is fostered, shaped, and made actual by the combined influences of science and religion—the mind and the heart of humanity. Our age is full of men whose conduct plainly shows the truth of this fact.

The prevailing idea then, that in order to be consistent, men must abide by the dictates of religion or of science is utterly fallacious since the conduct of men proves the contrary. Feeling lies deeper in the nature of man than intellect. The necessities of the soul have ever been too lofty and too aspiring to have been satisfied with the platitudes of either science or philosophy. No man who has been moved out of himself by any great emotion can deny the truth of this, no man who has come into contact with the supreme consequences

of life, of love, suffering and death, and been profoundly moved by these consequences, can declare against the tremendous reality of emotional or intuitionial feeling. This positive and absolute factor in the human constitution, which defies philosophy and disarms reason, can stand opinionated against the world and upheld by its own immortal conviction, and such is the character of its courage that the most learned and wise stand abashed before the unparalleled might of its colossal independence.

Of this subtle yet most powerful element in human nature, our men of science say little. Of material and physical condition we hear much, but such is the prejudice against psychological speculations, that both from the side of the positive thinker, and from the theological standpoint, the most bitter opposition exists in regard to such investigations.

It is here that the psychological system of the east, claiming to be the exponent of science and religion, makes its powerful appeal to that class of thinkers in our civilization, in sympathy with the investigation of science, who scorn vain idolatry and hysterical emotionalism, but who yet possess that reverential attitude of mind which is an acknowledged attribute of all good men. Torn with the unrest and upheaval of the age, robbed of the miraculous faith of childhood, they long for some large vantage ground where talk of reconciliation between these necessary factors in our civilization is possible.

But alas, we have in our gross western civilization "no bridge by which the most acute and cautious pursuers of experimental knowledge may cross over to the most enthusiastic devotee, by means of which the most enthusiastic devotee may return to earth and yet keep heaven around him." We are told that the foundations of this "bridge" rest upon a knowledge of the primal laws of nature (of which "our western science knows nothing") and that neither miraculous nor superstitious elements enter into its construction. As we know comparatively nothing of these unknown occult forces, in nature, and as our scientific temper teaches us to believe every statement false until it is proved to be true, and every condition of mind abnormal and unsound, except the scientific,

we, of course, declare this statement false, and deny the fact of powers which cannot be demonstrated to be true according to our recognized formula. It cannot be denied that if religion has great faults science also has great prejudices.

It is contended, however, "that since we have attained, in the last half century, the theory of evolution, the antiquity of man, the far greater antiquity of the world itself, the correlation of physical forces—the conservation of energy, spectrum analysis, photography, the locomotive engine, electric telegraph, the spectroscope, electric light, telephone, the X-Ray, wireless telegraphy, radium, and those still more astonishing wonders which have developed from these sources, who shall dare to set a limit to the mind or the capacity of man?"

The mode of thinking which has brought these inventions into being and which has demonstrated their practical utility, is too rigid, too concise, too agnostic in short, to seriously consider psychological speculations, or to be in sympathy with claims which appear as impossible as they seem unscientific. This class of mentality is entitled to the very highest respect. It is a phase of mentality the century has developed, and it is largely having "dominion over the earth to-day." It is plain from what has transpired that man is just beginning to control powers and forces upon a material plane, the character and component parts of which he cannot himself describe, yet which he can depend upon, and draw from at any time. We are continually coming upon this unknown element, this unseen power. It is behind everything, yet because it cannot be demonstrated it is too often denied. While, then, we concede that the agnostic mode of thinking has been perhaps the most useful force in developing the conditions of the civilization of the past fifty years, we perceive that this class of thought also has its limitations. To agree to its usefulness is one thing, but to declare its dictates infallible about things which it cannot prove, is quite another. The opposition of this mode of thinking to psychological speculations does not prove the claims we are considering to be false. It rather leads us to reflect upon the statement that "man in our civilization has as yet two undeveloped powers." Considered as an hypothesis

(to be quite safe) there is nothing unreasonable in this. The logic of evolution teaches the same. If we believe in the physical development of the individual, through the ages, it would appear that additional faculties, mental and spiritual, would follow as a natural sequence.

It is agreed that certain faculties of the mind can be developed by education and that some can even be acquired. Applied in any practical way these acquired faculties are considered excellent, but any sort of psychological development of faculty is not only regarded with suspicion, but is pronounced abnormal and unsound. Yet it is admitted that the contortionist can accomplish the most extraordinary anatomical feats. His singular condition of suppleness is declared "abnormal," but no one presumes to call into question the sanity of his mind. It is said that genius is an abnormal development of faculty in one particular direction. The so-called abnormal development of the larynx gives the world its great singers, the so-called abnormal development of the perception of color and form gives us our great painters and sculptors. What strange prejudice then is this which considers any unusual development of physical condition, and of mental faculty, worthy of scientific attention but scorns any precocity, so to speak, on the psychical or spiritual plane? Why should the one that relates to the physical plane be considered excellent, while the one that relates to the spiritual be considered the reverse? Is not our attitude both illogical and inconsistent when we say that life has been made valuable, interesting, and beautiful by the exercise of the "abnormal" powers of man, and deny the corresponding worth and value of abnormal spiritual powers?

If we agree that feeling is stronger than intellect, and that matter is indestructible, should we not be more conscious of the value of the thought that dominates matter, thus be more assured of its reality, and more anxious to obtain some knowledge of those laws which are said to govern its condition? It is true the conditions which govern each are absolutely different, but who can say without proof that one is not as actual and as vital as the other?

It has been well said that "the pursuit of truth partakes of the character of religion, and the mind that is imbued with the religion of science never for a moment places human authority, however great, in the place of truth, which by no violent figure of speech he may be said to adore." "In the study of nature there is one caution to be observed, and that is, that absolute truth is not to be expected. Nature is willing to teach us, but she treats us like the children we are, using the symbols best suited to the range of our comprehension, but not laying bare her ultimate secrets." "A large part of the scientific temper consists in recognizing this. He who imagines that because he has found a generalization under which a certain group of facts can be advantageously presented and explained, he has struck the rock bed of eternal truth, is a scholar rather pert than solid, and nature will probably rebuke him some day." "Newton well knew in his generalizations that he had merely succeeded in measuring a force, the real nature of which it was wholly beyond him to explain; and the greatest scientific intellects of the present age, are those who most deeply feel and most fully acknowledge, the merely professional character of the most important scientific hypothesis." We may know the man therefore whose habits of mind are scientific, by his abiding faith in the teachings of nature, by his conviction that the uniformity we see in the occurrence of phenomenon, are but hints of the universal constancy of natural law, by his recognition of the inaccessibility of absolute truth, and his willingness to make the best of provisional theories and symbols—his freedom from pedantry, and his reverence for human nature. When we have considered the spirit of this broad sentiment, we are conscious that this is not the spirit which actuates the mind of the "average seeker after truth." To be willing to learn from symbols is not the recognized policy of our exact thinkers. In glancing over the familiar features of our civilization we see that in a time of great liberality of thought, the most bitter antagonism still prevails against any distinctly new class of thinking. But from what has been said it would seem that the existing conditions of unrest and antagonism are referable to the incompleteness

of our knowledge of natural law. While western science relatively denies "the miraculous," our Christian religion declares tenaciously for the same. Yet we see that the principles which constitute the vitalities of each of these powers are to be found necessary factors in the development of every great man. The eastern system of physiological thought, on the other hand, positively denies the miraculous in its system of ethics, yet as firmly declares that a knowledge of natural law, will show that powers can be exerted over nature no less remarkable than those recorded in the Christian Bible, and claim that "by combining science with religion the existence of God and the immortality of man's spirit may be demonstrated like a problem in Euclid."

To try to *prove* the actuality of religion has ever been considered by our theologians as the most presumptuous and blasphemous act. Our God, our faith, our ethics of belief, must be approached with reverence and with mystery. Here reason is audacious, and intellectual inquiry a sin. As a natural reaction from this we have the degrading belief in materialism; we have had the very life blood taken from Christianity. As we are without a practical knowledge of the laws which are said to govern "occult phenomena," we cannot refute these astonishing claims. We do not understand them and so we declare them false. Yet these wonders are for understanding if we desire them, and the condition required of us in obtaining this class of knowledge is *exactly* in accord with the sentiment which our science has outlined as "the scientific temper."

The question is, are these laws absolute and positive, or visionary and chimerical? Is the literature which is penetrating into all departments of our civilization, with its lofty talk of "truth and justice," a hypocrite and a sham or a powerful ally of our religious and scientific classifications of thought? Clearly it must be one or the other. It is plain that if the statements of the psychological societies can be substantiated that both of these departments of thought will be greatly revolutionized. Religion will take on an intellectuality it has

never had before, while science will admit the fact of a spirituality it could not prove.

It has been urged from our "gross western standpoint," that it is not reasonable to expect information of any value, from the tenets of a "heathen" faith, which practically has made no impression upon the civilization of the land in which it was fostered. But if we apply this rule to Christianity the system must at once be declared a failure. No one pretends that Nazareth is a Christian community, or that a Christian civilization exists to-day in the land of Judea.

The country through which the Nazarene walked is not the country, as we know, that has assimilated the religion of the cross. Such argument as this is as idle as it is futile. It is not possible for any man to say where or how he will receive into his life the influences or factors which will shape it for good.

It is obviously unjust to say that from the eastern countries shall come no message of value to our civilization. That men who have given their lives for the attainment of a certain class of knowledge—the meaning of which is almost unintelligible to us—have no scientific data to impart, is by no means assured and particularly when it is maintained that the material prosperity of the land has not been the ambition of these men, nor has it been for worldly honors and renown, that they have lived secluded and apart.

It is in fact entirely unreasonable to think that men in any country would be willing to resign all things that make life desirable for the contemplation of blank abstractions, "or that such could be induced to believe that 'nothingness,' was the crown of being."

The well-known indifference shown by scholarly men for the acquisition of great wealth, as compared with the untiring zeal displayed by them for the acquisition of knowledge, is in itself a proof of the reality of these claims. Agassiz found his time much too valuable to waste it in making money.

Shall we insist that this disinterested spirit does not exist outside of our civilization? It takes nothing from Christianity to lift a eulogy to Plato. Knowledge is as unsectarian as truth is universal!

The psychological system of the east claims respect because it has in it an element of universal hope, an immortality of boundless love, and an indestructible belief in final good.

If self-renunciation is one of its great laws, and the enlightenment of the world its avowed object, we can at least respect the ethics of a system, which so far as its outline sets forth, has the same universal object at heart as that which actuates Christianity.

Broadly speaking, the religion of Christ and that of Buddha bear a striking resemblance. Theologically, they are as wide apart as the poles. Both are founded upon great and undying principles. Self-sacrifice animates one, and self-renunciation the other. Both have an example that lived an earthly life. Both declared the immortality of the soul, and an omnipotent God. Both systems have been degraded by fanaticism, and torn with heresy and schism. The theological differences are too vast to be enumerated. The avowed object of the eastern system is nothing less ambitious than the revolution of the spiritual thought of the world. It declares war against materialism. It insists "that the religious teaching of the day has lost its hold upon the masses, that the people have been educated by science to ask 'why?' and they will have an answer or reject the church and its teachings." They ask if any of the dogmas of our, the Christian, churches are worth the value of the tenets of Christ's sermon on the mount? They maintain that Buddha "preached against blind faith, and enforced knowledge and reason." Ignorance was to him "the first factor in the misery of life, and stands first in his chain of causation." Finally the system protests against being classed as a proselyting agent. As the exponent of truth it interferes with the faith of none, since it declares itself "to contain the fundamental truth of all religions, Aryan, Egyptian, Aztec, Jew and Christian."

There is nothing in this to which we can reasonably object. The object of the eastern cult, is the ideal fact Christianity has ever had in view, *i. e.*, to Christianize the world. That this has not been accomplished is due to the fallibility of the men who advocated its interests, and not to the system itself.

The power of all doctrines should be estimated by their beneficial effect upon communities, and in applying this test to Christianity we perceive its superior value to all other systems and are conscious of its peculiar adaptability to human needs. Countries flourish where this religion is planted and waste places blossom as the rose. The cross of Christ leads the van of our civilization—this, notwithstanding superstition, ignorance, bigotry, and materialism. We admit that doubt and unrest disturb the minds of men to-day, as bigotry and dogma disturbed them in days before. We agree that much of the religious teaching of our time is absolutely false, and misleading, and totally inadequate to the needs of the people. We acknowledge that our pretentious self-righteous, conventional interpretation of Christianity is a crying injustice to its great founder, yet we maintain that in spite of the depravity and weakness of men, Christianity is to-day the dominating power on the earth, for the civilizations which disseminate its principles are the most humane, and the most powerful on the globe.

The religion of Christ, practically considered, has proved, in spite of its many serious misrepresentations, its practical value in a material world, because of its peculiar adaptability to human needs. Its extraordinary elasticity reconciles the differences of all classes of men. Declaring itself immortal in essence, it has only asked for the faith of its adherents. Failing to inspire this, on account of the unnatural and dogmatic policy of its interpreters, it has protested against science, yet assimilated with that great power, has become wonderfully humanized thereby. Protesting against the theories of Emanuel Swedenborg it has assimilated the idea of progression, and spiritualized its conception of a future state. Protesting that reason and intellect have no part in the religious system founded for the salvation of man's soul, it each day grows more reasonable in speech and more intellectual in thought and method. The Christianity we know to-day is vastly different from the Christianity of earlier days. It has grown with man's growth and strengthened with man's strength. Formerly it was understood by the letter, to-day we are be-

ginning to comprehend something of the largeness of its spirit. The evolution of theology is as remarkable in its way as the complementary theory of physical evolution. But admitting this we are still conscious of the incompleteness of Christianity —we know there is a missing factor.

Notwithstanding its claim of being the exponent of science and religion, the eastern system has failed completely to produce what, in our sense of the word, we call a civilization. What we know of the doctrine of Buddha is both heroic and noble, but it is above the comprehension of the masses. Its intellectuality appeals only to the intellectual. Its spirituality is beyond the scope of the ignorant, and its principles of self-renunciation, can only be comprehended by a superior intelligence. Its sublime teachings could only be assimilated by those of noble aspiration, and yet for ages this cult has been handed down to a carefully selected few, and its interests guarded sacredly. The Hindu's literature is among the oldest in the world. Its traditions have been preserved from time immemorial. For what has this singularly secret, yet exhaustively intellectual and spiritual, process been going on through the centuries? If India possesses such extraordinary facilities for founding a superior civilization, why has no attempt been made toward that end? With such valuable resources at hand why is it left for England to civilize the country by building schools, in order to introduce English methods of thinking? If the "esoteric" system is so well equipped with knowledge, why is the "gross western" hand allowed to put the land in order? These are practical questions but we are forced to abandon them when we are assured that the material prosperity of the country has never been the object of the priests of Buddha. The development of spirituality and of intellectual knowledge among a chosen few has been the avowed object of the guardians of this faith.

Eminently practical in our way of thinking, we of the west cannot understand this. A religion which exerted its influence over so limited a number would, in our consideration, be a useless and impracticable religion.

It is plain, however, that this particular class of knowledge

has been handed down for some purpose. Why has one land developed a high degree of intellectual and spiritual activity, and another a corresponding degree of material, scientific, commercial, and educational prosperity if not to finally combine interests to the advantage of both? With the admitted fact of materialism shall we insist that we do not need more knowledge of intellectual, spiritual and scientific conditions?

To those who consider the universe an accident, the rise and fall of nations a matter of chance, and who regard human destiny a haphazard affair, there will appear nothing singular in this. But to those who think differently there will seem something strangely significant in the fact that the psychological system of the east has established, in the large cities of our western civilization, journals and other literature describing the tenets of its faith, and talking of an international religion, exactly at a time when the element in Christianity, which for centuries had been worshiped as divine, was being declared false by our scientific thinkers.

That a system, older by centuries than Christianity, and called "heathen," should come telling that Jesus Christ was an initiate and an occultist, and that the powers He exerted over nature were real and actual, and possible to a high state of spiritual development, that these powers were not miraculous, but the inherent power of the mind over natural elements, is as singular as it is remarkable.

With the thought of centuries overthrown, so many barriers broken down, and so much talk of reconstruction, it is natural that confusion of thought for a time should prevail. The childhood of the world is over. People have begun to think for themselves. Intoxicated with freedom it is not to be wondered at that an iconoclastic spirit is rife and that robbed of its traditional mystery, religion should be the jest of mocking tongues.

Yet while it is deplored that men are not as "religious" as formerly, it is impossible to ignore the fact that collectively, men have a better idea of what religion means. We hear talk of humanity, brotherhood, universality. Until recent years such terms were mere abstractions. The solidarity of the

human race from a religious as well as a scientific standpoint is the vital question of the age. And this in a time of great reaction, which is deplored as one of excessive latitude, when materialism is rampant, and the struggle for riches, the dominating power.

The spiritual truths of Jesus the Christ have been argued about for centuries, yet the proof of the reality of Christ's incomparable philosophy is the fact of a superior civilization founded on those principles whose tenets have been positively denied, and considered as "impracticable as they were impossible."

It is easy enough to defend proved facts, but what of the new theories, or rather the new interpretation of the old truths? We cannot suppose the perfection of man has arrived, and that there are to be no more manifestations of truth through the medium of man's mind. The dominion of the earth has not been accomplished, neither has man entirely subdued it. If it is conceded that the race has received added faculties through the centuries, it is only reasonable to conclude the process of development will continue indefinitely. If we accept even the most rudimentary ideas of the evolutionary process of development in the physical world, nothing seems to be more reasonable than the analogous idea of spiritual evolution. Nor can it be "unchristian," to have more reasonable views of a future state. To talk of endless fire burning a spiritual body is altogether illogical, yet even this unintelligent thinking is by no means out of fashion.

Perhaps at this stage of development, we are incapable of taking a very large, and all-embracing view of what we call "religion," and that the prejudices of race and environment are still too strong for us to assimilate the principles of philosophic and religious systems different from our own. But one fact seems clear enough in all the confusion of thought, and that is that the more tolerant and the less dogmatic the attitude toward new theories—or the new presentation of old truths, the more pacific will be the condition of the world. The age of fixed thought and dogma is past, the age of reconciliation has dawned. It is the hour of the uncertain man. The

cosmopolitan tendencies of men make this inevitable. The commercial conditions of the age demand it, while the modern temper tacitly agrees to such a policy. Meantime our civilization draws men of different nationality each day closer. Trading in the markets of the world necessitates a pacific policy. Thus, in the most practical way, the world-influences are working for the common good, the final brotherhood of man.

The cosmopolitan tendency creates the cosmopolitan temper. The conclusion is obvious, that the world-forces are shaping a character of mind congenial to some sort of universal religion, and that this characteristic is not in sympathy with the class of mind known as dogmatic, so the disintegration of religious sects, which so disturbs the superficial thinker, is nothing like so serious as it appears. Destruction must necessarily precede reconstruction, and out of the chaos of collapsing systems, useful in their time, no doubt, and educational to an extent, the whole trend of modern thought presages a period when more reasonable and more humane ideas will prevail in regard to the fundamental precepts common to all religious systems, weeded of useless theological dogmas.

Let us not write for the sake of writing, nor speak for the sake of speaking, for so we add to the confusion and clamour of ignorance and dissipate our own power. Each one's viewpoint is innately his own; he cannot give his to another, nor can he accept another's; he must see from the place he occupies in universal existence; he can only ascend or descend,—nothing more. To help others we must make the space about us clear with strong purity, so that the light of truth may shine therein until others see it for themselves.

But the sons of light speak not with voices.—*J. H. A. Marshall.*

“Himself conceived of life as love; conceived of love as what must enter in,

Fill up, make one with his, each soul he loves;
Thus much for man's joy, all men's joy for his.”

WHO FOLLOWS THE STAR.

BY J. WORSTER GILBERT.

Star of the East! Who follows Thee,
Where end his wanderings? Shall he see,
Hear, understand, Thy mystery;
The babe in the manger—One in Three?

He who follows the Star will see
By the clear white light, all that shall be,
From the mountain-height will see the whole,
The perfect circle, the perfect soul.
Seeing—he shall forward go
On and on, no bounds shall know;
Follow the light that makes him free,
As his spirit moves in eternity.

He who follows the Star shall hear
Celestial music, sweetly clear,
“Peace on the earth, to men good will,”
Harmony all his thoughts shall fill.
Hearing—he will in rapture sing,
“Shout the glad tidings,” the birth of the King!
Shall know *within* the Spirit’s birth,
Shall tell it forth to all the earth.

He who follows the Star will know
The source, from which all blessings flow,
Love perfected. ‘All things,’ find,
Rapture, completion, peace of mind.
Knowing—he will truly live.
Living is giving; so will he give
All that is best, back whence it came,
So doth the ray reflect the flame.

Star of the East! Who follows Thee
Findeth the holy mastery,
The babe in the manger—One in Three
Truth—Good—Infinity.

THE DIVINITY OF MAN.

BY M. CRISPIN SMITH.

We have worshiped our God from afar, as something distinct and apart from ourselves—a great and splendid personality. And no truer word has been spoken than this: "We create our God in our own image!" So it must ever be, as long as humanity, through its mind's eye alone, or in part, apprehends its God. Through this limitation Christ's place in the religious world has been a false one, obscured by mystery, jeopardized by misleading conditions. To-day His divinity, by which is meant "The Immaculate Conception," is a mooted question, which our higher faith, born of our wider thought, is beginning to solve. Perfect love ever seeks the truth as proof of its highest faith, and so it is those great and simple souls to whom the loving fatherhood of God has ever been the attribute of deity most clearly apprehended, who have "broken our Gods of tradition." By their courage of wider thought and higher faith, they have led us to our higher religious conception of the "Immanence of God," of the "All-Pervading Spirit," the Great "Over-Soul." And so, as the soul becomes freer, untrammeled by attachments that are material and physical, our conception of God grows away from the "personal," into the "infinite" realm of spirit, where the soul, the self, feeling its own immortality and infinitude, recognizes its source, the infinite mind, out of which it springs, to whose bosom it shall return, when these earth-journeys, with their needed lessons, have accomplished its freedom.

Strong with the courage of His mighty desire for something better than he knew, Omar Khayyam pierced the limited belief of his day, and reaching out into that immensity of thought beyond, dimly felt the power of this stupendous truth, the "Divinity of man," and voiced his thought in these strong words:

"I sent my soul through the invisible,
Some letter of the after-life to spell;
And by and by my soul returned to me
And answered, 'I myself am Heav'n and Hell.'"

With courage to bear the worst, yet yearning to accept the best, with that passionate, eager searching after truth which we feel through all the Rubaiyat, he dimly realizes that the God for whom he has been searching dwells within himself, that "Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands or feet."

Through all Christ's teaching, underlying all His words, prevails the thought of His oneness with God, our oneness with Him. "I and the Father are One!" "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in One!" "All is One!" The full majesty and glory of this reveals the ultimate goal of the universe—that "great, far-off divine event toward which all creation moves"—the "taking up of humanity into Godhead!" The life of the individual mirrors the life of the race—and so to "know thyself," is to "know all." The old Hindus, through vision turned inward in contemplation of the soul, reached this sublime Monastic faith that we are all parts of the Great All, the Whole, the One. Emerson's whole soul was bathed in the beauty of this sublime thought, which he voiced in words so loftily beautiful, forcefully strong with conviction of the mighty faith of inspired vision, that they stand apart in majestic beauty from all modern literature. "Great is the soul, and plain. Behold, it saith, I am born in the great, the universal mind. I, the imperfect, adore my own perfect. I am somehow receptive of the great soul, and thereby I do overlook the sun and the stars, and feel them to be but the fair accidents and effects which change and pass." To contemplate the divinity of the soul, to know and feel our source, and so, humanity's possibilities—herein lies the freedom for which the soul has always struggled, upward, upward, through ages of gloom and obscurity, until at last, instead of the glimmer, a steady gleam of light is ahead. The intellectual sky holds a "bow of promise" in its wider horizon, and the soul of man realizes that before it stands the dim, yet perfect outline of its ideal—its goal of freedom, the all-conquering, all-embracing light, when it shall know all—be all—divinity itself! And with this breath of life, this infusion of the divine, how small are earthly struggles—ages of pain and suffering are as nothing in the light of the glory that shall be ours!

Our "gods of tradition," our creeds and dogmas, how meaningless—how inadequate, to feed the fires of faith and zeal that burn in the enlightened soul! The soul grows strong for everything, patient, glad, to endure to the end—that end of light and freedom, when its passion of love, which is but the passion of creation, shall work its divine will! How glorified are Christ's words in the light of this faith! How luminous, how sweetly, solemnly holy, with the soul's intuitive realization of their truth. "I and the Father are One!" How meaningless His words without this illumination! With this glory in our souls we are strong and undaunted to pass on where He leads, to those spiritual heights where alone the soul feels and lives, "He who loses his life, shall find it," "All is One," so each life must minister to All, and All must draw from each! And so the soul is exalted with the glorious meaning of the "passion." Not merely a patient and loving self-sacrificing of physical life through a passion of service—but a glorious and sublime outpouring of the heart of life itself, this the passion of love demanded, that all should be served through one—the perfect one!

A MISDIRECTED PRAYER.

BY BOLTON HALL.

"Hit her with a thunderbolt, Vulcan," said Jupiter. Vulcan gasped. "Great Jove," he said. "Why, it's the first prayer I ever heard her make, and she's only asking for warmer weather for the poor—at Christmas," he added weakly.

"That's just it," roared Jupiter, working himself into a passion; "she has nothing to talk to me about but the weather—the weather! Here I've given them every imaginable kind of climate right in their own continent, yet they all camp down in New York, the most abominable spot on earth they say, and then whine to me about the weather—'for the poor.' Do what you're told, you blacksmith—and hit the poor with a thunderbolt too."

ARBITRATION AND THE LAW.

BY NORTON F. W. HAZELDINE.

Already theology and medicine have received their rejuvenation, and now those with clear sight can see the coming effulgence that is to illuminate the law. What mental science and ethics have done for medicine and theology, arbitration is going to do for the general practice of law. People have had to be educated out of slavery to medicines and dogmas and so they must be educated up to the point of arbitrating their differences. The lower the standard of ethics is among people the more martial and pugnacious you will find them, and the more highly educated people are ethically, the more peaceful and tolerant they are.

"Hatred is at no time conquered by hatred; love alone conquers hate; this is an old but well proved rule."

People have been educated to fight for their so-called rights for centuries and when they have been educated just half as long in the blessedness of arbitration the lawyer will either become an arbitrator himself, or he will make way for the arbitrator whose duty it will be to give the spiritual interpretation of the law with all its comforting assurances, instead of the combative selfishness which goes with the rendering of the letter of the law.

Through mental perversion lawyers have encouraged their clients to fight, full well knowing that one of the litigants must be a loser.

"Whatever one hater may do unto another hater, or one enemy unto another enemy, their own misguided minds will do them greater mischief."

The popular idea that it is the right thing to correct your differences by force is wrong doctrine.

"Far better is one word of the law which upon hearing brings peace to the hearer, than the recitation of a thousand verses made up of warring words."

The more enlightened people are, the more tolerant they

become. When a man knows but one religion he knows no religion, for a man must know all religions to know the one great religion, and then that man becomes tolerant toward all religions.

A man who knows but one practice of medicine knows no practice of medicine. A man must know all systems of medicine to practice the one great system of medicine, and then having embraced all systems of practice, he becomes tolerant toward all systems of medicines.

And so it is with the practice of law, the fundamental principles of law are found to be the same in all the nations of the earth, and therefore no nation or people have any right to declare that their system of law is the only right system.

The law as laid down in the codes of the Jews and Mohammedans expressed in their days the highest order of law; and yet unknown to both of them possibly, stood the laws of the Aryans and the laws of Tao, both of which from an ethical point of view, and in fact, outshone the Jewish and Mohammedan codes as the sun outshines the moon and the stars.

The arbitrator must embrace all systems of law to practice the one law, for he that knows of but one system of practice knows no system of practice. The age of the inclusive is upon us, and the age of the exclusive is passing from sight and memory. We must embrace everything so that we may place ourselves in a position to be able to extract the good from all things and be under bondage to no system, school or cult.

"What does one think of a man who is a good orator and preacher, but whose spirituality is undeveloped? He is like a person who squanders another's property kept in trust with him. He can easily advise others, for it costs him nothing, as the ideas he expresses are not his own but borrowed;" and so it is with some of our great lawyers. They are great orators but nothing more.

The spirit of the hour demands that all individuals come together and settle their differences themselves, and not employ men to force them farther apart. Come together and overcome your enemy with love. "He indeed is called a sage who is tolerant with the intolerant, mild with the violent, and

free from greed among the greedy." And "a man is not called just who carries his point by violence, but he who is learned, who is a true advocate of others, who by the one law distinguishes the right from the wrong, and being a learned guardian and a true performer of the law, that man is then called just."

"He who talks much is not always learned; but he is called learned indeed who is patient and free from all fear and hatred."

"A man is not a supporter of the law because he is a great talker; even if a man has learned but little, if he possesses a clear understanding of the law's embodiment, he is a true supporter of the law who never forgets its true purpose."

Men and women who have all these qualities should come together for they are fully qualified to become arbitrators.

"'He abused, beat, defeated and robbed me;' in those who harbor such thoughts hatred with them will never cease."

People having such thoughts are not ready to enter into the practice of arbitration and must therefore go into the old courts of law and suffer for their ignorance, but people who harbor not such thoughts are truly ready to arbitrate their grievances, and their pains soon come to an end. Again, you often hear it said—"well as long as men will not pay their debts so long will there be lawyers!" Yes, but inasmuch as the innocent have to pay first for the securing of so-called justice, and then more often for the guilty besides, and furthermore for the lack of moral perception in the judge and the jury, and again for legal delays and other expenses beyond the grasp of the ordinary person's means, we must admit that this system of practice is at most a losing proposition. Whether the plaintiff wins or not, he must always pay the costs and stand the loss of time, etc. It is therefore but sound business sense that we should come together and thus save time, money, vitality and good health, for unhealthy are the precincts of the law, and unhealthy are the participants of the law, and unsatisfactory are the results of the law. It is education that will give the people the moral force to settle their debts and also give to the indebted the force to forego the debtor; men can do all this and more by themselves without going to law. Also it is asked

where are the lawyers and the clients for this system of arbitration?

The same question was asked before medicine and theology received their rejuvenation, but the American people supplied the new physicians and the new ministers and also the large congregations; and they will most assuredly supply the new lawyers and the new clients. Nothing can prevent the practice of law from becoming rejuvenated, for the people demand it, trade and commerce demand it and the whole world stands in need of it.

Right is greater than might, and man's moral nature has arrived at that stage of his development that calls for another agent to take the place of force, and arbitration is its name.

"Blame not! Strike not! Live self-restrained! Be moderate in eating and drinking! Sleep and commune alone! And dwell upon the highest thoughts; this is the teaching of all the truly awakened."

"Hatred is born of victory, for unhappy are the conquered. He who has given up both victory and defeat, he the contented is happy."

"There is no fire like passion, there is no losing throw like hatred; there is no pain like an uncontrolled mind, and there is no happiness higher than peace." "Covetousness is the worst of diseases; the elements of fear, anger and sorrow are the body's greatest foes; if one truly knows this, this is the highest peace, the highest of all happiness."

"The greatest of gifts is good health, the greatest of riches contentment; trust is the highest of friendships and peace is the highest happiness." With educating our minds with such thoughts and respecting the convictions of one's opponent it will not be found a laborious task to make peace with one's neighbor.

What other place can be found which is more fitted for the practice than the churches? The churches have been indifferent long enough in matters concerning man's welfare, let them now open their doors and assist in the furthering of peace at home for by so doing they will insure lasting peace abroad.

With the eliminating of medicine, theology and law comes the end of the great reign of materialism; and arbitration, that child of peace, will usher in the era of spiritual unfoldment.

By the law of arbitration we educate the people into the Gospel of sunshine and happiness, thus displacing the elements of doubt, falsity, revenge and remorse. This is the age of reparation, not the age of repentance, let every man cover a bad deed with a good deed, don't wait to commence to-morrow, or next week, for he who procrastinates is as one who is dead. The more we study the blessed Gospel of arbitration the nearer we come to the true science of man. The nearer we come to man, the nearer we come to God, and the nearer we come to God the quicker all differences cease, for who can stand in the presence of His beloved with anger in his heart and idle words upon his tongue? Come together! Come together! and in His name let all differences cease. Lawyers and laymen, the opportunity is here and now. Are you ready to do for arbitration and the law, what others have done for theology and medicine?

SONNET.

BY JOHN B. OPDYCKE.

Mere notes in life's great symphony are we,
Of ever-changing value, shade, and tone,
Possessing nought of music's charm alone—
And dumb to make the sacred melody;
Related to the whole by high decree,
Our feeble sound to it we humbly loan,
But with the multitude of others thrown
What difference if one omitted be?
Hold each his place. The harmony divine
Will else through one to dissonance attain;
Be glad to add to the eternal strain,
And know the player never passes o'er
A single note. With cause did he assign
A place to every one upon the score.

WHAT THE PHILOSOPHERS SAY.

CHILDREN AND NEW THOUGHT. Ella E. Morrill in "Practical Ideals," October, 1905.

"*Dear Boys and Girls:*

"The question has been asked, What does the 'New Thought' movement mean to children? It means just the same to children that it means to older people: it means health, happiness and success. Have you worries? Are you ill? Are you unhappy? Change your thought.

"Instead of the worry-thought, count up your mercies until you find something to be thankful for. If you are ill, try not to think of the body, the real you is spirit and cannot know pain or illness. Repeat a beautiful poem until your mind becomes fixed upon it and you forget the thought of pain.

"Remember, God is Supreme, you are his child, and you have all the power in the universe to draw from. Believe this, and the power is yours. Do something to make another happy and you forget your own sorrow.

"Suppose a body is angry with a playmate. What happens? The angry thought causes congestion in every cell in the body, the face is flushed, and the blood flows at a rapid rate through the system. How can he remedy the matter? He must change his thought. Let him go by himself and think of his playmate kindly. As soon as the loving thought comes to him, he feels no longer angry, and will go and 'make friends' with his companion.

"Anger cannot dwell within if love fills the heart. The moment one turns on the electric light, it is no longer dark, for darkness and light cannot dwell together.

"A little girl has a birthday cake. Her mother tells her she can give a portion of it to two little friends, but she says, 'No, I want it all myself!' The little girl does not know that 'Love gives all,' and that 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' Love is the torch that we all must bear and it will shed its light wherever we go. A child very quickly feels the mental condition of older people, and he will say, 'Oh, I love

Miss H. or Mr. C.' He may not understand why, but he will learn later that those who send out loving thoughts attract love. Love conquers all.

"More beauteous than the lily,
And sweeter than the rose,
Is the tender heart of childhood,
There Love can best repose."

CHARACTER BUILDING. Charles Brodie Patterson in "The New Way," October, 1905.

"Character is altogether a matter of interior life, but that life must and will find outward expression.

"If we dwell constantly in the thought of unity, keeping the mind fixed on the fact that we are one with all goodness, one with all power and beauty, resting quietly in the consciousness that goodness, gentleness, and strength are not separated from us, but do the rather embrace us completely, then will we know the meaning of faith. We will have faith in our present ability to grapple with the work of each moment; for we will know of a surety that we can do all things through Christ (the love life) which strengtheneth us. Character is builded only through this vital touch which is faith. Verily, faith is the substance of things.

"If we see truth with the inner eye we can never again be cast down by doubt, but are filled evermore with hope. As it has been written 'we are saved by hope.' When we have once seen the invisible—that heavenly vision of love which sets us upon our spiritual feet—then it is impossible to harbor doubt and fear, for the consciousness of the life within makes us hope all things for all men. We know, as Jesus knew, that 'because I live ye shall live also.' This is the inbuing with power from on high; in this way a stream of life flows out from us to others, and *all life is enriched through the quickening of one soul.*

"So many people think that if they could just lay aside this life and enter into a new one how much better they would be. But would they be better? They would take the same mind with them no matter where they went. Their lives would be better if they would receive new minds; but if they took the

same minds, in what way would they be benefited? If their minds were discordant and they entered into a harmonious environment, because of this very harmony it would tend to make them more discordant. There would be a greater sense of lack of conformity to what they should be and what they should do. The one thing needful is not a change of place, but a 'renewing of the spirit of your mind.'

"This whole matter of character is rooted in the thought life. Do you not see that people, for the most part, have been trying to make the outside of the cup and the platter clean, and have neglected the inner part from which all is derived?

"Men have actually been trying to save themselves by works of the law; they have aimed at outward temperance, for instance, never once seeing that the essential thing is temperance of thought; they have devoted much time to outward control, when it is the thought control alone that can heal or enrich us.

"Let us henceforth work the works of Him who hath put us in this world for a purpose, and by attaining through His spirit perfect temperance in thought and feeling, perfect gentleness and strength, be united in this way with the great common life of the universe.

"How wonderfully simple this whole matter of character building is! Jesus has summed it all up in that brief sentence: 'He that loseth his life for my sake and the Gospel's shall find it.' He spoke as one having authority—the authority of soul knowledge. Paul said: 'Love is the fulfilling of the law,' and it is through this one condition of love that you rise above all other conditions. It is the all in all, it is God becoming supreme in the life of man. Law, authority, books, churches and everything disappear before this wonderful soul authority—God speaking to man through his own love, man expressing the love of God in his own soul. This personal life ceases the moment the God-life begins. Love takes no account of evil, seeketh not its own, is patient, long-suffering, kind. It is the experiencing of such love as this that makes it possible for a man to say: 'I and my Father are one,' for man's will has become one with will of love."

THE SUBLIMINAL OR SUBCONSCIOUS SELF. Swami Abhedananda in "Vedanta Monthly Bulletin," October, 1905.

"Our subliminal self, or the subconscious mind, is the storehouse of all the impressions that we gather through our experiences during our lifetime. They are stored up, pigeon-holed there, in the Chitta, as it is called in Vedanta. "Chitta" means the same subconscious mind or subliminal self which is the storehouse of all impressions and experiences. And these impressions remain latent until favorable conditions rouse them and bring them out in the plane of consciousness. Here let us take an illustration: In a dark room pictures are thrown on a screen by lantern-slides. The room is absolutely dark. We are looking at the pictures. Suppose we open a window and allow the rays of the midday sun to fall upon the screen. Would we be able to see those pictures? No. Why? Because the more powerful flood of light will subdue the light of the lantern and the pictures. But although they are invisible to our eyes we cannot deny their existence on the screen. Similarly, the pictures of the events of our previous lives upon the screen of the subliminal self may be invisible to us at present, but they exist there. Why are they invisible to us now? Because the more powerful light of sense-consciousness has subdued them. If we close the windows and doors of our senses from outside contact and darken the inner chamber of our self, then by focusing the light of consciousness and concentrating the mental rays we shall be able to know and remember our past lives, and all the events and experiences thereof."

THE BIRTH OF THOUGHT. "The Light of Reason," October, 1905.

"Now let the joy bells peal, for strength of purpose and confidence have wedded love and tenderness. Henceforth, they shall be all in all to each other, and the fruit of their union, their dear children, shall be loving and joyful thoughts. Born, not without travail, they shall be washed and fitly clothed, and sheltered for a little while, then shall they be sent into the wide world. Yet they shall return again after many

days, having reached maturity and bringing *their* children with them.
S. L. E."

THE NEW THOUGHT IS PROGRESSING. "Practical Ideals," September, 1905.

"There is a widening interest in the New Thought movement in the religious circles of all denominations. Not only is this true of the clergy, who are naturally interested in studying such subjects, but is equally true of the laity.

"We hear of clergymen who are advocating the philosophy from the pulpit, and who are free to give credit where credit belongs for the new thought they present. We were told only recently of a Baptist clergyman who went so far as to ask his congregation to let him know how many of them had read a certain well-known book by a leading New Thought author. Surely, these are encouraging signs to those who are devoting their time to advancing the cause. They are more than this. They suggest what might be accomplished by an energetic propaganda, wisely planned and wisely directed."

I dreamed in a dream I saw a city invincible to the attacks
of the whole of the rest of the earth;
I dreamed that it was the new city of friends;
Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love—
it led to rest;
It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city,
And in all their looks and words.—*Walt Whitman.*

"Life's features are so close to us that they often seem out of proportion. It takes time and distance to see God's perfect plan."

"I do not feel the snow of years, the sap mounts and the
pulses bound,
My eyes are filled with happiness, my ears with joyous sounds,
My life still keeps the dew of morn,
And what I have, I give,
Being right glad that I was born, and thankful that I live."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

OPTIMISM AND PESSIMISM.

The one great object in life is the unfolding of the soul of man. There is nothing in the world but has some bearing on—contributes to—this great work. The Master once said “what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?” The old interpretation of this phrasing was in the sense of an everlasting loss. Now we see this matter in a different light—we know it is possible to lose sight of the soul and the soul side of life. It is not so much a question of loss at some future time—in some future world—as of the loss of the moment. If one should go through this world accumulating all that was best and most desirable in a material way and yet had never awakened to the real, the innermost meaning of it all, of what service would it be when the life of this world was over? So it becomes a question of the greatest importance—this finding of our souls—ourselves—our real selves. Now, strange as it may seem, whatever course we may decide to take in life we will eventually find our souls. Even the prodigal son, a typical instance of the wanderer, even he “came to himself,” and that before the elder brother, it seems. There is nothing lost in the grand economy of life. Everything conduces to the one great end. So, when people seem to be going the wrong way—it is not really an evil way, though it may be the longest and the roughest. The way both of harmony and inharmony lead at last to the same end. In choosing the one you get the joy of life, the sunshine and happiness, the true riches; in choosing the other you find only darkness and trial

but both develop the character, both help you on to the realization of the truth of all things and your true self. If you refuse the way of harmony there is no other course left but that of inharmony. The soul must unfold—it is written in the constitution of things that each of us must grow—develop—must run the whole gamut of all experience. Now, we speak of optimism and pessimism. Let us define these a little so as to contrast the two ways. Both lead to the same goal but there is a world of difference in the traveling. Even though the way of pessimism is full of unhappiness and weariness, of shadows and danger yet to the traveler along this thorniest of ways there comes the dawning of the morning—the new light that irradiates the life. Do not for a moment think that either way can lead to death or irreparable loss. Nothing can compass this for the soul of man. St. Paul spoke of those that were saved "as by fire." Even fire can not destroy the soul, but unfold it must, even if it be by fire.

Now let us look a little into this question of pessimism. It chiefly evidences itself on the external plane in the every-day affairs of life. It requires but a small circumstance to discourage the pessimist. He is always looking for misfortune. His mind is filled with thoughts of failure and gloom, of disaster and evil. If the pessimist could keep such thoughts wholly to himself it would be bad enough but not so bad as it really is—for the fact of the matter is that each of these pessimistic thoughts is like a seed. It is continually growing. It impresses every one with whom it comes into contact; that is, all negative or receptive minds. Its influence goes on and on and though, in the inherent nature of all "evil" things, it must eventually work its own destruction and "die the death of the wicked," it may accomplish a very great deal of misery on its way. Now the optimist carries about his own armor against the injury such influences may work. His habitual

atmosphere of good will effectually neutralize their attacks. The negative person is, of course, as open to good as to bad influences and that is why of some people we say that we "never know where to find them." One day they will be in ecstacies and another overwhelmed with gloom. They often can not themselves tell the causes for these changes in their moods. They have simply taken on the moods of others—either of those with whom they have come into direct personal contact or some one whose vibrations are similar. The pessimist is always complaining of other people, of circumstances; blaming outward conditions for everything unsatisfactory he finds in his life. He is never willing to own to any responsibility for the discordance of his life. His picture of life is confused and full of shadows. There are no lights, no sunny foregrounds; it is all background, indeed—there is no clear portrayal of anything—merely a confused dark massing as contrast for some real picture—the work of the optimist. The pessimist usually imagines that this life ends all—he is not only an agnostic, he goes further. He argues that if there is nothing in this world, another would not be likely to yield him any more. Well, if he carries his pessimism into another world this will probably prove true. Though the pessimist goes through this world embittered, there is often noticeable here and there throughout his life an undercurrent of sweetness and gentleness welling up, which, if he would but let it have its way, would do much to change and better the conditions about him. Suppose, for argument, that with the end of this life, there comes the close of all—which course would be the better to pursue—that of the optimist or the pessimist? I do not think the answer would be very difficult.

But I do not like to dwell on the unhappy side of life. It is better to give our thoughts to the side of uplift and rightness. You know the depiction of shadows only, really makes no

picture. And, on the other hand, there is no real picture without shading—shadows light and dark. Both the optimist and the pessimist are needed but the difference is that the optimist's contribution is the real one—a lasting one—while that of the pessimist is but a negative and temporary one. What we term "evil" is really as necessary as the good. The tree of knowledge is the tree of good and evil. The evil shows by comparison the form of the good. When we come to understand this clearly then evil as an entity no longer exists for us. Evil exists as long as the thought of it exists in our minds but it is not a reality, any more than darkness is a reality. It disappears with the coming of light as all evil disappears with the coming of the truth. We gain wisdom and learn the truth both by the reality and the seeming. The optimist learns chiefly in one way, the pessimist in another. But even the optimist may go to an extreme. One recalls Col. Sellers in the "Gilded Age" who was always just going to accomplish such wonderful things. His visions of his possible achievements simply carried him off the earth. He never had anything in fact but he was always hoping to and nothing was too good or too great to be included in his undaunted optimism. But better even such excess of optimism than the reverse, though we should strive in all our buoyancy to keep our feet on the earth, however our thoughts may soar in the heavens. Now there is one singular difference between the pessimist and the optimist—the attention of the former is always given more to the externalities of life while the impulse of the latter is chiefly from the center, the heart of things—the soul. It is quite true that we often find but scanty food for hope and faith in a survey of the external only. On the surface there seems to be much of conflict and confusion, much that is depressing and unstable, but we must remember that the outer is the realm of change and growth and development. We

should not look for steadfastness on this plane. But looking within, judging the outer by the inner and finding inspiration and courage and strength at the center, the optimist sees a new world, as it were. He is not discouraged or cast down by superficial things. He knows them at their true worth. He knows that at the center all is good. He gets above the turmoil and confusion of the surface. His is the confidence of the certainty of the underlying peace and steadfastness, the peace which the world can neither give nor take away. Just as one at a distance above a great city hears all the lower sounds—the clangs and discords of the streets as a harmonious whole—every noise, however harsh or trying to the bystander, comes up to the listener on the heights as music only, so the discords of the outer, every-day world hold for him who is not too near them—not too closely and grossly entangled in them—the harmony of parts of a perfect whole. Every sound, you know has something of harmony in its relation to other sounds—its fitness and blending depend on its contribution to the great symphony. Sometimes it is when we are away from our dearest friends that we understand them best. This is because superficial differences are lost sight of and only the realities stand out clearly to our inner vision. In the valley every detail asserts itself; from the mountain top only the great things are discernible—all else blends itself simply into a harmonious background.

Now, the optimist is, of necessity, a benefactor—a natural benefactor. The seeds he sows are those of the tree of healing, and his work continues. Some of the most radical pessimists make the most earnest optimists. "He to whom much has been forgiven, the same loveth much." He who has known the depths has the deeper and more vivid appreciation of the heights. The prodigal son was at first a pessimist—he drained the cup of materialism to its dregs. But as soon as 'he came

to himself"—his real self—turned his face homeward, he saw things in their true light—the light of optimism. As long as we hold on to shadows we give them reality—for us and for those whom we influence they are real. The pessimist does so many unnecessary things, goes through so many needless experiences—that is, needless to the optimist, the man who has chosen the other way. They are not unnecessary for the pessimist—they are part and parcel of the way he has chosen for himself. You see one overwhelmed with the thought of the misery and sin of the world—trying indeed to bear the sins of the world. His reading of the newspapers is that the world is steadily growing worse—in every untoward incident of daily life he sees a fresh proof of the innate depravity of humanity. It never seems to have occurred to him that evil happenings are recorded just because they are unusual, because the good is tacitly recognized as the normal and any departure a thing of note. If good things are recorded it is because they are of an unusual order. Imagine a reporter sent out to make note of all the good things occurring within twenty-four hours in a certain portion of the city—or even in one block—or one house, for that matter. Half a dozen newspapers would scarcely hold a truthful account. So you see how short-sighted and illogical he is who argues from this point of view that the world is hopelessly bad. Some one says, "do not despair of humanity; there are something like 80,000,000 people in the United States alone who have never done you a single mean trick." Again, while at one stage of the race's development—and that not so very far removed, too—the recounting of deeds of violence or cruelty would not have stirred any feeling of repugnance, increasing numbers now are revolting against such presentation, the newspapers and periodicals given over to pessimism are very few and those that deal with the horrible and the gruesome are under a sort of ban of public opinion.

To the unprejudiced vision, the trend of life, as a whole as well as in the individual, is upward. Though there are temporary reversions, the tendency is steadily for the better. There is no such thing as stagnation. We must forever be moving up or down. And it is written in the constitution of things that all shall tend from the lower to the higher. It is not necessary that we strive and moan and bewail the sin of the world. If we would only attend closely and follow the deep, silent impulses of our own nature we would realize this trend, this current both in ourselves and in others. The pessimist sees himself as the center of the world. Whether he realizes it or not, he is at heart wholly selfish. In the nature of things, he retards rather than helps in his complaint as to the evil, his dissatisfaction with everything about him. His distress regarding the world is only as it affects himself, as his world is really only a reflection of himself. The pessimist's view is never a broad and comprehensive one. If it were it would, of necessity, cease to be pessimistic. He is the cause of all his own misery and indirectly much of that of others. Yet as "it must needs be that offenses come" he may in a way be charitably regarded as a "means of grace" though even as such his office is hardly one to be coveted. Like the ultra-conservative who serves the part of a brake on a revolving wheel, as it were, the pessimist undoubtedly has his place and he probably thinks he is the greatest of benefactors in pointing out the evil and dwelling chiefly if not wholly on "the nether side of things." He thinks he is bearing the burden and sin of the world. If he only knew it, he really has all he can do to bear his own burden. You see, the law holds good for the pessimist also that we can see in others only what we have first become acquainted with in ourselves. We may not at the moment be indulging in the particular fault—we may, indeed, have fully outgrown it so far as any action is concerned. But if in our hearts there is

yet the least sense of judgment or condemnation for that shortcoming we have not yet ourselves achieved entire freedom from it. "With what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete it shall be meted to you again." This is not in retribution but in adherence to one of the most benign and merciful laws of the universe. There is no outer judge. We, only, judge and condemn ourselves. "Forgive us our trespasses even as we forgive those who trespass against us" is as much a statement of fact—unchangeable truth—as it is a prayer. There is no other way to be "forgiven;" there is no way to escape judgment but by eliminating the cause. When we are free from the fault in ourselves that causes us to condemn ourselves—when there is no longer any judgment or condemnation in our thoughts for any one, then we ourselves have passed forever from under all law of judgment and condemnation. Not until then are we truly free. The harmony or discord that results from our relations with others—that seems to come from others—comes really from ourselves. It depends wholly upon our own adjustment. Two people in the same environment will lead wholly different lives and get wholly different results from their lives. Outwardly they may be identical but because of the right inner adjustment of one, the result will be harmony while the outcome of the other is only discord because of that other's ill adjustment of thought. One will rise above all conditions and live a free life, the other will remain entangled and fettered by circumstance. Now if one of us should feel it impossible to adjust himself to a certain fellow man, the only sensible thing to do is to separate until we are stronger or gentler, or clearer of vision. That does not mean that both or either are in serious fault. Both are immature. There is need of growth—there is need of adjustment. To force matters and continue in close association would mean only friction. It is never well to force

anything—to coerce. Wait until development naturally brings about a clearer understanding. When there is a misunderstanding there is some reason for it. Perhaps at this particular stage of development with each, neither has anything to give the other—there is not at the moment any point of contact. But be patient—there will be; for eventually we must all come into that closeness of touch that is unity and harmony. We all want to be well and strong and happy but we are too prone to the habit of letting help be given us, or even demanding it, while doing practically nothing for ourselves. In taking mental treatment, it is absolutely necessary in order to get the full benefit of the treatment that we ourselves do our full share—respond freely and vitally—meet the healer half way, as it were—coöperate with him. All healing should have as its object the helping of the patient to help himself—simply the awakening of his own real self—his deeper nature. That we should bear one another's burdens and that each should bear his own burden are not contradictory admonitions. They are two halves of the perfect whole. Each should bear his own burden as far as he is able—there comes a point over and again, perhaps—in the development of each of us, where we need our fellow man. No one of us is wholly independent of any or all others. That we thus need each other is not a sign of weakness but of the underlying unity of all—there is practically no limit to the strength, the heroism, the courage, that can be shown in the bearing of one's own burdens, but there should also be no limit to our readiness to bear each other's when the true need for this comes—a readiness that is joyous and cheerful and strong—with no thought of selfishness to cast a shadow. A morbid mind—a despondent temper—is of small service to those about it. It does not uplift. It, of necessity, cannot react in bringing joy to itself, for you know that all we send out comes back to

us in kind. If we scatter broadcast thoughts of helpfulness and good-will it is in reality as though there were millions of people treating *us*. Each thought or impulse sent out in sincerity and single-heartedness cannot fail to come back to us a hundredfold—in kind. When we come to see that we are one with the great universe we will realize the wonderful forces at our command. Each of us decides what his own universe shall be. Neither God nor any other does that for any soul, and life for each is just what we make it.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

THEOPHANY.

BY ABBIE HALL FAIRFIELD.

I saw God once, and I was not afraid,
For I had sinned; my dearest I had wronged;
Wronged, and I knew it not. As Parsifal
The wild bird shot, and knew not it was harm,
So I, all ignorant, her love had hurt.
Her piteous cry, the horror of the throng,
Their cruel words of condemnation low,
Sly laughter, that I could not understand,
And yet I felt it held no honest mirth,
Pierced deep my unawakened mind,
And terror, grief, and shocked surprise
Awoke the slumbering soul: then she,
Seeing my pain, forgetful of her own,
Drew me with arms of love, held close to her true heart
My bruised heart, taught me, at once, and healed.
Together then I knew the sin, the sorrow, and forgiving love,
And so I saw God, and was not afraid.

"All things die not; while the soul lives, love lives; the song
may be now gay, now plaintive, but it is deathless."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE PSYCHIC TREATMENT OF NERVOUS DISORDERS. (The psychoneuroses and their moral treatment.) By Dr. Paul Dubois, Professor of Neuropathology at the University of Berne. Translated and edited by Smith Ely Jelliffe, M.D., Ph.D., and William A. White, M.D. Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York and London, 1905.

This is a most remarkable and useful book and just in the line of New Thought, mind cures, moral orthopedics, etc. It teaches how to cure by mind and how to make mind repair its own mischief. It is a strong and optimistic book written in simple and untechnical language suitable to all mental conditions. The author's fundamental axiom is that that which the mind causes only the mind can cure. Consequently, he holds that medicines "though many, are not of much use." Without doubt our readers, especially those that practice healing, will read the book and welcome it, thanking us for calling attention to it.

Dr. Dubois is a psychopath and administers his mental treatment to his patients in their waking state, not during hypnosis; and by persuasion, not by suggestion. He educates the reason and works by moral orthopedia. Several chapters are devoted to the mental and moral conditions of children and criminals and the education and training of their moral conscience.

The publishers' announcement reads as follows:

"This work gives the experiences and principles of psychic treatment of nervous disorders based upon twenty years of successful specialization and practice in this branch of medical skill. The work of the author is both that of psychologist and physician. Besides many psychological considerations, the author provides a full description of the methods used in his practice of psychotherapy."

LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY, ITS ORIGIN, NATURE AND MISSION. By Jean Réville, Professor in the Protestant Theo-

logical Faculty of the University of Paris. Translated and edited by Victor Lenliette. New York : G. P. Putman's Sons. London : Williams and Norgate.

Jean Réville is famous wherever Protestant theology is known. The lectures which make up this book were delivered in Switzerland and have been translated into Dutch and German. "Liberal Christianity," as presented in this volume, is the name for the discussions which have been raised among modern Protestants and their religious problems collected into a co-ordinate whole. The author declares "Liberal Christianity" to be the true moral Catholicity of the future. He sees its ideas and principles spreading throughout the traditional Protestant churches, now and again even in the Catholic churches. He says it believes in the reconciliation of a portion of the socialist or radical democracy of our day with a religion definitely emancipated from the dogmatic or sacramental notions of the past. With firm hope it looks to a future when the dogmas, sacraments and rites which have constantly divided men will have disappeared from the religious community, and when the purely moral religion of love towards God and our fellow man will be that blessed spiritual unity among all men of good-will, in their struggle against sin, selfishness, and injustice, which is the true moral Catholicity of humanity. The book is heartily recommended to our readers.

BRAIN BUILDING. By Joseph Ralph. London: L. N. Fowler and Co.; New York: Fowler and Wells Co. 1905.

This book announces itself as a brief outline of the psychology and physiology of mental and moral culture and general therapeutics, through psychic stimuli—and it is what it declares itself to be. In very colloquial style it presents the principles involved in the action of what is called mind, the conditions existing when it becomes impaired and the rationale of treatment by what is known as *suggestion*. Briefly also it gives hints of the relationship existing between *mentation* and the workings of the physical functions.

THE MYSTERY OF BREATH. By Asturel. Harrogate: The Talisman Publishing Co.

Asturel writes this little book as a "treatise on the twelve breaths" and asks pertinently: "Seeing that breathing is common to all, it may be asked where is the need of such a book?" He answers his own question by saying that not one person in a thousand—nay, in ten thousand—knows how to breathe. To teach how to do it, is his object. The main point in the method is that we need plenty of God's pure and sweet air and by getting it we shall not be part of the 100,000 that die every year from consumption. The twelve different ways of breathing relate to the sun's twelve different positions during the year, and Asturel teaches how to take the twelve.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

AND GOD SAID. By Ursula N. Gestefeld. Chicago: The Exodus Publishing Co. Price, \$1.50.

The Exodus Publishing Company has issued another volume in the series of valuable text-books written by Ursula N. Gestefeld for the large body of students who follow her system of thought. This book deals with the symbology of the Book of Genesis in the elaborate and original manner which is characteristic of all Mrs. Gestefeld's work. It gives the esoteric meaning of proper names and the spiritual significance of events and actions recorded in Genesis, divesting the book of its historic or allegorical form, and revealing the spirit, the word of God, the message "from soul to soul" which it contains.

The writer's attitude toward the Bible is clearly stated in the following paragraph.

"The book, from beginning to end, is symbolical. It is written by the soul to the soul, and in this sense, is inspired. The history, of both the Old and New Testaments, may, or may not, be absolutely true. The meaning and real value of both is totally unaffected by this truth or the lack of it. The Old Testament is a symbolic presentation of principles true in themselves, therefore old. They always were and ever will be. The New Testament illustrates their recognition and application by ourselves—the new to us."

This work will be valuable to all students of the Bible, and especially those who care for a spiritual rather than a literal

translation. They will find a new meaning, a vital message, in the old familiar chapters. It will be particularly enjoyed by those who appreciate the logical manner in which Mrs. Gestefeld has built up the elaborate system of thought which is her own distinct contribution to the literature of the day.

ANITA TRUEMAN.

SPARROWS.

Whirr! And a whole flock of hungry sparrows had swooped down upon the three-cornered piece of bread which the cook had thrown from the door. With angry twitterings and wrathful pipings, each one fought for a portion of it. Feathers stood straight, tiny eyes flashed with passion, every little body quivered for possession. Valiantly they fought. But there was one stronger than the others. His instinct for prey had been cultivated from the time he left his nestling home among the leaves and blossoms of the old apple tree. He had quite forgotten that fragrant nest, where the cooling breezes rocked his cradle, and soothed him to sleep with gentle whispers. His love of gain had made him fiercer than the others. With watchful eye he waited his opportunity, grabbed the bread, and flew to the highest cornice of a neighboring roof and gulped it down before his weary followers could overtake him. It is true, his body assumed a peculiar shape, his wings stood out, his eyes protruded, and the whole bird was one significant fact that pointed to the uncomfortable stage of swallowing the whole thing for selfish gratification. He had gotten all he wanted, but he wasn't happy, nor even a good-looking sparrow any more. So there he sat, a bundle of overfed selfishness, fit only for sleep, hated and shunned by his companions, who had asked only a fair portion of that which all had discovered, and to which all had an equal right.

As the defeated sparrows flew away, there were mutterings of discontent, not loud, but ominous and growing. Their free spirits rebelled against such meanness; they would make him pay for his greed; the time might be long, but it would come.

Years went by, and the greedy sparrow had become ruler of sparrowland. He owned all the nest material, and all the forked limbs in all the trees.

It was spring, and many nests were needed, builders were in demand, and the monopolist sparrow rubbed his fat claws and chuckled with glee. His day had come. Here was another opportunity to glut his greed; not that he needed any more, but greediness had become his habit. All that the divine thought had intended him to be had been smothered by the love of power. He forgot that he was made to create happiness; he forgot that his voice was given to bring cheer to sorrowful mankind; he forgot that he was a part of the sunshine and the flowers, a part of the great plan of nature.

The builders sought work, almost cringingly. Was not this their lord and master upon whom they must depend for bread? The ruler saw his power; he made wages low and hours long. The building progressed rapidly; never were nests rounder, more comfortably lined, or more securely fastened. But the builders! The builders grew leaner and hungrier. The mutterings of discontent became audible; the few worms which they could buy for their scanty wage would neither satisfy nor keep alive their bodies; they began to realize that they were the victims of one ruler's greed, and one day it dawned upon them that they, in their combined strength, were stronger than this ruler; they arose in their right that made might, and charged upon their oppressor, who was so busy eating the worms which they had furnished him that he did not realize what was happening until his doom was certain. He tried to fight, but his gorged body was unfit to cope with his adversaries.

He was conquered.

Justice and equity seized the land.

It was equally divided among the conquerors.

Harmony reigned in sparrowland, because "Liberty and Equality" was made the one supreme law.

—*Kate Alexander.*

"Equity leaves charity without an occupation."

A MESSAGE FROM "MIND" TO THE MINDS OF THE MANY.

THIS is pre-eminently the day of good things for the many. That means easily accessible things—cheap things, if you will. It is not at all impossible that goodness and cheapness may one day prove synonymous. A really good thing is not afraid to be cheap.

It is in step with this particular line of progress that MIND, "the leading exponent of New Thought," is now making a two-fifths reduction in its subscription price since November 1st, 1905. It has been a \$2.50 periodical. It is going to remain a \$2.50 periodical, but hereafter the cost, per year, will be only \$1.50. When it consisted of but eighty-four pages of reading matter it made a place and a name for itself at \$2.00. Now it has ninety-six pages and intends to make a still better record at \$1.50.

Many of our ablest thinkers—the mental dynamos of the world—are not financial magnates. To the majority of these a dollar often means the difference between having a thing and going without it. Over and again letters come to us—"I want your magazine but I do not quite see my way to paying the subscription price." Now it is just these people that we want as subscribers—those who want us.

We would like to have a general re-union of our old subscribers, all of those who know us and know what the coming of such a magazine into the home, month after month, means.

Now, we probably cannot come into immediate touch with a tenth of those whom we really ought to reach, and we would therefore be glad to have every subscriber—and every prospective subscriber and every ex-subscriber,—speak of the magazine to at least two or three friends. If three new subscriptions are sent in with a renewal, the four yearly subscriptions may be secured for the very small sum of \$4.50—the renewal at \$1.50 and the three new subscriptions at \$1 each.

THE term New Thought is in a way a misnomer. There is nothing intrinsically new about the view of life so designated, though it is new to many people. As a matter of fact its philosophy is as old as the world, one might say, and at the same time it is applicable to every phase of activity and need that confronts the world to-day. If this latter were not true it would be of but

transient, if any, service. It is the conviction of its adherents that New Thought has a vital message to the world and a lasting contribution to its progress. Its basic principles, though called by other names, perhaps, underlie the bulk of the reformation and progress of the day.

New Thought is not a cult. It draws no lines of demarkation; it separates itself from no good thing. It stands for the impartial investigation of all systems of thought, and all human experience, and the acceptance of all the truth which can thus be discovered. It antagonizes, excludes nothing that the sun shines upon, or the mind of God in creating called "very good." Philosophically, it might be called the fourth dimension, for it interprets and interpenetrates all philosophies; it underlies and enfolds all good things. It stands for the overcoming of evil, not by antagonism, but with good, the good that is irresistible, because of its courage and verity. Although it is not necessary to fight, it requires courage of soul to face the problems of life unflinchingly; and verity—the spirit of truth which is sharper than a two-edged sword—to stand fearlessly, unfalteringly, on the side of right. So only is evil, any or all the evil of the world, overcome with good.

It is this attitude that MIND desires to take. It can be a power for good only as it comes into touch with and is upheld by the many. It is to all those who believe in this platform laid down as the foundation of all individual growth and healthfulness, all public progress and reform, whether avowedly in sympathy with "New Thought" as they at present know it, or not, that MIND now makes its appeal. It wants the comradeship, the fellowship, of all on the side of right.

There is work to be done in this world—this world of thought as well as this world material. Much good work can be done by individuals, as such; infinitely more can be done by individuals in unison. The forces that make for separateness accomplish their own destruction; the force that makes for unity—under whatever name—is everlasting. There is no limit to the achievements of many minds in unison. Join forces with us and watch the result.

We would be glad if every reader of MIND would give us his or her opinion as to the problem, the solution of which is of most vital importance. In what specific way can MIND be of realest service to the world? We want your advice as well as your cooperation.

New departments will be included in the magazine and authorities on the various subjects treated will contribute to its pages during the coming months. Several of the best known writers on philosophical and metaphysical themes, both of the Orient and Occident, will give of their best, and every effort will be made to render MIND of real service in the cause of the right and the work of the world to-day.

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